

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Vol. I. No. 49. Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,
for transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1934.

221 PITT ST., SYDNEY.
Phones: M2081 (4 lines).

POSTAL ADDRESS:

Business, G.P.O. Box 4088W.
Editorial, G.P.O. Box 1351E.

48 PAGES



Morning

Morning . . .
The pathway of the day lies on
Through Autumn fields, through
russet leaves,
The golden way that Laughter's
gone.

Sunlight . . .
Open your windows; fling them wide
Into the crisp young air of Day
And laugh . . . laugh that the night
has died.

Laughter . . .
Echo of hearts whose grieving's done,
Voice of a carefree, risen hope,
Triumphant in the morning sun.

—P.D.R.

GIRLS LED ASTRAY By Bogus Theatre MANAGERS!



A DANCER'S LIFE in a well-known ballet like this one is very different to that of the girl who is seeking experience with small companies.

The lure of the stage has an irresistible appeal for thousands of Australian girls, but in no other English speaking country is the profession beset with such dangers and pitfalls for the inexperienced trouper.

With the courage of the Diggers, our girls will take on anything and go through any trials in order to gain that much coveted thing—theatrical experience.

As a result bogus theatrical managers have no difficulty in booking up troupes of fine looking and talented girls to take away on country tours.

THE secretary of the Actors' Federation, Mr. Bertie Wright, now offers, through The Australian Women's Weekly, a solemn warning to stage aspirants, and to the parents of girls who want to go on the stage, to make the most careful inquiries before booking up for country tours.

Honest and reputable companies will welcome such inquiries.

At the present moment there are whole companies of theatrical artists walking round the country, in all States, with not a penny in their pockets, according to Mr. Wright.

The position has become so serious that

the federation has a special representative to tour Queensland and collect evidence of this growing evil.

The New South Wales Minister for Labor and Industry, Mr. Dunningham, has under consideration special legislation dealing with this problem, and the evidence collected by the Actors' Federation will be submitted to the Minister to strengthen his hand. When the New South Wales legislation is finalised, it is proposed to seek the co-operation of all the other States of the Commonwealth in the matter.

Day after day, Mr. Bertie Wright, secretary of the Federation, is receiving S.O.S. letters from unfortunate girls who have been lured away to remote parts of the Commonwealth by bogus managers of travelling shows on the promise of lucrative employment, and who have been left stranded and penniless in the country with no means of returning to their homes and friends.

A Solemn Warning From The Actors' Federation

other obligations in the country towns, so that the profession as a whole is discredited, and it is almost impossible for members of travelling shows to obtain any credit whatever.

A case was recently reported where a company of artists were taken to inland districts for the production of vaudeville shows. The allowance made to the girls in lieu of wages during the tour was 6d. a week outside their actual board and lodging at the various hotels. It was stated by the management that the allowance was for chocolates.

Some three months ago another company of young artists—among whom were a number of young girls—was enticed away from the metropolis for a country tour under an offer of £3/10/- a week, including board and lodging. The company failed, and the party finished up sleeping on the roadside absolutely destitute save for such rations as were obtainable from the police and settlers in the neighborhood.

Girls Threatened

"I HAVE before me a report of another case," said the secretary, "in which a manager took a troupe of young girls away to the country. After several performances, some of the girls asked for their wages. The reply of the manager was to threaten them with violence if they made any fuss. His actual threat was that if they had any more to say he would bash their heads together."

The federation regards this matter as just as serious as the white slave traffic, which it is claimed has been practically wiped out in Australia.

During the past week the federation received a letter from a Queensland town appealing for help for a number of stranded artists—both men and women.

"We were brought out on the road under false pretences," the writer said. "The company had no finances to speak of, although we were told before we left the city that there was £280 in the bank. We have been out almost two weeks on the road, and all we have received in the way of wages is £1 each. We can get no satisfaction from the management, and we will be very lucky if we can get our fares back to Brisbane or Sydney."

The legislation contemplated in New South Wales will provide that every person who employs theatrical artists of any description shall be licensed, and shall satisfy the Government that he has sufficient money, or enter into a bond for sufficient to cover all wages contracted for, as well as the return fares of the artists to the place where they are engaged.

WAGNER'S PIANO ... Now in U.S.A.

"America has obtained possession of another of Europe's historic heirlooms in the shape of Richard Wagner's piano," writes Mrs. C.B., of Croydon, N.S.W.

FOR years it stood in the little drawing-room of an old music teacher in Berlin to whom it returned after Wagner's death in 1883. Here it was discovered by an enterprising American and promptly acquired. The authenticity of the instrument is said to have been established beyond dispute, and it may certainly be regarded as an interesting relic. This was the piano which was bought for the composer by the mad monarch, King Ludwig of Bavaria, when he took up his cause and rescued him from his difficulties in 1864, and it was this instrument which Wagner used throughout the most memorable period of his career, and which figures (with Liszt seated at the keyboard) in the well-known painting depicting the Master surrounded by his friends in his home at Bayreuth.



IN THE FORESTS of Southern Europe these tall trees have stood for centuries. They are among the highest in the world.

BABY SHOWS Opposed for HEALTH REASONS

Fattening-up for Exhibitions
Condemned by Expert

A move against baby shows has set in in Queensland, and if it spreads to other States the wholesale exhibition of chubby limbs, baby smiles and tears will soon be a thing of the past.

The decision of the Floral Festival committee of the Brisbane Creche and Kindergarten Association not to hold a baby show at the forthcoming festival should be appreciated by medical and other organisations interested in mothercraft and child welfare.

MRS. J. GRANT THOMSON, who last year was in charge of the baby show, expressed the opinion that medical organisations were opposed to baby shows. It was decided not to hold a baby show at the floral festival function in September.

While, so far as Queensland is concerned, the B.M.A. has not yet expressed its opinion on the matter, it is common knowledge that many members of the profession and others actively engaged in mothercraft and child welfare movements are definitely opposed to baby shows.

IT was disclosed during discussion at a meeting at Lennon's of the Brisbane Creche and Kindergarten Association, at which Mrs. W. F. Smith (president) presided, that at last year's floral festival the net proceeds from the baby show were only £13—a miserably poor return, considering that there were 300 babies competing, entailing a tremendous amount of work.

HIGH authorities on the subject have explained to The Australian Women's Weekly that conditions under which most baby shows are conducted are opposed to the general well-being of both mothers and babies.

It is not consistent with infant welfare aims to have large numbers of tiny infants herded together in circumstances invariably upsetting regularity of feeding times. There is always a danger of a perfectly healthy child becoming infected with some complaint carried by a neighboring infant, while the noise and excitement is not conducive to the baby's mental ease and comfort. Moreover, it has been pointed out, there is a possibility of mental reactions affecting the otherwise normal health of the mothers of the competing babies—especially young mothers.

It is significant that in connection with a function in aid of the Queensland Ambulance Transport Brigade recently, the committee rejected a proposal to hold a baby show.

Expert's View

MISS MARY TRUBY KING, noted Australian authority on child welfare, who conducts The Australian Women's Weekly's weekly column for "Young Wives and Mothers," expresses the following views on baby shows: It is very doubtful whether baby shows are of advantage to anyone but the charity for which they are organized. The Australian Mothercraft Society does not permit its supporters to hold such shows, or to act as judges in outside shows, for the following reasons:

(1) Judges are too prone to award prizes to those who are endowed with good features, as against the physically perfect child of irregular or nondescript features.

(2) Too much prominence is given to the fat, over-weight baby—often fattened up for the occasion on patent foods. Such babies reap as their reward not only the silver cup or prize, but damaged bodies when their overworked organs can no longer deal with such excess of unwholesome foods.

(3) No matter how careful the judge may be in selecting only those who have been naturally fed from birth to nine months, with careful introduction of solid foods in their due order after that age, and who have firm, clear flesh, bright eyes, healthy hair, etc., only a few of the many mothers who attend leave the baby show without the "mine was better than the prize-winners' feeling."

We cannot all be beautiful, but if our mothers take an intelligent interest in our nutritional upbringing, we can all be healthy and fit to do our share of work in the world.

I have always steadfastly refused to judge baby shows, nor do I intend to judge any in the future, but were I a judge of babies their beauty would come last and their physical fitness first. And no baby who had been artificially fed before its ninth month would receive a prize!

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Amazing Cases

TWO instances have been brought under the notice of the federation where girls have been enticed away to Northern and Western Queensland by show managers who are well-known convicted criminals. The wages of the girls have not been paid, and their relatives are anxiously awaiting news of them. Their difficulties have been accentuated by the fact that other theatrical companies that came along before them have failed to pay their hotel bills and

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Let's Talk of
Interesting
P.E.O.P.L.E



GIFTED PIANIST

NANCY WEIR, the 18-year-old Melbourne girl, whose musical talent was discovered by Miss Ada Freeman, Mus. Bac., the well-known Melbourne teacher of music, has just won the "News Chronicle" £100 scholarship. This is regarded as the premier award of the London Musical Competition Festival.

Miss Weir, who was the last of the competitors, played Busoni's transcription of the Bach Chaconne, and so impressed were the judges by her performance that, as a London paper reported, "The judges needed no time to consider their award. The last notes of the Chaconne were still in our ears when they declared Miss Weir the winner."

Miss Weir stated that the scholarship would enable her to realise her great ambition to become a concert pianist.



PATENT EXAMINER

ELIZABETH JANE NEWTON, a descendant of Sir Isaac Newton, has evidently inherited something of the genius of her famous ancestor who discovered the law of gravity.

At present she occupies the important office of Associate Examiner in the Patents Office, New York, and reports indicate that she is shortly to be appointed Assistant Patent Commissioner.



INTERNATIONAL POPULARITY

DONNA DEGNA MARCONI is the lovely daughter of the Marchese Marconi, and is one of the most popular women in international society. She is equally well known in Italy, Ireland, and England, and has relatives and numberless friends in all three countries.

She is keen on all sports, and is especially devoted to tennis, at which she is exceptionally proficient.

Donna Degna is a daughter of Marconi's first marriage to the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien. This marriage was dissolved ten years ago, and Donna Degna's mother is now the Marchesa di Montecorona.

The famous inventor of wireless and the Marchesa Marconi will be in Melbourne for the Centenary celebrations.

Do CHRISTIAN Religions Need Remodelling?

Dr. Angus Thinks So

A Review of "Truth and Tradition" by F. W. L. ESCH.

The religious battle between Dr. Angus, of Sydney University, and certain members of the Presbyterian Church in Australia, has attracted the attention of the whole Commonwealth. Now Dr. Angus has published a book entitled "Truth and Tradition," by which we may take it that the argument has become general, and that the man in the street can join in.

DR. ANGUS makes it quite clear that the debate does not concern Presbyterianism alone.

"I consider these criticisms to be of application beyond my own Church," he writes. "Truth and Tradition" has been written under the burning conviction that Christian teachers must once more attempt the herculean task of bringing within the Church the world of thought."

He suggests that there is a great deal wrong with Christian Churches as they are to-day, and that to regain their proper place in the social system they must adapt their teachings to modern thought. He criticises, in particular, the traditional doctrines of his own Church, and declares that such dogmas as the Virgin birth; the Physical Resurrection of Christ and the empty tomb; the Death of Christ as a "propitiation" for the sins of the world; the Deity of Christ; the Trinity and the authority of Scripture, are all due for re-interpretation.

"I maintain," he writes, "that Christianity is not a system of dogmas and doctrines, but that it is a way of life; it is the obedience of disciplined wills. I maintain that dogma is not the essence of Christianity, but merely a by-product."

Up to this point Dr. Angus is lucid, but when he goes on to explain his reasons for wanting to make these changes, he is disappointing.

The reader is feasted to no banquets of brilliant reasoning. In fact, Dr. Angus' logic appears to be as much blurred by emotional thought as he says his opponents' is by tradition.

For example, there is a good deal of this sort of thing. Writing of his ideal of Christianity, Dr. Angus says, "Such Christianity will never utterly lose the Key of Truth, though it will ever deplore the use of that Key too often made by ecclesiasticism. Against such Christianity the gates of hell shall never prevail." And so on.

Readers of "Truth and Tradition" will be curious to read the chapter, "The Deity of Christ." The other doctrines, questioned by Dr. Angus, are important, but it is on this one that the whole structure of orthodox Christianity is built.

Dr. Angus writes: "Take another instance of these supposedly cardinal doctrines. . . the Deity of Christ. Whence arose this dogma? What does it mean? Does it mean that Christ was,

and is God? If so, who administered the functions of the Godhead during the incarnation of Jesus, and who suffered on the cross? God or Jesus?"

"I wonder," he continues, "do my opponents realise what they are claiming in asserting the Deity of Christ, and of what religious dynamic they are depriving men? I wonder if they do not really mean the Divinity of Christ which I assert in the fullest sense in which I understand divine. I wonder if they do not mean the supreme divine sonship of Jesus, the glory of which critical inquiry enhances, rather than diminishes or denies."

It is interesting to note the dictionary meanings of these terms used by Dr. Angus. The word "Deity," of course, means God, but then so also does "Divinity." In fact, in Chambers' dictionary the word "Deity" is described as "The Divinity," so that when Dr.



DR. S. ANGUS, M.A., D.D., Lat.D.
Ph.D.

Angus talks of the Divinity of Christ, instead of the Deity, he is not saying much that is different.

The adjective, "Divine," however, has a broader meaning, i.e., belonging to or proceeding from God; devoted to God's service; holy; sacred; while the noun can mean a minister of the Gospel or a theologian.

Dr. Angus gives no definition of what he does mean by "Divine," but in a further chapter, "Deity of Christ in Pauline Teaching," he points out that Paul . . . the greatest follower whom Jesus ever secured . . . assigns to Jesus the highest honors short of Deity.

He writes: "Paul discovered in his



"REFUGE," a cartoon by Costella in an American literary weekly.

beloved Lord (1) An inspiring historic figure, and (2) a source of creative religious mystic experience, but he never discovered in him a second God, 'equal in power and glory' with his Father."

The next paragraph, with which Dr. Angus closes this chapter, is typical of the emotionally-toned wording which occurs frequently in the book, and which confuses the issue throughout. Almost any interpretation can be read into this.

"He practically identified Christ with the Spirit of God, but never with God. The spirit is the Spirit of Christ, and Christ always belongs to God, His Father."

EVEN though the Presbyterian Church may agree with Dr. Angus that its confession of faith needs altering, there are still the rest of the Christian Churches, and the great bulk of non-churchgoers, to be taken into account.

On one hand they will say that Christianity needs no adaptation to modern thought. In fact, that if modern thought does not like Christianity, then so much the worse for modern thought. And on the other hand, they will say that no amount of adaptation will ever make

Christianity suitable for a modern world.

Dr. Angus is attempting to steer a course between these two poles. Other teachers have tried it without very marked success. One thing is certain, neither of the opposite poles looks upon these "reforms" as desirable.

Christianity is like a beautiful forest, which serves the necessary purpose of providing shade and shelter to those who must have these comforts.

Dr. Angus, like many other ministers of the various Churches, has discovered that a large number of people are no longer seeking the shade and shelter of the forest, but are making for open country.

And so he has conceived the idea that he should try and chop down some of the trees in the forest, so that the people who want the open will not have to leave the forest in order to enjoy it.

But if he does this, will the forest of Christianity still provide the shade and shelter which it provided before, and if it does not, what is to become of the people who need these spiritual comforts.

"Truth and Tradition," by Dr. S. Angus, is published by Angus and Robertson at 4/6.

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Is There a Heaven and Hell?

Interest in religion in America has reached such a pitch that several Universities have instituted chairs of research. In view of the Angus doctrines, it is of interest to note that a questionnaire of American theologians revealed that 26 per cent. denied the Deity of Christ, while 72 per cent. believed that Christ was God.

THESE findings are the result of a questionnaire sent out by Prof. George H. Betts, head of the graduate research in the school of education at North-Western University.

The questionnaire was designed to show what the pastors think should be taught to Sunday-school children. "There is no devil," agreed 54 per cent. of them, and they opposed the teaching of doctrines based on a belief in Satan.

On the other hand, 60 per cent. said they believed in angels. A large majority did not want children taught that earthquakes, fire and flood are visited on man as punishment for his sins, and 83 per cent. opposed the teaching of the conception of hell "as a place of burning." Forty-one per cent. were sufficiently

doubtful of the existence of heaven to ask that it be eliminated from Sunday-school teaching.

As to judgment day, 48 per cent. said they believed in it; 39 per cent. said they did not and 13 per cent. were undecided. Eight per cent. expressed a disbelief in immortality. On one point all of them were virtually agreed—that God "runs the world."

While 90 per cent. of the clergy questioned would have children taught the value of prayer, 95 per cent. said they did not want children taught that prayer would help them to pass examinations if they failed to study.

"Joining a Church does not make salvation certain," agreed 99 per cent.

Please turn to page 4.

RIGHTING *Grave Injustice* to CHILDREN

New South Wales System as Example to South Australia!

Women's organisations in Australia have long urged the need of reform in dealing with juvenile offenders, and from its inception The Australian Women's Weekly, in its general campaign for improved social conditions for women and children, has directed attention to the need of more adequate care and treatment for wayward and neglected children.

To many, it will be a distinct shock to learn that in South Australia grave injustices and anomalies exist in the system of treating juvenile wrongdoers.

In the face of insistent demand for the proper care of adolescent offenders, the South Australian Government has taken steps to investigate the systems in other States, particularly New South Wales and Victoria. The Attorney-General and Minister for Education, Mr. Jeffries, has been making the investigations, and is now preparing his report. His observations of the New South Wales system are interesting.

time (one child might have to spend as much as two years there to another's sentence of, say, six weeks) merely because different magistrates have looked at the same misdeed in a different light.

"This grave injustice causes children to deride the law. Where they should be taught to respect, they see unfairness. A children's magistrate should win the confidence, and get the true facts of the case from his young offender."

"In N.S.W.," she said, "the cases are heard in private. No constable or policeman is allowed to enter the courts in uniform. The magistrate himself is plainly dressed, and his conversation with the juvenile suspect or offender is carried on in a voice so low that nobody present can hear it. Certainly no visitors are allowed in the courts to humiliate the children."

"APART from the trial by the magistrate, each child is examined by a doctor and a psychologist, to

see that he is sound mentally and bodily. I was present at a case in the New South Wales juvenile courts where a case was adjourned so that the little offender could be medically examined.

What Minister Says

In a special interview with The Australian Women's Weekly following his preliminary investigations of the methods in other States, Mr. Jeffries indicated that while he was greatly impressed with the efficient systems operating in N.S.W. and Victoria, the cost of incorporating the best features of the schemes in South Australia might be difficult to overcome.

The New South Wales system, he said,

Commends Policy of Women's Weekly

THE ATTORNEY - GENERAL and Minister for Education of South Australia, Mr. John Shirley Williams Jeffries, who is visiting Sydney on official business, had the following comment to make on The Australian Women's Weekly.

"Your paper has been very well received. It is a very fine publication, and there can be no question as to the public duty it is carrying out in taking up these social questions."

was recognised throughout the Empire and also in foreign countries as the most advanced in the world, and as nearly ideal as it was practicable to make it.

The boys' shelter, which is attached to the Court, he regarded as a very valuable adjunct to the medical and psychological examinations which are made of children who come before the Court. Such examinations he had found were a most valuable help to the magistrate who had to finally deal with the children.

Better Than Prisons

THE cost of this system is heavy, but the State has wisely considered that by annually saving hundreds of potential criminals and turning them into decent citizens, it is actually making a saving on the money which would ultimately have to be found for housing them in prisons.

Mr. Jeffries added that Dr. Bruce, the psycho-analyst attached to the shelter, was an ideal man for the position, combining a knowledge of medical science and psychology with a broad and sensible knowledge of the children themselves.

Churches' Views of Heaven and Hell

Continued from page 1.

AN analysis of the replies showed that Congregationalists and Episcopalians are more modernistic in their views, and that Lutherans and Baptists cling most closely to traditional forms of belief. All the Lutheran pastors declared their belief in the devil, and a majority of more than two to one said they believed in a burning hell. But 44 per cent. of the Congregationalists, 45 per cent. of the Episcopalians, 70 per cent. of the Methodists, 59 per cent. of the Presbyterians, and 34 per cent. of the Baptists declared they do not believe in the devil. As to a burning hell, 98 per cent. of the Episcopalians said they do not believe in it, and this was practically matched by the Congregationalists. The Baptist vote was nearly fifty-fifty, while Presbyterians voted eighty-five to fifteen.

and Methodists ninety-two to eight against belief in fire and brimstone.

The Lutherans said they were certain of the existence of heaven. But 44 per cent. of the Congregationalists said they did not believe in its existence. In this they were joined by 26 per cent. of the Episcopalians, 35 per cent. of the Methodists, 28 per cent. of the Presbyterians, and 22 per cent. of the Baptists.

Concerning the authenticity of the Bible, Episcopalians, by a ratio of ninety-six to four, denied that "everything the Bible tells about really happened just the way it was told." Eighty per cent. of the Lutherans, 63 per cent. of the Baptists, 30 per cent. of the Presbyterians, and 9 per cent. of the Congregationalists are convinced of the Bible's accuracy.



THIS TYPE of "discipline" was common in less enlightened days. The general adoption of more humane methods, combined with child study, has lessened juvenile crime.

WEAKNESSES in the South Australian scheme have led to grave injustices to children, according to Miss Dorothy Vaughan, J.P., and a member of the Children's Welfare and Public Relief Board.

Criticising the South Australian system, Miss Vaughan points out that by the present methods of hearing the cases of children, a child may be brought to a suburban Court to be charged with his misdemeanor.

This often means that two separate children are committed to the same home or reformatory for very different lengths of time for exactly the same offence, even though the sentence is made by conscientious magistrates. The point is that the magistrates view the cases in a different light.

"If there were a central Children's Court, where all metropolitan cases could be brought, there would at least be uniformity of sentences," she told a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly. She went on:

"Children are sent to industrial schools or reformatories for the same charge, and for different lengths of



MR. JOHN SHIRLEY WILLIAMS JEFFRIES, L.L.B., Attorney-General and Minister for Education, of South Australia, who is investigating the system of Children's Courts in the various States.

The Magistrate, Mr. Duncan Parker, he said, was also a man peculiarly adapted to his position, being sympathetic without being sentimental. Mr. Parker's sane and wise counsel to the children and their parents showed that his aim was primarily to protect the child from embarking on a criminal career, rather than to punish them for the offences they had committed.

Must Go To Church

ARRESTED children must be brought before the Court within twenty-four hours, but the practice of the Court is to remand cases for a week, to enable officers of the Child Welfare Department to make all necessary inquiries into the mode of living of the children and their parents, so that the Magistrate may be informed of all the circumstances connected with the case.

First offenders are invariably released on probation, the onus being placed on their parents to keep them under strict supervision, and during that period of probation the home is frequently visited by the women inspectors of the Child Welfare Department. In many instances the Magistrate makes it a condition of release on probation that the juvenile offender shall attend Church on Sundays, and shall not be allowed out at night unless accompanied by a parent or guardian.

In addition to this, where the offenders are past school age, every effort is made by the officers of the Department to place them in suitable employment.

Mr. Jeffries explained that the Children's Court in Adelaide is presided over by one of the Stipendiary Magistrates, but such magistrate was not presumed to have made an intimate study of child psychology or of dealing with juvenile depravity.

Mr. Jeffries added that he would place his report before his Cabinet with the object of seeing whether alterations could not be made in the South Australian system, but he recognised that the cost would probably make it difficult for his Government to go as far as other States had done.

During his visit to Melbourne, Mr. Jeffries attended the Children's Courts at Brunswick. Such Courts, he said, appeared to be doing useful work, but their system was not nearly as advanced as that in New South Wales.

The Brunswick Courts were presided over by honorary Magistrates, and there was nothing in the form of a shelter attached to the Court, such as in N.S.W., where children could be medically and psychologically studied.

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Illustrated
By Wynne
W. DAVIES

For a few seconds, neither of them said anything. Unless actions speak louder than words—as they probably do.

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BROWN

YOURS for the Asking

THEY were probably the only persons aboard the newest and fastest of trans-Atlantic liners who did not realise what was happening to them. Love? Absurd! A man doesn't fall in love, surely, just because a girl is interesting to talk to. Or because she has certain little characteristics that amuse him. Such, for instance, as the off-hand way in which she powders her nose. Even though just that seems expressive of something admirable. Poise, perhaps. And lack of coquetry. That was Bill Minor's impression, anyway. Not that he told Sanda so. He was not even as loverlike as that.

"You go about with it as if it were something to be got over as quickly and efficiently as possible," he had explained. Sanda's wide and collected eyes had met his with not a trace of self-consciousness in their clear depths. "Well, it is, isn't it?" she had demanded. And quoted, "If it were done at all it were well it were done quickly." Bill had grinned at that. "Oh, I agree," he had said. "But all the same, I've seen men decide questions involving millions with less fuss and even less apparent attention to detail than the average woman displays when she powders her nose." Now that, possibly, was one way of telling Sanda that she was unusual. Which is always a symptom. But Bill did not see it so. At the moment he certainly did not feel that he was in the position to make love to any girl. Least of all to Sanda Lee. He had yet to discover that love does not have to be made. It makes itself by spontaneous combustion of the most inflammable materials in the world. The piling up of this and that—and then a spark to set it all off. Sanda meanwhile fell into the same error as Bill. Perhaps because so many men had made love to her. Anyhow: "I like him because he isn't—Oh, silly and sentimental like most men," she informed her grandfather, with whom she was travelling. From the time when she had emerged from the nursery her grandfather had taken her with him whenever and wherever he could. In the beginning he had wished that Sanda had been a boy. But now he would not have had her other than she was for a million. Or even several million, which, incidentally, he possessed.

BUT he worried about her incessantly. He had been a fighter all his life, and he had yet to be vanquished. He had been cartooned and lampooned. A fanatic who had believed he was performing a public service had once done his best to assassinate him. Legends surrounded the name Hezekiah Lee. Many of them were libellous. It had not mattered. He was tough-skinned, all but invulnerable. Sanda was his Achilles' heel. There had been that spring when Sanda was only seventeen, and they had been in Paris. There Sanda had met a prince with as many charms and graces as he had names. He looked like something out of a musical comedy. Too much so for Hezekiah Lee. "I'll talk about that other matter later," Hezekiah Lee had said bluntly to a decorated and distinguished minister of finance who had come to the hotel suite Sanda's grandfather always occupied in Paris. "What I want to know is what you know about this young prince something-or-other who is running after my grand-daughter," he had finished, direct to the point as always. Hezekiah Lee had been over seventy then. He spoke of himself as retired. He wasn't and never would be. At the most he merely retired far enough to pounce on such subordinates as mismanaged his affairs. He worked men mercilessly. But he rewarded them prodigiously. The other matter of which he spoke had to do with a loan to the republic that the minister of finance served. The minister had known better than to press its importance. Instead he had shrugged Gallic shoulders. "He comes from a very good house," he had said. And added, delicately, "It is too bad it has fallen on evil days. The young prince—" "A blackleg, isn't he?" Hezekiah Lee had broken in, impatiently. The minister of finance had not denied it. And Sanda's grandfather had realised that he was face to face with a situation he did not know how to handle. Sanda's mother? A fool blinded by a title. Any title. Her father? Hezekiah Lee had no illusions about his own son. He himself, Hezekiah Lee, would

have to do something. Speak to Sanda. At once, naturally. He never delayed action when action was indicated. He had forgotten the minister of finance. The latter protested as Hezekiah Lee started to leave the room. "But, my dear sir—" "You just wait a minute," Hezekiah Lee had said. Sanda had been in her own sitting-room. As she had glanced up at him, expectantly, his heart had seemed to grow restricted and his knees had felt ancient. To the world she might be no more than a trim, supple seventeen with reasonable charm and a dimple. But to him she was miraculous. No lover would ever glorify her more in his imagination than her grandfather. "Baby," he had begun hastily, reverting to the old term that always came to him when he was much moved, "I've got something to say that may be a blow to you. I've been looking up that prince of yours. He's—" "Rather a fascinating fortune-hunter, don't you think?" she had inserted, deftly. "A lot of fun—but you didn't think I took him seriously, did you?" He had stared at her in speechless surprise. It was incredible. She was only seventeen, and yet she saw right through this prince. "You run along and attend to your affairs and don't worry about mine," she had reassured him. "I'm truly no fool."

IN the years that had elapsed since then—six in all—he might have come to agree with

searching. But hers told him nothing more than her lips had. "Humph!" he grunted, and rubbed his nose. The grunt and the gesture were famous. All his associates were familiar with them. They signified that something was working in an extraordinary mind and that presently something would ensue. Even now, though Hezekiah Lee pretended to be retired, the something was apt to affect many lives. A widely held stock might rise or fall. A president might hastily summon his cabinet. In brief, when Hezekiah Lee "humphed" something trembled in the balance. And strong men often trembled in their shoes. Sanda never did. This morning her dimple merely mocked him. "What do you mean, 'Humph'?" she demanded, coolly. "Don't you go and fall in love with him," he counselled, bluntly. Sanda did not even blush. "Oh, I shan't—but what would you do if I did?" she demanded. He tried to glare at her. The glare was famous. But: "Grr!" she mocked. And kissed him on his nose. She was only five feet two, but she had no more than to stand tip-toe to do that. Hezekiah Lee loomed large in the popular imagination and the legends made a mighty man of him, even a mighty ogre. But physically he did not bulk his. "Besides," added Sanda, "who asked me please to take a look at him and give my valued opinion of him?" He grunted again. "I didn't ask you to adopt him," he protested. Now this would all have mystified Bill. As much as the ship gossip—and some of the bets being laid in the smoking-room—would have amazed and angered him. Of course, being no fool, he knew that whenever he walked or talked or danced with Sanda, eyes watched and followed them. Or, rather, followed Sanda, he would have amended. This was wholly comprehensible. It would have been true, he believed, wherever and with whomever Sanda appeared. That on this crossing she was mostly with him was a matter of chance, without significance. Save that, this being that sort of a world, everything that Hezekiah Lee's granddaughter did was endowed with some peculiar significance. Sanda was headline stuff. Even if it was no more than her appearance in a police court for ignoring a traffic signal. Sanda had summed that all up on the first day of their acquaintance. "It's ghastly," she had said. And added, with an engaging little grimace, "And so perfectly preposterous."

THIS during the first morning at sea. They had met as people so often do on these liners, without benefit of Mrs. Grundy, quite by chance. Or so Bill had thought. There was no reason why she should ever have heard of him before. He was not headline stuff. Once only had he approximated that estate—when, more by luck than judgment, he won a set against a tennis champion of international fame. One paper spelt his name Minor; another Minad. "One more misprint would have made it absolutely accurate," Bill had commented philosophically. It hadn't mattered. His vision even then was set beyond a game of tennis. It was that quality in him that had caused his schoolmasters to predict a notable career for him. "A heavy handicap," Bill had protested. "But perhaps I can live it down." In his own mind there had been no doubt of it. He had started work with a stockbroking firm in the lowest capacity possible, and with the unvoiced, but none the less definite, intention of becoming a partner before he was forty. In June, 1930, he had revised that estimate. He was then thirty-two. He would have bet—in June, 1930—that a partnership would be offered him within a year. This may sound fictional, but nowadays fact outruns fiction, just as invention forestalls prophecy. Bill was the product of a new and unprecedented era. The world was moving at accelerated speed, everything was geared to a new tempo. Motor-cars and ocean liners, airships and outboards. Even the miniature cars built for children travel faster than their elders were permitted to drive a horse anywhere save on a race track. Nowadays men develop meteorically, while still young. Bill knew many men of his own age or not so very much more, who had jobs he'd like to take on.

Please turn to Page 32

A Complete Short Story

that. But though he was old he had been young. And he knew from experience and observation what love was and how it warped every faculty. This August morning, as the turbines thrust the liner across the Atlantic, his fears were at him again. This young Minor that she was spending all her time with—

He eyed Sanda from under bushy brows. His eyes were still shrewd and

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Women & the Future of Books

A world in which women control art and literature is visualised by Compton Mackenzie, the famous author, in his latest work, "Literature in My Time."

THE development of women must hasten the collapse of the past, for the mind of woman is so radically different from the mind of man that, even were men to succeed in retaining romantic concepts like honor, they could not retain them long against the devastating cynicism and directness of women.

"It is significant that in all the clunker forms of herd life the male rules, but that in all highly developed communities such as the bees and the ants, the female element rules.

"It is by their influence on the sexual life of the future that women will assert themselves. Once they control that, they will control whatever art and literature the future may produce."

Moving Times

THE woman novelist is extolled by Compton Mackenzie, who says that when he picks up a new author's first novel his average expectation of merit is at least twice as much when he finds it has been written by a woman.

He agrees that many of them lack staying power, but this is also characteristic of young men novelists of the present day. It is indicative of the swiftly moving times in which we live.

It is astonishing to him that a country which produced novelists like Jane Austen, George Eliot, and the Brontës should have continued for so long to regard the idea of women writing novels as something between a joke and an improbability.

In an explanatory note which he dedicates to Francis Brett Young, Compton Mackenzie writes: "If I have seemed to avoid any attempt to estimate the work of most of my immediate contemporaries in the same field of literature, it has been entirely due to a distrust of the fairness of my own opinion."

Were the reader to omit this note, he might be disappointed to find in a 1933 publication very little mention of such names as Aldous Huxley, Sinclair Lewis, and Eric Linklater.

Compton Mackenzie's survey of modern literature starts with an enlivening chapter on children's books. Again we savor the pleasure of "The Swiss Family Robinson," "Treasure Island," and "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," we follow Kenneth Grahame through "The Golden Age," and the "Wind in the Willows."

The modern trend in children's tales does not appeal to Mackenzie, who finds "Peter Pan" tainted with avuncular self-consciousness, and Christopher Robin playing a game of jiggery-jiggery which suits the present age.

"To A. A. Milne," he says, "belongs the honor of enshrining with urban romance the civilized and comfortable child of to-day."

Closes Door

HAVING finished with his nursery library, Mackenzie closes the door securely, and opens another leading to the literature of Victoria's day. Here he takes several books from his shelves and discusses them with his usual candor. "The novels of George Meredith," he tells us, "seem to be incapable of making any appeal to the younger generation of Great Britain as they now are to myself."

He thinks that the main cause of Meredith's failure to maintain his reputation lay in his treatment of his women

Splendid Short Stories

By "SAPPER"

"WHEN Carruthers Laughed" is the title given to a collection of excellent short stories by that well-known author of the Bulldog Drummond series, "Sapper."

"Sapper's" style is easy and pleasant to read, and although in some cases the stories lack originality of plot, they are always so masterful in technique that the reader has to go on reading.

"When Carruthers Laughed" is the title of the first of the series. It tells the tale of a man who never laughed and who, of all things, hated to have a door slammed in his face. When a man, who has been his enemy for years, slams a door in his face after a chance meeting in a cabaret, Carruthers follows him home, and there ensues one of those dramatic fights which "Sapper" excels at describing.

"When Carruthers Laughed." ("Sapper" 7/6. Hodder and Stoughton).

HODDER & STOUT says: For the Bridget Party let me suggest some Hodder's Queen Olives. They are always popular.***

characters. He never had the courage to face woman as a reality.

Galworthy, Bennett, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, all occupy honored positions in the early Twentieth Century Library of Compton Mackenzie. Joseph Conrad, who cannot be successfully grouped with other writers, claims a corner to himself, as also do Alfred Noyes and the Poet Laureate, John Masefield.

Of the later novelists, D. H. Lawrence is perhaps more fully represented than any other modern. "With Lawrence's first book, 'The White Peacock,' it was obvious that a completely original writer had arisen, and in that book, too, there was a definite evidence of feminisation."

The very much talked of and banned book, "Lady Chatterley's Lover," is minutely dissected by the writer, and Lawrence emerges from the wreckage a little the worse for wear.

"Sons and Lovers," however, comes in for better treatment, and Compton Mackenzie says that this book cannot possibly lose its life.

It was in "The Little Review,"

in Chicago, that large parts of James Joyce's "Ulysses" first appeared. This story had a violent effect on the men of the day, and, like "Lady Chatterley's Lover," was put in the category of banned books. Yet Compton Mackenzie says that while he has met many intellectual men who were genuinely shocked by the book he has met few intellectual women who regarded it in the same light.

In a final summing-up of his library, Compton Mackenzie discourses on the future of literature. "I cannot believe that the new approaches to literature which are discernible in every country of the world, transmuted by the material progress of the last quarter of a century, are merely a passing phase. If Communism can only be fought by the inverted form of it called Fascism, there is no hope for the individual so far as the external of individuality count. Such a state of affairs must drive the individual who is not content to become a mere ant in one of the great anthills of the future, to seek more and more ardently the freedom within his own mind."

"Literature in My Time." Compton Mackenzie. 7/6. Rich and Cowan.

SHORT... REVIEWS

"Threebrooks." George Berrie. David Halliday, the hero of this Australian story, had been in his youth a brilliant university athlete, until a love affair ruined his career. He left the cities and became a wanderer in Northern Australia. After serving in the Great War, he became a recluse at "Threebrooks," in the Upper Murray River country—so called because three streams traversed the property. In a real Australian setting the story is told of David Halliday's association with two women who crossed his life, the scene changing from time to time from the city to the barren wastes of the North, and back to the property at "Threebrooks."

This is the author's first publication, and he has made an excellent start with an emotional and touching novel. (P. R. Stephenson and Co. 7/6.)

"God in the Sand." Theo Price. A rather unusual mystery story of Australia. A traveller, dying from thirst in the Australian desert, experiences a series of visions. A dream girl appears to him, and tells him the lore of Ancient Australia. The author has lived among Australian natives, and the story is told with color and imagination. The story is really well told, and should awaken much interest in the aborigines among Australian readers. (P. R. Stephenson and Co. Ltd. 7/6.)

"Maurice Dravloff." S. I. Benausan. This is a sequel to "Joan Winter," the author's former story of a pianist in humble circumstances who made her career in music with the assistance of a number of men. Joan is now established as a world-famous artist, and is the mistress of a wealthy Jew, Raoul Mendoza. Joan becomes associated with Maurice Dravloff, a cellist, with whom she falls in love. When Maurice goes to South America, he takes with him a girl named Claire, who had been rescued from misery by Joan. Claire finally leaves Maurice to marry her former lover, and Joan finds happiness in her art. An interesting and sensitively written story. (John Heritage. 7/6.)

"Love Triumphant." Joan Conquest. Geoffrey Rivers, a famous entomologist, and his beautiful wife, Ann, are depicted in this story in their adventures in the wilds of Mongolia in search of rare specimens of moths. Both are captured by bandits, and the wife is left as the hostage of the Holy Man, who turns out to be her first husband, thought to have been drowned years before. Both are still in love with each other, but the solution of the problem comes with the bullet of a bandit. (Werner Laurie. 7/6.)

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WHAT Every WOMAN Doesn't KNOW



LOVELY party, Mary," said Margaret untruthfully, as her hostess came over to where she was sitting. "I'm just loving it."

"So is that husband of yours, Margaret," said Phyllis Carter. Trust Phyllis to swing the conversation towards the men.

"That husband of yours, Margaret," said Mary. "Is far too good-looking to be a successful doctor. It's positively dangerous."

Margaret laughed. "All good-looking doctors are successful," she said.

Phyllis Carter screamed: "Margaret Durham's made an epigram. I thought you specialised in recipes."

"She'd need to with Peter for a husband," said Mary. "Feed the brute, is old but true."

"And 'keep a tight rein' is just as old and just as true. I should say—but then I've no husband to keep in."

"Wait until you have, my dear," Mary settled the party of rosebuds on the shoulder of her black frock. "Sometimes it's just as well to give them their head. Tight rein at twenty and loose one at forty, I say. Forty's the dangerous age."

Margaret looked complacently over to the tall figure of her husband.

"Peter's nearly forty. I tease him about his bald patch already."

"Well, you look out," said Phyllis. "He's had three dances with Norma Peterson already."

"Saucer of milk for Miss Carter, please," said Mary. "And, talking of milk, I must go and see if the cocktails are holding out. Enjoy yourselves, children."

She moved away and, as she did so, the dance ended and the couples stood idly about, some of them hoping and some of them fearing an encore. Margaret looked again to where her husband was standing. He was applauding vigorously and smiling down at the girl at his side. Peter was nearly forty, but he didn't look it. True, his hair was greying at the sides, but he kept it clipped closely so that it did not show, and his figure was as erect as when she had first married him. She was too far away from him to see his face distinctly, but she knew that the tiny wrinkles round his eyes would be deepening, as he smiled. He had nice hands, too, not the long tapering hands that were popularly attributed to surgeons—but strong, square hands, with widely-spread fingers and exquisitely-kept nails.

MMARGARET turned her attention to the girl. All she could see was a "v" of sunburned back and a neatly arranged mop of curls that brushed her shoulders. The white satin of her frock and the brown of her skin made a fascinating contrast to the fairness of her hair. Margaret remembered that she had brown eyes, instead of the blue or grey that usually accompanied fairness. Rather attractive it looked, too. And she was twenty!

The dance commenced again, and Mary's husband came over and asked her for it. That was what always happened, missed Margaret. One's host or the husband of one's old school friend were the only partners you had once you were over thirty. Dick Richards was one of those men who ask, "Is this a waltz or a foxtrot?" and, on being told, start their usual slow, methodical walk round the dance floor. Margaret loved dancing, and she knew she was a good dancer. She resented always having bad partners.

"I beg your pardon?" queried Dick. Margaret did not know that she had made any sound, but she must have uttered some sort of exclamation.

"I was saying what marvellous parties your wife always gives," she said, lying for the second time that night.

She must have made an exclamation—and no wonder. She had suddenly realised that a truth comes home to all women some time or other. It is that men, no matter how old they are, can always interest and entertain young girls—but a woman, once she is married, and over thirty, usually bores young men.

It isn't fair, she decided. After all, she was only just over thirty. Thirty-one next birthday, to be accurate, and Peter was thirty-nine until next week. Yet he could have his pick of the lovely young things just in their twenties—while she had Dick Richards.

He was a nice thing, of course, but hardly exciting. She always knew the exact course his conversation would take. First of all, he would tell her that he and his eldest son had done the floor with french chalk and a brick wrapped in flannel—not too bad, was it?—and then he would ask her how their zinnias were this year, or it might



A delightful Short Story which will find an echo in many a human heart

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WEP

"You never talk to me these days," she said. "Talk? You know exactly everything I think about every subject. Do you want my opinion of the weather?"

"You're looking very charming to-night," Margaret said in spite of herself.

"Like my frock?" Norma looked pleased. "Marvellous bargain; got it at a sale—only five guineas, too!" Peter had returned and the girl took the glass he offered her. "Peter's been telling me what a lovely home you have, Mrs. Durham. It sounds fascinating. May I come and see it, one day?"

"Of course you may," Margaret hoped she sounded more cordial than she felt. "We're going to give a little party one day, soon. You must come."

"Love to," Peter told me about the party."

Another partner claimed her, and Margaret watched her dance away.

She was really a very attractive child. You could not help liking her. She was so fresh and outspoken and unaffected. Margaret felt she would have liked her better if she could have disliked her.

It was not until Phyllis Carter reported, with great glee, that she had seen Peter and Norma lurching together that Margaret really began to worry.

"Oh, yes," she said airily. "Peter told me he was taking her. Do have some walnut cake."

"Gorgeous walnut cake you make, Margaret. But all the same, you can't anchor a husband with walnut cake."

"Unless you give him permanent indigestion," retorted Margaret, "that's the surest way to keep him at home, you know."

If Peter was so intent on having lunch with the girl, why couldn't he choose somewhere where they wouldn't meet Phyllis Carter. No, that wasn't what really mattered. What people thought was of no consequence when it was her home and her whole happiness that was being attacked.

There was little hope of either of these. She had no old lover to return. There was only Tom Harper, who used to take her to the pictures and give her chocolates, and who had once, in the dark passage outside the dining-room, kissed her. Tom had married before she had, and he was now fat and prosperous and far too content to be suspected of unswerving devotion to herself.

And she knew that no other man would turn up. They never do. The heroines who always have a stray man up their sleeves for such critical moments, never exist in real life.

Besides, jealousy, while it arouses a woman's affections, simply annoys a man.

Something else must be done. She must take more care of her complexion, brush her hair more often—make herself as attractive as Norma.

When she was in Town next day she paid ten and sixpence for a jar of face cream. She clenched her teeth tightly as she handed the money to the supercilious young lady who served her. Ten and sixpence. What a lot of useful things she could have done with ten and sixpence! But the recapture of Peter's affections must come first. Surely that was worth half a guinea.

But even the face cream brought difficulties. She could not put it on at night because she could not bear to let Peter see her with her face smeared with grease and her nose shiny. No woman, she decided, not even Ninon de L'Enclos—or Norma—could look charming covered with skin food. It was hard to use it during the day, too, because as soon as you had "applied it thickly with a sharp patting movement," as the label instructed, Phyllis or Mary would drop in on their way to the shops, or she would have to answer the door because Millie was busy.

SHE took to having nothing but grapefruit and a piece of unbuttered toast for breakfast. She could never hope to achieve the lovely lines of Norma, but she could, at least, take a little off.

Peter grumbled that she was becoming a food faddist.

"I hope you're not going to become one of those women who spend their lives trying to get thin. At your age you must expect to be a bit fatter than you were when you were a girl. It's a natural physiological condition and you'll have to put up with it."

"Beast!" she thought; but what she said was: "Like your bald patch. It's getting worse."

"It's not," said Peter. "Our family has always been noted for its thick head of hair. We never go bald."

But, in spite of Peter's bald patch—which was really only "just a little thin on the top"—he was just as attractive as ever. Such things made no difference.

Please turn to Page 8

By MARJORIE PRYOR

went he straightened his shoulders. It was as if he had said, "Well, that's over, anyway."

Supposing it were true that forty were a dangerous age, even for a husband of whom one was as sure as she had always been of Peter. You never knew—and it was best, she supposed, to be prepared for any eventuality. Her heart stopped, for a second, at the idea; and then she had to compose herself quickly, for Peter and Norma were in front of her.

"Hello, Mrs. Durham," Norma greeted her easily, and sank into a chair at her side. "Your husband's nearly danced me off my feet. Get me something to drink, there's a dear, Peter."

Peter already. But then the young of to-day slipped into Christian names as easily as they slipped into the clothes they wore. And they had a poise and an air of ease that Margaret, herself, had taken years to acquire.

AS the band stopped they stood apart. Peter gave his tie a tug and Margaret fumbled at her belt.

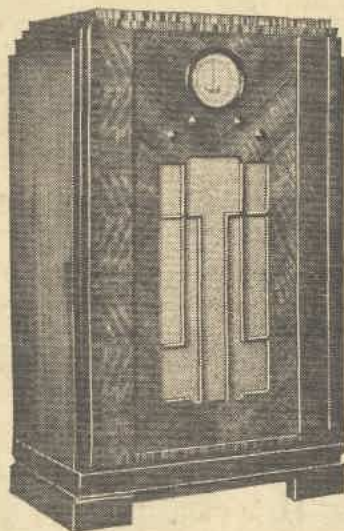
"Punny, isn't it?" she said, with a laugh, "how men always straighten



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WHAT Every WOMAN Doesn't KNOW

Continued
from Page 7

It wouldn't have been so bad if he hadn't come home one day and told her that he'd met Norma in Oxford St.

"Absolutely stunning clothes that girl wears! She has the best taste of any woman I know."

"It's easy enough," said Margaret tartly. "To have good taste in clothes when you earn your own living and spend every penny on your back."

It had really hurt. She, too, would have loved nice clothes, but when you had a home and two children, there was not enough left for nice clothes.

"Any woman could be smart if they spent all their time and their money on it," she repeated to herself. It wasn't fair. She pulled herself up. Getting cross was no good. She must take things easily. If she were going to win this fight she must keep her temper. Nagging was the first step in a losing battle.

She set herself a deliberate policy: to show no jealousy, to let Peter see the girl without grumbling, to have her at the house—the loose rein Mary had talked of—and to make herself as outwardly attractive as a married woman of her age could.

It was only after two months of mental anxiety that Margaret discovered the Great Idea.

Peter had been seeing Norma quite often, lunches, theatres and parties. Margaret had been included in a couple of theatre parties, with a good, solid business acquaintance to make the fourth—the sort of man who would talk discreetly to her, as wife of his host, and leave the other two to themselves.

She had listened to them chatting and laughing, and had set her teeth. Peter never talked to her like that. She had remonstrated with him one evening at home. They had sat on either side of the fire and she had said: "Talk to me, Peter. I'm bored. You never talk these days."

He had looked at her over the edge of his paper.

"Talk? What on earth about? Don't you realise, my dear girl, that we've talked about everything we can? After seven years of married life we've surely exhausted every possible topic. You know exactly everything I think about every subject. Do you want my opinion of the weather?"

Clothes had been no good, either. Having spent half a guinea on face cream, she had decided that a couple of more guineas on a hat would be nothing. She had arrived home with a delicious little affair of brown felt. It tilted caucally at the side so that it showed her newly waved hair and the brim swerved sharply downward over one unaccustomedly brilliant eyebrow.

"Like it?" she asked.

"It's all right. Don't go getting things too ultra smart though, will you? It's not your style. Simple things suit you best."

Simple things!

THEN she got the Great Idea. She remembered Irene Vanbrugh (at least she thought it was Irene Vanbrugh) in a play which dealt with just such a case as hers. Who was it by, now? Lonsdale? No, it hadn't the stimulating cynicism of Lonsdale. It had been soothing and hopeful. It must have been Barrie. That was it.

In the play the wife had thrown the two together on every possible occasion. She had sent them to a house-party, and they saw each other each day and every day, with the result that they grew so terribly tired of each other that the problem had solved itself. Margaret could see herself registering just such a whimsical smile as Irene Vanbrugh had when she received back her unsuspecting husband. The sort of smile that all wives understood.

It was the very thing. She would invite Norma down to their seaside cottage for a long week-end. She would throw them together and efface herself as a dutiful cook and housewife. She would send them for walks, picnics, rides, golf, until they hated the sight of one another, just as they had done in the play. And then everything would be all right.

She did not really like inviting Norma to the cottage, which she loved so. It had been the first house she and Peter had ever built and owned and, although it was only a little five-roomed affair, it still held first place in her affections. From the verandah you were faced with a wide sweep of the sea. Breakers gleamed where the headland jutted out into the ocean, and, all day long, seagulls circled and screamed and dipped low into the rippling surface of the water.

It was all so simple to arrange. They fell in with her scheme as easily as a

H. OST Holbrook says: I brew a special vinegar for my Worcestershire Sauce called Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar***

couple of mice nibble at the cheese in a trap.

"What a marvellous view," Norma drew in a long breath. "Did you find this place, Peter?"

Margaret had turned away to go indoors and unpack, but she lingered to hear her husband's answer.

"Yes. Glad you like it."

Had he found it? Why, they had both been out in the ramshackle car they had and it had been Margaret's suggestion to take it down the rough road that had led them to this exquisite beach. He had found it!

She busied herself unpacking the hamper of food she had brought, while Peter and Norma tried to help, only succeeding in getting in the way.

"You two children run away and go for a walk," she said good humouredly. "You're only getting in the way."

"Oh, but do let me do my share," protested Norma.

She assured them there was nothing she could do. She knew where everything was kept, and it would take her no time. So she lit a fire and aired the sheets and made the beds and swept the rooms, stopped up a couple of mouse holes, and put the kettle on, while they trudged along the beach, well pleased.

When they returned, Norma's cheeks were flushed with the exertion of the walk and she looked prettier than ever. Peter strode about the house, humming contentedly, emptied the sand from his shoes on to the floor she had just swept and looked younger than ever.

She sent them out again while she cooked dinner. It was a good dinner,

PICTURES taken by
The Australian
Women's Weekly
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low costs. Why not inquire
about that portrait or pic-
ture you like?

too, and, as she served it up on the bright china, she tried to console herself for missing a walk along the beach, with the wind blowing through her hair and the salt of the sea in her nostrils by the thought that, after all, she wasn't there for pleasure as much as stern necessity. Her reward would come soon, doubtless.

"Marvellous dinner," said Norma.

"You certainly can cook, Margaret."

"Yes, she can cook," said Peter, and the slight proprietorial patronage made Margaret's cheeks burn from more than the heat of the oven.

"You must have worked awfully hard," Norma leaned over towards the match Peter was holding for her cigarette. Their hands touched and Margaret saw the look that flashed between them.

"Awfully hard," repeated Norma. "I'll be my turn next. I'll get up and get breakfast for you."

"Indeed you won't," said Margaret quickly. "You'll have breakfast in bed. You don't get much chance of that when you work in an office all day. Peter will get it for you if I'm not up, I'm sure."

"Yes, by jove," said Peter enthusiastically. "You stay in bed, Norma. I'll bring you your breakfast."

"We'll both get up and get it together and Margaret can stay in bed," suggested Norma.

"That's a good idea," said Margaret heroically. "Now I must wash up." She yawned. "The sea air's making me sleepy."

"We'll do it," said Peter. "Why don't you run along to bed. You've done enough."

"Oh, no," she protested weakly. "I'll wash up."

"Indeed you won't," Norma hastily began to gather up the plates.

"Peter and I will wash up. You got the dinner, and that's only fair."

The plan was working well so far. They were certainly being thrown together.

"I think I will go to bed, if you don't mind. I'm feeling a bit tired, and I am sure you two can entertain each other without me."

She left them and, after she was in bed, she heard their voices through the wooden walls of the cottage. It seemed for a lifetime—Peter's jovial laugh and the girl's gay chatter.

When Peter came into the room she pretended to be asleep.

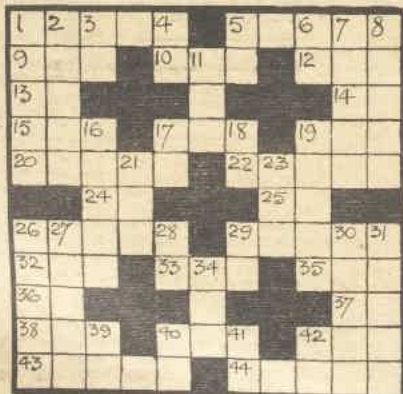
She stuck to it rigidly for four miserable days. It was too cold to bathe, but Peter and Norma went for walks, they played golf in the paddock over the hill, they went for more walks.

Please turn to Page 30

Our Weekly Crossword

CLUES ACROSS

- Tree juice used as medicine
- Commonplace
- Every
- Girl's name
- Metal
- Compass point
- Editor (abb.)
- Gentle bend in timber (Amer.)
- Insect
- Antelope
- Study (Fr.)
- Fish
- Boxing term (abb.)
- Preposition
- Fore part
- Encourages
- Depart hastily
- White vestment
- Golfing hazard
- A decoration (abb.)
- Royal Riffles
- Help!
- Males
- Custom
- Ringlet
- Merchandise



CLUES DOWN

- Vicarage
- Even with
- New York
- Morning
- Top score
- River in Canada
- Part of verb "to be"
- Ebon (abb.)
- A horse
- Title
- Plunder
- Cold producing ice
- Popular report (Amer.)
- Childish thanks
- A seaman
- Conchae
- Scorches
- No truth in this
- Compass point
- Manuscript
- Compass point
- Recently excavated city
- Near
- Certainly not
- Sports ground
- Plant

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

Across: Shot, amid, shore, minim, gay, attic, gum, at, gleated, sa, liar, sly, ewer, Annie, hank, celluloid, proxy, event, lent, 'tis, serie, of, shyster, ps, dew, optic, gem, rogue, choir, car, kohl.
Down: Shy, oh, oral, teeta, amity, mice, in, dig, satin, muses, gala, talmudist, mark, prius, deliver, ancon, wader, cly, fox, plod, refer, ripper, team, types, stick, hour, echo, woo, gill, ga, oh.



STATIC & SHIVERS at the South pole

Turning Out the Aurora Borealis;
Lower's Long Dark Night!

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist.
Illustrated by WEP

Hello, girls! Uncle Lenny broadcasting his usual session from the Pole, sponsored by the Fleecy-lined Winterwear Corporation Ltd. Imp. (you mean Inc.).

Commander Byrd sends his love to all at home, and if you will follow a piece of string after tying it to the whatnot, you will find something to your advantage.

BIRDS of a feather lick ice cream together at the Pole.

WE are snowed in here. Commander Byrd is beginning to feel the cold. I am beginning to get a bit fed up with his grumbling. I told him when we first started on the expedition that the going would be tough, and that he'd need to take all his red flannel underwear, but no, he must turn up in pink milanese singlets and silk socks. If he must wear silk, why didn't he wear that antarctic-facial silk?

The dog teams are causing a lot of trouble. We have been feeding them on dried Eskimos, and the diet seems to give them a tendency to blubber. You can't imagine how nerve-racking it is to be confined in a small snow hut through the long polar night with a lot of blubbery dogs, not counting Commander Byrd.

Byrd's cat is howling pitifully outside the hut. It was in a sense my fault, but

there is no need for Byrd to be going on the way he is.

According to my usual custom with the animals, I put the cat out for the night last Tuesday. How was I to know that the nights were six months long? Apart from these minor distractions, my work here goes on fairly evenly. The temperature is now 120 degrees below zero. The mercury is down so low that we have to keep the thermometer on the floor. We had a blizzard yesterday. I can't say that I liked it very much, especially after I had to pluck and clean the thing and do all the cooking. Byrd won't do a thing. He just sits around moping and chewing candles, a vile and incendiary habit he picked up from the Eskimos.

I HAVE been thinking lately that I was rather hasty in deciding to come with this expedition.

Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease, and I asked myself, "What good am I doing in this hut?" Who, I said to myself, cares what blasted temperature it is at the Pole? Supposing, I said, that when I get back to my home town I am able to announce that the temperature at the Pole was 120 degrees below zero, and the cosmic rays must be seen to be believed. What then? Why, I said, turning and looking myself straight in the eye, they will just say to me, "Is that so? Well, well. That's fine. . . well, I must be getting along now. Drop in any time you're passing." and they would leave me standing there full of information and go to a hockey match.

That's what makes me mad. Here's me sacrificing myself in the cause of science, fighting my way through walruses, scraping polar bears off me at every step, humping thermometers,

barometers, gasometers, and things, round and round the Pole, and what do I get for it? Nothing. Not even a medal. Not that I want any more medals. I'm getting curvature of the spine carrying around the ones I've already got. It's the principle of the thing that I'm talking about. I'm cut off from my base (and Heaven knows, it's a pretty painful experience), far from civilisation, and I haven't even got a clean collar to my name. If I make a cup of tea it freezes immediately, and I have to peel the cup off it and just gnaw around the edges.

I said to Byrd, "What made you come on this damfool expedition?" "Well," he said, "between you and me and that walrus over there, things weren't too good at home. You know how it is. A man comes home a bit late from one of these Polar expeditions, and people start nagging at you, and one thing leads on to another . . ."

"Stop, old man," I said, grasping his hand warmly, "I know all." "So I just thought that I'd better get out for a while till things blew over," he concluded.

SOME hours later, when I was in bed, Byrd came over to me and said, "Admiral, are you awake?"

I said, "Yes, what time is it?" "It's still quite early," he replied. "It's only June. What I wanted to say to you was about our conversation a while ago. Don't breathe a word about it to a soul. Why I started this expedition, I mean."

"You can rely on me, Byrd," I replied. "The two of us are comfortable here now. We don't want a stampede, and have a mob of husbands barging in on us."

I spat my death, he kissed me, turned out the aurora borealis, and so to bed for another few months.

CULBERTSON on CONTRACT BRIDGE Hands!

Some hints on procedure where defending players are placed in a position where they must choose some suit blindly are given by Ely Culbertson in this week's article. An explanatory note is given by Dr. F. V. McAdam, one of Australia's foremost authorities on contract bridge.

By DR. F. V. McADAM

FROM the days of whist has descended the adage, "Through strength and up to weakness." While the blind adherence to this advice will not always be advisable, yet it is a good generalisation and should usually be followed. Occasionally situations arise where it pays best to lead right up to strength—even up to tenaces—in order for the defenders to obtain the best results. One of the most striking examples of how and when to deviate from rule of thumb play was illustrated recently where a player holding the A Q 5 4 2 of diamonds was in the lead against a three no-trump contract.

He led a small diamond up to the K J 6 in the dummy. When his partner next obtained the lead he returned his only diamond to set the contract two tricks. Any other lead would have allowed the declarer to make an easy game.

The underlying idea is to develop partner's tenaces. Often dummy holds a side suit containing Ace and small cards. When in the lead, this suit should be attacked, in the hope that partner has K J x, in which case, as well as developing a trick for partner, a valuable entry card is thereby removed from dummy.

ARTICLE XVI: By ELY CULBERTSON LEADS UP TO WEAKNESS THROUGH STRENGTH

FREQUENTLY the defence is placed in a position where they must choose some suit blindly which has not been bid. With no information available, their only clue to the proper play is the holding in dummy. They must choose a suit to lead based on the strength or weakness of this hand.

In order that partner may have full opportunity to take advantage of his tenace positions, he must be allowed to play after the strong hand. Consequently the hand on lead should lead through strength whenever possible, and also up to weakness. Leading through strength means leading some suit which contains a broken sequence in the dummy whenever one is in front of that hand, in order to give partner a chance to play his honors after dummy's honors. Leading up to weakness means leading some suit which is weak in the dummy when one is sitting to the left of that hand. The following hands are examples of this principle:

S: 10 6 5	N	S: J 9 7 4
H: A K 9 8 7	W	H: 6 4
D: 5	E	D: 10 7 6 3
C: 8 5 3 2	S	C: A Q 10
S: A K Q 8 3		
H: J 10 3		
D: A 2		
C: 9 7 6		

Here South is the Declarer at a contract of three no-trumps, and West opens the King of hearts. Dummy plays the deuce, East the 4, and South the 3. Obviously, the four-spot is not an encouraging signal, and it is equally clear that West can have no hope of defeating the contract by continuing the suit. He therefore takes the only chance and leads a low club. East tops any card which Dummy plays and returns another heart. West now wins with the Ace, and leads another club, which allows East to take two more tricks in that suit and defeat three no-trumps one trick. West's club lead through strength was the only way of defeating the contract.

S: Q J 10 8 3	S: 7 5 2
H: 9 8 5	H: J 4 3
D: K 7 4 2	D: Q 10
C: 4	C: A 9 6 5 3
S: —	S: A K 9 8 4
H: A Q 10 7	H: K 5 2
D: J 9 8 6 5	D: A 3
C: J 10 8 7	C: K Q 2

In this hand South is the Declarer at a contract of four spades, and West opens the Knave of clubs. This card is won by East with the Ace. It is now apparent that a continuation in this suit is out of the question, so it is necessary to find some shift. The choice lies between diamonds and hearts, and hearts should be chosen because Dummy is weak in that suit. East, therefore, leads the Knave of hearts, topping the Dummy in order to make sure of another lead through strength. Whatever Declarer plays, he is bound to lose 3 heart tricks and be defeated 1 trick. Note that with any other return Declarer could discard two hearts in the Dummy on his clubs and make five odd.

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HOSPITAL in the OLD DAYS

Amazing indeed are the changes that have taken place in the construction and management of hospitals during the past sixty years.

Sir George Turner, the famous English surgeon, who has long been associated with hospitals, in speaking of the conditions existing sixty years ago, said:

THE operations in the early 'seventies were done by the surgeons, in dirty overall coats, seldom washed, and sometimes the more bloodstained they were the more proud was the operator. The wonder is that so many people survived. There arose in consequence of this septicity, a school of surgeons who were for leaving things alone, and only operating in cases of urgency. . .

Even when I was house-surgeon in 1879, one never wore the clean, white, washable coat, and india-rubber gloves were not known. One used to have various things like needles, hair-clip pins, artery forceps, silk waxed ligatures stuck about one's coat buttonhole with an utter disregard of possible sepsis.



Financing
Australia's Trade
Throughout the World

PRACTICALLY the whole of Australia's great Export and Import trade is financed by the Trading Banks.

Wool, wheat and other products sold to buyers in Great Britain, Italy, Japan and other countries are paid for by the Banks in Australian currency when shipped from Australian Ports, the Banks collecting payment in British or foreign currency after the shipments reach their destination.

For goods valued at, say, 100 British pounds a Bank pays the Australian Producer 125 Australian pounds. The 100 British pounds, when received, become part of that Bank's London funds and in due course are made available to an Australian importer who requires funds in London to pay for imports. The importer pays 125 Australian pounds for the 100 British pounds in London.

Thus the Bank's gross profit on the buying and selling transaction is 10/- in Australian currency of which a considerable proportion is paid away in salaries and office expenses.

This is one of the many services rendered to producers, merchants and the community generally by the Australian Trading Banks.

Bank of New South Wales

An Editorial

MAY 12, 1934.

MOTHERS ARE WOMEN

IF sentiment alone is the reason for setting aside a Sunday in May and calling it Mother's Day, then the significance of the celebration does not amount to much.



Organised and publicly flaunted emotion leads to mockery and sham. There is quite enough mockery and sham in organised religious emotion, and patriotic emotion; do we want these tawdry hypocrisies in the home?

If there is genuine love and affection in a home, a theatrical parade of sentiment is not required; if love and affection be absent, who wants counterfeit emotion?

This is not to say that there should not be individual gala occasions when children might show their love for their mothers. A time-honored and deep-rooted custom is the celebration by children in every home of their mother's birthday.

But leaving sentiment out of it, a very real purpose can be served by a practical observance of Mother's Day.

The burdens and sacrifices of motherhood are far too heavy. Both medical science and social usage have fallen short in their duty to motherhood.

Maternal welfare can be greatly improved; between the best and the worst medical treatment of mothers there is far too wide a gap.

The legal disregard of the rights of mothers is notorious. The rights of a mother to the custody of her own child are subject to some amazing legal limitations.

After all, a mother is a woman. And modern woman wants more than nineteenth century sentimentalism.

—THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

Thought

To think?
Not now for that would be to feel
All the known treacheries of doubt
And all the undreamed of anguish
That corrodes and burns the tired soul
Like an acid dripping on a wound.
To think,
And rack the uncomprehending
heart,
With pain it never sought, but fleeing
found?
If thought does this, then give me sleep
And numbness that shall clog the arteries
of doubt.
Not hope, for hope is like a child still-born,
Leaving the empty arms of motherhood
Appalled with emptiness. Nor pride
For that breeds bitterness and stores
A jealous envy in the breast.
So will I turn from this, from hope and
thought,
And in my disillusion seek for nought
Save only rest.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

POINTS OF VIEW

Trite, But True

OLD sayings, which seem to have arisen spontaneously from the experience of generations, are sometimes justified of their dogmatism.

Child Welfare Departments report that the demand for girls for adoption is much greater than that for boys, and one official has given as the explanation that an adopted girl is always a companion to a woman, a help in her social life, and even when married, remains her best friend.

This bears out the old adage, "A son's a son till he gets him a wife; but a daughter's a daughter to the end of her life."

I Can Forgive, But—!

HAVE women better memories than men?

Famous English psychologists have recently stated that they have, though most of these experts insert a saving clause to the effect that a woman's memory is superior to man's for certain classes of things, only.

For the concrete things of life, most of which have some emotional significance for her, the psychologists declare that a woman has a better memory than a man, but when it comes to abstract knowledge, man's memory is on its native heath.

So a woman needs only a glance at another woman to be able to describe every detail of her frocking. Also, a woman will remember a grievance till the crack of doom.

As an average man, with the average experience of woman's memory, I am inclined, for once, to agree with the experts. I ask you, fellow sufferers, which of us has not had the unnerving experience of hearing a woman say, "I can forgive you—but I can never forget!"—J.X.H.

The Compleat Label

FROM the fashion heart of the world comes the news that the monogram craze has developed into a unique autograph vogue. Smart women who, a month or two ago, savored the piquancy of having a scarf, a handbag or a sunshade adorned with bold initials, now find it much more thrilling to scrawl their whole signature on some part of their attire.

A famous actress appeared at Nice with her name written in white on a black scarf. A social leader in London scrawled her name in scarlet across her white belt. Now, all over London and Paris, one sees women thus labelled with their names, so the old-fashioned brooches which proclaimed the wearers as "Margaret" or "Mother" may be rummaged out from old trunks and given a new lease of high life.

There is, as yet, no hint that the labelling vogue will widen its scope to include address, phone number, income, and social position of its devotees.

Mother-in-Law's Day

WHILST we in Australia are preparing to celebrate Mother's Day, comes the interesting news that mothers don't have it all their own way in Amarillo, Texas. In that Wild West town, they are celebrating "Mother-in-law's Day" and they donate to public thought a new angle on the traditional hypercritical attitude which has made mother-in-law the butt of countless jokes.

The Mother-in-law's Day Club of Amarillo asserts that, "a mother-in-law is a mother who has made good." The idea is that any woman may be a mother, but the fact that her children have been attracted to matrimony shows that mother was also the compleat homemaker, who trained up her boys and girls in the way they should go—to the altar.

There's a certain rough logic in this, but, alas, in these domestic matters, the human mind is rarely swayed by logic!

Foodstuff Wrappings

THE Health authorities might well turn an eye upon the manner in which old, and sometimes very soiled newspapers find their way into the wrapping-up supplies of some foodstuff shops. Some shop-keepers purchase bundles of old newspapers from anyone who comes along, regardless of whence the supplies came.

Children are often seen hawking round decrepit-looking bundles of papers for sale to shop-keepers. One can easily imagine whence some of these supplies are gathered. Steps should be taken to prevent shops from using wrapping paper that has not been purchased from a reliable source.

In some butcher's shops in the city it may also be noticed, that, while the law demands that white paper be placed immediately round the meat to prevent it coming into contact with the print on the newspaper, which is permissible as an outside wrapper, some shop-



THE SIMPLE BEAUTY of this European peasant girl is a revelation of the fine types produced in old world country districts as a result of traditional marriage customs.

keepers and their attendants flaunt the regulation by placing a small, totally inadequate piece of white paper next to the meat.

The Prince's Progress

BECAUSE the Commonwealth Government would have charged nearly £4000 for the use of the State coach, a motor car will be used for the Prince's progress through Melbourne. State Ministers appear to be very indignant therewith.

Though there are many who hold that chromium plating, stream-lining and gadgets galore will never turn a motor car into as noble and picturesque an equipage as a horse-drawn State coach, 'twas ever thus with progress.

When Dobbin displaced the pumaquin, there must have been many conservatives who bewailed the change and the increasing swiftness of modern life, and when the first head man of the tribe was litter-borne to a ceremonial meeting, doubtless there were many protests about this abandonment of pedestrianism.

The Prince's descendants may visit us by plane, or they may merely televise themselves usward, and the elders of their day will surely bewail the fact that they couldn't stick to the more seemly motor car of their grandpa's day.

Have You a Double Personality?

Some Strange Cases

By a Psychologist

When the head of a family comes home, slams the door, kicks the cat, throws a boot at the dog, and swears at everyone else, just ignore it and refuse to believe that it is the head of the family until he becomes himself again.

CONSOLE yourself with the thought that man is a many-sided creature, woman even more so, and that there is scientific foundation for the belief that an individual's personality consists, not of one self, but sometimes of as many as 20, some of which are bound to be unpleasant.

Take the case of Miss Beauchamp, studied by Dr. Morton Prince, of Boston, and other eminent psychologists, some years ago. The unfortunate young lady, until she was cured, had four distinct personalities, two of which used to live lives of their own, and quarrel frightfully over who should be in charge.

Frequently, when Miss Beauchamp had tickets to a theatre, Sally, one of her personalities, would come, just as she reached her seat, and see the show for her, so that the real Miss Beauchamp missed the entertainment.

Although Sally knew everything Miss Beauchamp thought and did, Miss Beauchamp knew nothing of Sally. However, her evil genius used to write notes to her. At one period Sally took and hid all her money, and for a while she became really dependent on her other personality, who even ordered that all letters she wrote be left for her to read before stamps would be provided. Dr. Morton Prince succeeded in bringing the personalities together by hypnotism.

THE case is not unique. Dr. Edward Mayer, of the American Medical Association, reported the case of a man who, after a railway accident, changed his disposition and other mental, as well as bodily, characteristics. Seventeen years passed before he woke, with complete loss of memory for everything that had occurred since the accident, to find himself a married man with four children. He surprised his wife, one morning, by saying, "Am I hurt much?" Later he exclaimed, "I am not married! It is a nice thing for a man of 24 to wake up and be told he has four children." It took some time to make him believe he was 41.

Professor James, whose work is well known among psychologists, studied the case of Miss Beauchamp, as well as that of the Rev. Ansel Bourne, whom he treated himself. The clergyman drew £500 from his bank, one afternoon, to pay for a block of land; then he just disappeared. Two months later he woke up as Mr. A. J. Brown, who had bought a little confectionery shop in a village, which the Rev. Bourne had never been to before in his life.

He was aghast at what had happened, and when he finally succeeded in convincing the friends, whom he had made as Brown, that he was not Brown, but Bourne, his nephew was sent for. After that, he changed from one to the other several times. Prof. James writes: "I had hoped by suggestion to run the two personalities into one and make the memories continuous; but no artifices would avail to accomplish this, and Mr. Bourne's skull-to-day still covers two distinct human beings."

Dr. Boris Sidis, of Harvard, and Dr. Simon Goodhart, of Yale, studied another case, that of the Rev. Hanna, who tripped and struck his head one day, and woke up a different person, with no knowledge whatsoever of this world. Yet he was not mad, and he quickly learnt all that was taught him.

When, after six weeks, he had re-mastered the art of reading, he changed back to his primary self. From then on he kept changing from one to the other, and as in one life he could never remember what he did in the other, he had to write a special journal to keep him posted with what his other self did, when he was not there.

Sidis describes another case of a man, a wire-worker, who was playing with his children one afternoon. He went for a walk down the road and did not come back. Two years later the workmen in a tin shop were surprised by one of their colleagues dropping his tools in a dazed way and crying, "My God, where am I? How did I get here? This is not my shop! What does it mean?" He had had a business of his own in his home town, which proved to be 200 miles away.



JANE'S JOURNAL — The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.

Presentation GOWN

... and the part it played in the life of a debutante.

THE great car swept up the Mall and in at the Palace gates. The men in front had faces like Sphinxes; there was the shine of the enamelled body, polished beyond belief, and from inside the soft gleam of whiteness.

"It's a shame they've stopped them waiting about, so we could get a chance to see 'em," said a woman in the crowd.

Her friend nudged her. "If you look you can see 'em. My, but that one was a sight for sore eyes!" "Oh, look over there! Such diamonds! My word, look at the flowers she's carryin'!"

The car came to rest within the Palace gates. In it sat the little bud, with her stone-cold heart and her vague sense of terror. By her side was her mother, stately in black velvet and orchids.

"Now it's no good getting all worked up about it," said the mother. "I've been through it myself, so I know how foolish it is. It is over in a flash, and there isn't anything to make a fuss about."

"I'm only a little frightened," said the bud, without enthusiasm and quite untruthfully, for she was enormously frightened.

"All you've got to do is to look lovely. Lord Longley will be watching you, and he is almost certain to propose after this. I do so want you to make a brilliant marriage after all your father and I have done for you."

"I know." A brilliant marriage! They were investing a great deal of money in this one season for her, believing that Lord Longley would propose. For her own part she was afraid that he would. He had given signs of it. He was tall, and remote and unapproachable, and

Illustrated by Boothroyd

pomp, this hurrying season, and the rather frightening Lord Longley, she could not feel quite the same about things. She was just plastic substance in their hands, and she had not the strength left to withstand them.

"I'll do," she said. "I feel tired out."

What an afternoon it had been, with the hair-dresser and the beauty specialist, and finally getting into her frock. What a strenuous afternoon! The chiffon frock eddied about her. It was made very simply, as became a bud; there was chiffon in layers, tiny puff sleeves about her shoulders, the hint of silver at her waist.

As she nodded she dreamed. It seemed that she was seeing something new in the frock, something that she had not suspected. They were making the chiffon on the looms at Lyons, long widths of it. She visualised it floating about like little clouds and twining round the giant rollers. The dark-headed young man bending over it, smoothing it out deftly with his fingers, was speaking.

"Je ne sais pas," he was saying. "Clothing may have a dot, and it may be the dot that les parents desire. But I will not marry her. I will not marry where my heart is not."

"Jean, you're mad," said his companion; "it is the custom here in France. Les parents know best."

"Les parents! As if I did not know where I love."

"There will be disturbances."

"Ma foi! As if I cared for all the disturbances in Lyons. I adore Josette, and it is Josette I marry, though she has no dot. I will make money with my two hands and I will marry Josette or no one. Why should I marry where I do not love, hey?"

"Mind, you will tear the chiffon."

"It will be the last chiffon that I ever wear."

He turned from the looms and walked out into the streets of Lyons. Josette was waiting in an alley and the roses of Provence were clustering thickly together about the old houses.

"Venez, ma petite, venez," he said. "We will seek happiness together. What do we care for dots?"

They wandered away together, their arms intertwined. They wandered out of the city into the fields beyond. They smell the wild smell of the roses of Provence, and that of the tall, milky-stemmed bluebells that grow along the hedgerows. They were nomad lovers, sleeping under hedges, but always in each other's arms, and because of that they did not care.

"They are quite mad," thought the bud, and her own mind wandered to the isolated manse where Angus dwelt with the heather spilt like blood about the moors.

THE embroideress was working on the satin of the train. She stitched pearls thereon, one at a time, and always her back ached and her eyes were blurred with the constant peering. She had been stitching pearls on debutantes' trains for years, and she supposed that she would go

on doing it for years, and then what would become of her? The Infirmary, perhaps. She had nowhere else to go. She had not managed to save much. She had nothing to rely on, nothing to fall back on, and the fear of the future almost deadened the sense of horror of the present that she had.

She sat back for a moment, shading her tired eyes with her hands, and thinking. If she had married Tom it might have been so different. But they had both been young, they had both been guided by their parents, who they felt sure knew best. Tom had only been in a very poor job, which would be insufficient for their needs. Poverty is hard to fight, and she had been persuaded by her mother and had married Frank. Opposite to her Frank sprawled in a drunken slumber on the frowsy bed. He had not earned anything for years now; he never would earn anything more, she supposed, but would rely solely on her embroidery money to get enough to go out and get drunk. That was all that he asked.

She spent her time embroidering pearls on trains for young ladies who went to Court. Sometimes she wondered if any of her own heartbreak and hopelessness went on in the trains, right up to the throne room. She wondered what the King and Queen would think of it if they knew. Only they

wouldn't know. Kings and queens didn't know about things like that.

All this waste of life, all this hopeless mistake because she had been silly enough to take other people's advice.

"Ge'on with it, my gel," said the drunken man thickly, as he sprawled on the bed. She turned again to her stitching.

The little bud looked down at her train carefully curled about her feet. She saw the pearls and she remembered the superstition which says that pearls mean tears, not her tears, of course, but somebody else's. Only in time they might become her tears, too. She could not imagine Lord Longley sprawled in a drunken shandon on a bed, but then you never knew!

She wondered vaguely why she had chosen pearls at all.

There came the exquisite scent from the lilies-of-the-valley in her bouquet. They had been picked early that morning down in Devonshire, and had been packed and sent to London for her.

The girl had got up early to pick them, while her husband still slept.

"Now it's no good getting all worked up about it," said the mother. "I've been through it myself, so I know how foolish it is. It is over in a flash, and there isn't anything to make a fuss about."

She had been restless all night, and she knew that it would be to-day—this affair which she had been waiting for all this long time. She was not afraid. She adored her husband, and because of him she would adore his baby. It made such a difference when it was the child of a man you worshipped.

She was glad that the two of them had managed to make the flower farm pay. She did not want riches; she wanted just enough to live on, for poverty, real poverty, is so distressing. It was beautiful here, with the gentle wind blowing off the sea, and the hot sunshine, and the sense of being close to the flowers and the real intimate sweetness of life!

They had each other for ever. Already the first pain stabbed through her, and although in the past months sometimes she had dreaded it, now she found it joyous, something that she could bear gladly.

She liked the idea that in these first few hours she had been gathering these fragrant lilies, and all the while the little one was coming nearer.

A Dream Comes True

"Perhaps these are for a bride," she thought, "and she does not know what joy lies before her." She kissed the flowers with moist and wondering lips. She was so happy. "Or perhaps they will be to decorate a christening cake of some other little baby, some rich little baby!" But no babe could be so rich as hers in love, and the thought was beautiful.

She gathered her flowers and packed them closely into their basket. Now they were ready, especially promised; now they were bound up for their journey, a special order. She also was going on a journey, through the garden of Gethsemane, but at the father's side was the babe of her heart's desire—his child. And that being so, the pain was not one half as terrible. There are flowers even in Gethsemane.

THE bud wished she had not thought of that savage pain and that fierce joy. It hurt. She had not supposed that the father of the child made so much difference, but

Complete Short Story

By...
S. W. ONSLOW

now she knew. The essence of the lilies filled the car and was almost too exquisite.

Above her head there waved the three white feathers. They had been troublesome to fix, and the girl who had come to arrange them had had difficulty with them. She had been an anaemic little girl, and on her finger the bud had noticed a small, insignificant engagement ring. Once Angus had slipped an old ring on to her finger in fun.

"All I could give you, I'm afraid," he had said, "but it would circle more love than all the others in the world."

The feathers had been worn by her mother years before when she had come here to an Edwardian Court. The girls of those days had been well chaperoned, the young men had been young bloods. It seemed that the car changed into a carriage, and that there was a heavy-bosomed dowager in velvet and a frightened little girl beside her. The bud could not recognise the little girl as being the self-possessed matter-of-fact mother of to-day.

"You will make a brilliant marriage," said the dowager.

A wave of sentimentality filled the little girl.

"I want to love my husband," she whispered.

"Oh, that is all nonsense!" said the dowager. "Love and marriage don't go together." The carriage drove forward and the three feathers nodded desperately. From an adjacent carriage the bud saw her father, looking glorious in his crimson and gold. "Now that is the man I want for you," said the dowager. "And you will do what you are told and not argue about it, if you please!"

THE little girl smiled forlornly. Her eyes were misty. She plucked a sprig of forget-me-not from her bouquet, and she flung it, when the dowager wasn't looking, to a young man who was watching her from the crowd. He was just a nobody, and she had realised that even for the sake of sentiment people do not marry nobodies. She felt her heart grow cold, frozen hard. Her real self was dead. She would make the marriage that they expected of her, but she would never love anybody again, not even her children.

It was the end. With a jerk, the bud came to. The cars were going forward; the hour had come at last.

"You carried forget-me-nots, didn't you?" she asked.

"Did I? I can't remember. Anyway, it doesn't signify now." But to the little bud it signified a great deal. She felt her heart growing stone-like with terror. "You're quite all right," went on her mother. "Lord Longley is standing over there; remember that he is looking at you. He will be wondering how you will carry yourself, and to-morrow he will ask you to be Lady Longley."

The bud went forward in a daze. She heard her name called out, two men took possession of her train and she saw her mother, quite unlike the forget-me-not girl—leading the way. In a panic she bent forward in her curtsy. He was watching her, and the fact that he was watching made it worse than anything else. Then, for one second, her frightened eyes met those of the Queen, leaning forward sympathetically to greet her. The bud knew that they were the eyes of a wife and mother. There was nothing to be afraid of any more. It was quite different from what she had supposed it would be, quite different.

She had made up her mind.

They tried to keep the scandal quiet but it leaked out. A little bud had rushed off to Scotland, back to the boy lover of her youth, and when they asked her why she did it, she protested that it was because of her presentation gown.

"She was mad; I thought she was behaving very oddly," said her mother.

"I think she was sane," said her father. He wished that the same thing might have happened a generation ago. It would have been so much simpler.

"Oh, you were always a fool!" snapped his wife.

She hadn't patience with either of them.

(Copyright)

My Favorite Poem

Vagabond

By JOHN MASEFIELD

Dunno a heap about the what an' why,
Can't say I ever knowed.
Heaven to me's a fair blue stretch
Of sky,
Earth's jest a quiet road.

Dunno the names o' things, nor what they are,
Can't say I ever will.
Dunno about God . . . He's jest
The noddin' star
Atop the windy hill.

Dunno about Life . . . It's jest a
tramp alone
From wakin'-time to doss.
Dunno about Death . . . It's jest
a quiet stone
All over-grey w' moss.

An' why I live, an' why the old
world spins,
Are things I never knowed;
My mark's the gipsy fires, the
lonely inns,
An' jest the dusty road.

Sent in by Carmen Withers,
Warwick, Qld.

every time she looked at him she was homesick for the Deeside where she had been born.

In a Scottish manse was Angus. She knew now that she had always loved Angus. "A mere schoolroom attachment," her mother had called it, but the bud believed it was something more than that. Angus, big and kind-hearted, reminded her of some friendly, affectionate dog who would guard one to the end. The way he looked . . . the way he spoke . . . If Angus were here now, she wouldn't be so frightened. She wouldn't be so worried if she had him with her.

But Angus wasn't here, and Lord Longley was. She had been torn away from Deeside and the wind on the heather and the claret profusion of lugs. When her mother talked and she herself was caught up in this whirl of



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A Prince of Good Fellows

This fascinating serial is now approaching its climax



THE CHARACTERS:
JENNY FOSTER, the heroine, florist's assistant to MADAME FLEURETTE.
CHRISTINE BEAUMONT, a ravishing blonde beauty, who has set her cap at TONI, the Prince of Good Fellows, a wealthy actor-producer who is producing a new show, "Golden Girl."

CLIVE FREEMAN, a city business man, in love with Jenny.

TED FOSTER, Jenny's brother, and ANNE CARROLL, another assistant in the flower shop.

At the dinner given by Toni he makes the announcement that he intends to marry Christine during the following week.

Jenny causes a first-class sensation by demanding of Christine "What happened to Jim Masters' wife, Sally?" Get a dramatic scene Christine admits that she is unable to marry Toni, as her former husband is still alive. She then tells Toni that she never loved him, and intended to marry him for all it would have meant to her in the way of position and wealth.

With Christine out of Toni's life for ever, the way seems open for Jenny. Clive Freeman realises that the girl does not love him, and he releases her from her engagement to him.

Now read on—

"YES—we'll move on," she said slowly, "and then?" It was a last bid for inspiration.

As she knew he always would, he took the easiest way out. "Why then," he said simply, "we'll live as we were always meant to live."

"And when we've spent it all," and she moved her white hand in a gesture that indicated the garnered treasure with which they were surrounded.

"There'll be more somewhere," He straightened his muscular back. "The world will always pay for people like you and me—the beautiful and the strong."

She caught something of his lively, exultant spirit. "Then we'll be happy."

He looked at her grimly. "Happy, yes, and miserable, too. I'll love you and hate you."

"It's my life," she whispered. "I'm glad the other failed me. I belong with you, Jim."

"You do—and I'll flay you alive the day you forget it."

She laughed at the threat, and Ada's acid tones intervened. "You'll have drunk yourself to death first, Jim Masters. Now, if we're to get this packing finished we'd better start."

There was a great deal to be done and no sleep for any of them that night. In fact Ada was left behind next day to let the flat, and sell the furniture, and dismiss the servants, to cash certain cheques, and realise on certain securities, and value certain jewels.

In the grey early morning Jim and Christine took the first plane to Paris and by lunch time they were already installed in a comfortable but unpretentious hotel. They had some badly-needed sleep, they unpacked, they discussed their plans, but when dark came Jim Masters grew restless.

"I know a little place where we can celebrate," he said.

They took a taxi part of the way, and then Jim preferred to dismiss it and walk, leading her through a network of back streets till they came to a dark little cafe down a flight of steps.

It was crowded and full of noise and smoke. A man lurched out and brushed against them as they felt their way down the dark steps. Madame Angier welcomed Jim as an old friend and recognised in Christine one of her own sort. She led them to an empty table and served them with surprisingly good food and drink. Christine looked about her with appreciation. The walls were bare, with here and there a hild drawing. The rows of bottles reflected the light. She felt the rough deal table beneath the check cloth. She saw the crowded bar and the damp rings on the counter. She heard a scream and then a laugh above the roar of voices.

gruff, natural voices, now raised to tell a tale, now raised in anger. On the floor was sawdust—and at the next table a row over a pack of cards was in progress—sawdust and sometimes blood. Presently a knife might flash.

—She remembered other floors. She had forgotten her Aubusson carpet. Her pulses thrummed with the old excitement. Christine was happy. Christine had come home.

Toni's dinner party was the turning point in several lives. As Jenny sat

By
**MONICA
EWER**

damp and miserable in the corner of her third-class carriage she felt that she, too, had a mighty conflagration of her boots. Only she had not even enjoyed the spectacle. She had not even accomplished her ends. The surprising revelations that had resulted when she threw the key words at Christine had not made Toni happy. She had wrecked his dream, and he hated her, and she had killed for herself her illusion of their lifelong friendship.

Christine had been very gallant in defeat. Jenny's heart warmed towards her. Mum had been right. Christine had her "point of view," her "two soul sides"—only the other wasn't meant for Toni. He would never have been able to find it because it was meant for Jim Masters.

What was Christine doing now? "Madame Du Barry is packing her boxes." The fate of all discarded favorites. Well, Christine would forget nothing. Jenny hoped that she had made a good haul.

After all, the triumph had been Christine's. Jenny remembered her look of exultation. She had been offered an escape from a loveless marriage, a marriage which had tempted her only for the financial security it offered.

Jenny's thoughts came to a sudden halt. A marriage which had tempted her only for the financial security it offered. Why, that was just what she herself was contemplating. What else did Clive Freeman mean to her?

She sat stunned at the realisation of the resemblance between Christine and herself. She had been "holier than thou," ranged on the side of the Pharisees.

Christine had been triumphant when she found the world well lost for love. She had shown the way. Jenny would not be behind-hand. She had got herself entangled, but she would cut loose. She would tell Clive. She would start afresh. She would have neither a lover nor a friend. Life would build itself up again—out of little things—into a whole. For a moment she shared Christine's exultation. Then her spirits dropped. She was not deceived. She, too, faced reality. The process would be a long and painful one.

THE train crept into Paddington, and clutching her shabby suitcase Jenny took the tube to Piccadilly. Half an hour later she was home.

Somewhere, after so many emotional upheavals, it seemed an anti-climax that home should look just the same as ever, with Mum pottering around in her old dressing-gown, doing the odd jobs that always took her so much longer than was necessary.

"Is that you, Jenny? I have grand news now, you'll never guess..."

"What, Mum?"
"Eve and Maurice are playing at Putney next week. They're coming to-morrow—of course they'll sleep here." "Splendid!" said Jenny with artificial enthusiasm. She did not want to be subjected to the scrutiny of Eve's clear-sightedness.

"Did you have a lovely time, darling? We'll move the divan into Ted's room. Sure, you're soaked. Will you go and take your things off and I'll make you a cup of tea."

"Yes, Mum."
Jenny smiled and held her head aloft as she went into the bedroom. After all, what was the use of having the blood of all the Kings of Ireland in your veins if you let yourself be beaten by a broken heart. Somehow she would have to find "the bright side to a sorrow." She slipped out of her wet things and joined her mother in the sitting-room.

"There's your tea, love," said Mum comfortably; "now tell me all about it."

Jenny looked round the shabby little room. Here, at least, was a place where Christine's story was safe. "Well, Mum," she said bravely, "it was a beautiful house, with a garden running right down to the river, and the first night we went out in the launch..."

The innocent story went on, the expurgated edition suitable for Mrs. Foster.

Yet somehow Mum knew that she

had not got to the heart of the matter. "And Toni?" She sighed comfortably. "You know, ever since that day at Brighton, Jenny, I've liked the dear boy. He needs a power of mothering. Someone ought to be looking after him."

Jenny saw through the ruse. "Why, Mum, are you getting ideas?" She had her voice well in hand, but she turned her head away because there were tears in her eyes. "You won't get a chance to mother Toni or—anyone else for a long time. You don't want to lose your eldest unmarried daughter by your first husband, do you? The flower of your flock?"

Mrs. Foster laughed readily. "It depends, darling, on whether he's a good man."

Jenny tried to change the conversation. "Talking of which, where's your good man?"

"He's rehearsing some chamber music—and he is a good man, Jenny." Mrs. Foster was not to be turned aside from her purpose. "They don't grow on bushes."

"Men aren't the only things that matter. I might become a good business woman, like Madame."

"God forbid," said Mrs. Foster hastily. "Don't you make any mistake, darling, a man that beats you is better than no man at all."

EVEN out of the depth of her despair Jenny had to laugh. "What an old-fashioned, heretical notion. Mum, I don't intend to take your advice. In fact," she said with sudden firmness, "quite the contrary. To-morrow I'm going to refuse the only man who wants to marry me."

"But, Jenny, darling—" Jenny got up. "Everything you said, Mum, may be true of a man who beats you, but none of it applies to a man who bores you. Good-night, sweet."

Jenny crossed the passage to her bedroom. She emptied three aspirins into the hollow of her hand. She did not intend to stay awake for any man in the world. She was still upheld by her sense of drama. Events were so recent that, unlike Christine, she was not quite sure whether the play were yet over. There might be another act with a happy ending. She got quickly into bed. Those were the thoughts that she wanted to keep uppermost in her mind. She wanted to fall asleep before sense and reason could wake to remind her of the tremendous finality of the night's performance; above all, before they could remind her of the weeks, the months, the years to come when the excitement would have died away and only the ache be left behind.

She prodded her pillow angrily. To-morrow was another day. It would offer a lot of problems. As she dropped off she hoped, rather absurdly, that it would be fine. It seems so much harder to bear the wreck of one's happiness when it is raining.

Please turn to Page 28



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Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER



MIRA: I can't decide whether to go to a palmist or to a mind reader.
MIRIAM: Go to a palmist. It's obvious that you have a palm.

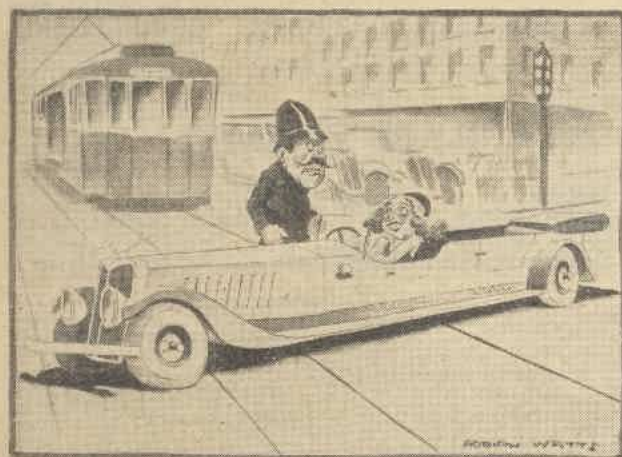
"Most jokes were old and mellow
When we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow,
They'll still be evergreen."



"Yes, my daughter
recites very well,
but I'm going to
give her a course
of electrocution
next year, just to
finish her off."



RING MASTER: Where's the strong man?
BAREBACK RIDER: In hospital. He was putting on his leopard skin and he didn't notice till it was too late that there was a leopard inside it.



"Why don't
you use your
needle, lady?"
"Oh, constable,
I've pushed and
pulled everything
in the car, and
can't find it."



"Cripes, Spike, the 'eavyweight champeen!"
"Aw ferget it—he won't fight unless he's guaranteed £5000."

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Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

HE was an old and not very handsome widower.
"You are the sixth girl to whom I have proposed without avail!"
"Well," said the girl, kindly, "maybe if you wear one when making your seventh proposal you'll have better luck!"

SHE: He's so jealous of her he has her constantly watched. She's the apple of his eye.
He: H'm. Case of "There ain't goin' to be no core," as it were.

"NOW, Tommy, what is the one-fifth of three-sixteenths?"
"I don't know, teacher, but it isn't enough to worry about."

MUG GOLFER: I only joined this club yesterday.
Caddie: Yairs? Well, another couple belis like you just give it and you'll find the head'll come off again.

POLICEMAN: Miss, you were doing sixty miles an hour.
She: Oh, isn't that splendid. I only learnt to drive yesterday.

"IS your husband a handy man in the home?"
"Oh, yes. Only the other day he took the top off the piano, sawed the legs off a chair, removed a panel from the wireless cabinet, and made quite a nice footstool from them."

"IF I see anything funny I cannot keep a straight face."
"I say, you must find shaving a ticklish job."

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How do your measurements compare with those of Dorothy Manners? (See below picture) Now compare your weight with that of the average woman which is given on the chart and if only fat on your chin, bust, waist or hips is spoiling your health and figure and making you feel heavy and old get a treatment of Youth-o-Form Tonic Reducing Capsules from your chemist and begin taking one capsule each day before or just after your biggest meal. You will be delighted with the splendid rejuvenating results from Youth-o-Form as the ugly rolls of fat disappear easily, naturally and permanently, just as this Sydney lady was who writes: "Youth-o-Form is just wonderful. By just taking one of these little capsules an hour before a meal I have reduced from 12st. 8lb. to 10st. 10lb. in a remarkably short time. My bust reduced from 42 inches to 36 inches, waist 42 to 34, hips 46 to 36 and I am delighted, too, that I can now take woman's size in frocks again after so many years. I did not trouble to diet, either, and I have never felt better in my life. Mrs. James L."

Height	15-19	20-24	25-29	30-34	35-40
ft. in.	st. lb.	st. lb.	st. lb.	st. lb.	st. lb.
4 11	7 12	8 1	8 4	8 7	8 10
5 0	8 0	8 3	8 6	8 9	8 12
5 1	8 2	8 5	8 8	8 11	9 0
5 2	8 5	8 8	8 10	8 13	9 3
5 3	8 8	8 11	8 13	9 2	9 6
5 4	8 11	9 0	9 2	9 5	9 10
5 5	9 0	9 3	9 6	9 10	10 0
5 6	9 4	9 7	10 0	10 4	10 8
5 7	9 8	10 1	10 4	10 8	11 2
5 8	10 2	10 5	10 8	11 2	11 6
5 9	10 6	10 9	11 2	11 6	12 0
5 10	11 0	11 3	11 6	12 0	12 4

Add 1lb. for every five years over forty.

Dorothy Manners.
Height ---- 64"
Bust ---- 33"
Hips ---- 34"
Waist ---- 25"

If you prefer, a Postal Note with your name and address to ROGERS LTD., Dept. 3, 355 George St., Sydney; D. Maclean & Co., Dept. 3, Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane; C. F. Lloyd & Co., Dept. 3, 343 Little Collins St., Melbourne; or Duncan Agencies, Dept. 3, Theatre Royal Bldg., Hindley St., Adelaide; will bring your YOUTH-O-FORM by return mail.

YOUTH-O-FORM TONIC REDUCING CAPSULES

CURE ADENOIDS and CATARRH Without Operation

Did you know that every child at birth has FOUR localities two in the throat which you can see, and two behind the nose, and they all guard the breathing passages during childhood, filtering out germs and bacteria which strive to enter the body? Gradually the nasal turricles are dissolved and disappear, but if neglected colds and mouth breathing have allowed germs to inflame them they grow larger and swell, blocking the nose, and they are then called adenoids.

Symptoms of Adenoids are: Mouth breathing, frequent colds, weak chest, sore throat, and loss of energy. Adenoidal children are often backward at school, and first to catch epidemic diseases such as scarlet fever, whooping cough, and septic throat and ears.

Operations Not Necessary.—Specialists say that operations for turricles and adenoids are not necessary, and if mothers will use a special nose and throat antiseptic like Dr. Brodie's Kanatox, the adenoids will dissolve away, leaving the breathing passages free from germs and disease.

Great Herbal Medicine.—DR. BRODIE'S KANATOX is a wonderful herbal medicine, containing some of the most ancient and powerful antiseptic oils known to medical science, and smeared or dropped into the nostrils each day Kanatox surrounds and kills the colonies of bacteria that cause adenoids, catarrh, tonsillitis, soothing and healing the tender and inflamed membrane of the nose and throat.

Dr. Brodie's Kanatox is the quite new and marvellous form of treatment for adenoids, catarrh, head noises, tonsillitis, hay fever, coughs and colds, and other diseases of the air passages. Get a flask of Dr. Brodie's Kanatox from your Chemist to-day. The large flasks of Kanatox are 10/-, the small flasks 3/6, with the special dropper in every flask.

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HORDERN BROTHERS

To JENOLAN for Lucky TOURISTS

World travellers admit that for sheer beauty the huge subterranean caverns of Jenolan are unrivalled by those of any country in the world, and yet thousands of Australians who have raved over the scenery in other countries have never seen the beauties of their own premier tourist resort.

THE opportunity is now offered in a special week-end tour of the Jenolan Caves which has been arranged by The Australian Women's Weekly and Station 2UW in conjunction with the Government Tourist Bureau.

The cost of the trip has been reduced to a figure that will bring it within the reach of all our readers, and the trip will be made under the most enjoyable conditions imaginable.

Miss Kay Russell, our special representative, will personally conduct the tour, and make all arrangements for the comfort of the party. Miss Russell is an experienced traveller and knows just what is necessary for the entertainment of a happy, carefree party out for a glorious week-end of pleasure and sight-seeing.

Tour Plans

THE party will leave Sydney on the morning of Saturday, May 26, and return on the Sunday night.

The full cost of the tour is only two pounds seven shillings (£2/7/-) including rail transport in specially reserved carriages, motor journey from Mount Victoria to the caves, and all meals on the train. It also includes accommodation at the Caves House and two inspections of the caves.

Further details may be obtained by writing direct to Miss Kay Russell, or by listening-in to Station 2UW at 9 o'clock each morning, when Miss Russell not only broadcasts details of the arrangements, but also outlines suggestions for other week-end trips to beauty spots around Sydney which many people have never heard of.

Early booking for this Jenolan trip is advisable, and those who wish to make sure of being included in the happy party should book now by paying a small deposit at the Government Tourist Bureau, specially mentioning The Australian Women's Weekly and Station 2UW tour.

Kosciusko

FOLLOWING on the Caves tour, four specially conducted eight-day tours to Mount Kosciusko have been arranged, leaving Sydney on June 1, 8, 15, and 22.

The cost of the first Kosciusko trip will be only £10/10/-, including reserved railway carriage, three days at the chalet, and all meals en route. All sporting equipment will be provided free, and also expert tuition in ski-ing.

Similar trips on June 8 and June 15 will cost £12/12/- each, and those who join the party on June 22 will have the opportunity of extending their trip to 16 days at a total cost of £18/10/-.

New Show Spot Top of Bridge

LOOKING up at the south-eastern pylon, from the roadway, it is impossible to imagine the vastness of it. No one would credit, from a casual glance, that showrooms and cafes are constructed within its walls, and that fifty-one persons are permanently employed on the staff.

The pylon is approached from the Bradfield Highway, and after climbing many steel stairs (at the side of which are photographs to which are attached biographies of famous Australian men) the reception-room is reached. An antique lounge suite and an old-fashioned Eagle Table comprise most of the furniture in this delightful room.

The Eagle Table is reputed to have cost 400 guineas, and to have been built for one of the English nobility, during the reign of George II.

Passing from the reception-room, the Mothers' Nook comes into view. Here are installed all the necessary facilities to prompt the writing of "that letter home." Photographs of well-known mothers of Australia adorn the walls and give further inspiration.

The Tashi Lami is now to be seen. This wooden Tibetan talisman of good luck has already become known to many sightseers as the Lucky Man of the Harbor Bridge.

Through a battery of no fewer than sixteen telescopes, it is possible to look on any part of Sydney from the top of the pylon. With the aid of a directional indicator, the telescope may be focused on any particular spot in the city or suburbs.

Medical Advice to Mothers

Give your Children a LIQUID Laxative



Is Constipation in children curable? Yes! Medical men have proved it and parents who have followed their advice have proved it.

You can never cure constipation by giving your boy or girl pills, tablets, or any strong, habit-forming purgative. But you can correct this condition by gentle regulation with a natural liquid laxative.

"California Syrup of Figs" will make the average child's bowels as regular as clock-work in a very short time.

Why Hospitals use a Liquid Laxative

The dose of a liquid laxative can be measured exactly to meet individual needs. The action is therefore under control. It forms no habit; no need to give a "double dose" next time.

The right liquid laxative brings a perfect movement, with no discomfort at the time, or afterwards.

For a child's use, be sure it is composed of suitable ingredients and above all, safe. "California Syrup of Figs" is entirely free from synthetic chemicals often found in pills and tablets. It is a perfectly safe, perfectly suited preparation for any young system. Fruity and delicious; a natural laxative, flavoured with cassia, cloves, and mint—no wonder the taste is delicious—and the effect so wholesome.

IMPORTANT. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6—or 2/- times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig".

Good food deserves
good sauce —

PICK-ME-UP SAUCE

Makes
all the difference!



Cooler days will bring keener appetites, and this piquant Sauce will make your meals doubly enjoyable. Pick-Me-Up Sauce is a Genuine Worcester Sauce made in Australia. A delightful addition to hot or cold meats, fish and fowl, soups and stews, salads, and savouries, with cheese, sandwiches etc. Order a bottle from your grocer.

If you prefer a sweet fruit Sauce — try

LANCASHIRE RELISH

A delicious P.M.U. product.

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Only MANLY can offer you this.

Manly's gigantic wonder pool, at night floodlit ever and under the water, contains a Slippy Dip, Diving Tower, Water Wheels, Spinning Plants, Rolling Logs, numerous Springboards, and a host of other aquatic novelties, and is

FREE TO THE PUBLIC DAY AND NIGHT.

A magnificent Dressing Pavilion and Tea Rooms situated right at the end of the pool provide the same of comfort and convenience for all. The Tea Room is also available for supper parties, dance, bridge, etc.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATION NOW!

SEASON TICKETS COST PER DAY: GENT'S 4/-, LADIES' 3/-, CHILD'S 1/-.

WEEKLY TICKETS—7 DAYS' TRAVELLING (ALL DAY, ANY DAY, ANY TIME): GENT'S 4/-, LADIES' 3/-.

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Telephone: B2221, B2788.

Eileen Joyce: Flying Grandma: Ski-ing Kit



EILEEN JOYCE, brilliant young Australian pianist who is making a name for herself in London, having her hands massaged at her hotel.



CHARLES SCHNABEL, who is to understudy the actor taking the part of Christ in the 1934 Oberammergau Passion Play.



SKI-ING ACROSS THE SNOW in the warm winter sunshine, this healthy girl needs no more wearing apparel for her vigorous exercise than a bathing costume. Winter sports will be starting in Australia soon.



AN ARTIST touching up the lips of a wax work of Mae West, recently added to Madame Tussaud's, London.



BABY LE ROY IS SHOWN with the bunny and the baby chicks sent him by an admirer—but he's still trying to figure out where the eggs came from.

THE "FLYING GRANDMOTHER" was the name given to Mrs. Peter Holland, 74, when she ran away from home to fly to Germany on the Graf Zeppelin. The name still applies, for Mrs. Holland, despite her age, is learning to fly a plane.

THE WORLD'S SMALLEST Roman chariot team look for competition. Driving four Shetland ponies, ten-year-old Harold Smith, of U.S.A., and his entire outfit qualify in the miniature class, but how they can go, and now Harold is looking for a race.



HALF THE WORLD DOES NOT KNOW how the other half lives. Here is a street scene in a big Indian city. Cattle are more sacred than human lives in this Hindu quarter where the cow is worshipped as a sacred beast. The scene is from the film, "India Speaks", an amazing pictorial revelation of Eastern life.

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait,
sketched by Petrov

The ART of Choosing Accessories

TO KNOW how to choose accessories is an art in itself, and without this knowledge a woman cannot be well-dressed.

A FROCK or coat alone will not make anybody smart. The accessories, such as the hat, shoes, bag, gloves, and stockings are equally, if not more, important, and, above all, one must be well-groomed. A simple inexpensive dress, combined with correct accessories can go anywhere, but a Paris model, worn with wrong accessories will not look at all smart.

Many French designers are showing their models complete with hat, shoes, etc. This would certainly eliminate many difficulties because it is after the dress is bought that one's troubles begin.

Apart from the hat and shoes, other accents, such as a scarf, a belt, or an ornament can transform and rejuvenate an ensemble in an astonishing manner.

SHOES for daywear have never been so practical, except those designed especially for "dressy" wear.

woollen-rib material trimmed with patent leather that matches the suit. Gaberdine and flannel, combined with kid, make tie-shoes and court shoes. A great point in their favor is their softness.

Paris shows something quite different in her new collections—shoes that climb right up over the instep; soft, glove-fitting types that lace up the side; hidden elastics to aid fitting; straps that cross over the instep almost up to the ankle. All these shoes have one idea—to emphasize the long, smooth lines of the toes, the ramps of these shoes are longer and the heels lower. Whether we will wear these styles remains to be seen.

Scarves Are Popular

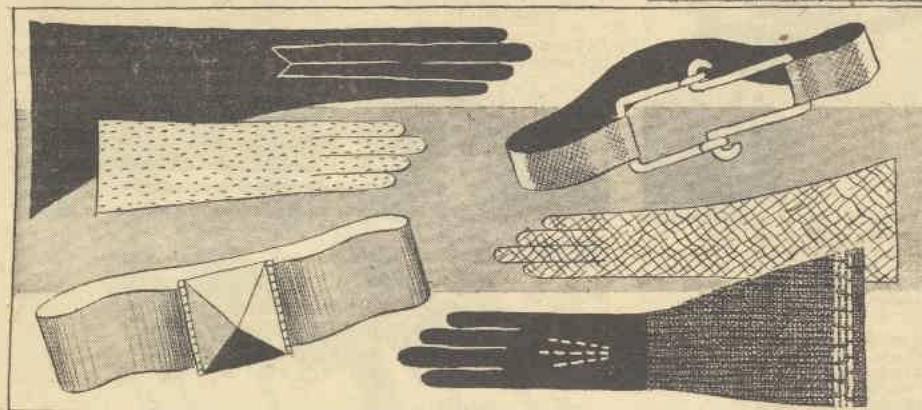
SCARVES will be more popular than ever this winter. There is scarcely a sports suit or dress to be seen without one. For tweeds and flannel suits they are usually in a bright color, matching the sweater, or fine wool fabric, knit or foulard. Paris is wearing



ABOVE: Hat and scarf set in plaid velvet grey with black and mulberry plaid. This set is worn with a grey flannel suit. The gloves are grey fabric. Beige and dark brown Rodier cloth are used for the other set. The surface is roughened by lumps of wool in the material. This set is worn with a brown tweed coat.

THE ATTRACTIVE belts and gloves sketched (at the extreme left) include fabric glove in navy blue with unusual back seaming in white stitching; pigskin glove in natural shade for sports; belt of grey calf with large glass and black buckle.

ON THE RIGHT of sketch are a belt of brown kid with novel fastening of chromium-plated metal; glove of Angora tweed, grey, black and red mixture; glove with the hand made of brown suede and the knitted cuff of brown and white wool.



Heels are more solid, and allow comfort when walking. They are a little lower than before. For winter a favorite style is the tie, with one, two, or three eyelets. These tie shoes are made of calf, kid, suede, patent, reptilian leathers, and even fabrics. They are worn for all possible occasions, from sports to formal wear. Heels are either Cuban or higher. Built-up leather Cuban heels, quite high, are on many town walking shoes. Practically all the heels on the new walking shoes are straight on the inside.

The shoes are trimmed with perforations. Sometimes tiny holes are punched all over. Suede and kid and suede and calf are combined for both sports and formal wear. Very few shoes of this style have trimmings of another color. Strips of patent on a suede shoe, or kid heels, backs, and toe caps are often seen, but the shoe remains all black, brown, or navy blue.

Shoes for Sports

THE Oxford and brogue are still the leading sports shoes. Oxfords may have high leather Cuban heels which enables them to be worn in town. The low Cuban is, of course, correct for country wear and sports. These shoes, because they go with tweeds, are manly, and should be as plain as possible. All shades of brown calf are used, and there is a dark grey skin that makes admirable Oxfords for grey flannel suits and grey tweeds.

The pump, or court shoe, still remains the most dressy style. This shoe may have a very high shaped heel, or a straight, lower one. The French woman always has had at least one pair of high-heeled, shiny patent leather pumps in her wardrobe. Black suede, antelope, and kid court shoes, high cut, and perfectly plain are as smart as any shoe it is possible to buy.

A new note in footwear comes from America. This is the fabric shoe. For instance, there is a pump shoe of

the kind that tie at the back of the neck like a bib, or the straight scarf which is knotted in front.

Hat and scarf sets are seen, made of plaid velvet, two tones of woollen or bright-colored Kasha. Two examples are sketched on this page. Scarf and muff sets are also shown.

To wear with dark topcoats there are scarves of velvet, satin, and printed silk, plaid and striped wool, and for splendour, lame. With a black coat and dress a scarf of vivid green or crimson is worn high around the throat. With a brown coat a scarf of canary yellow, forest green, or brown crepe with white spots. With a grey coat are scarves of mulberry, wine-red, light brown, hyacinth blue, violet, yellow, and navy.

Bags Are Larger

PRACTICALLY all the latest bags have metal trimmings—either the frame, the clip, or large initials. Bags are "bigger and better than ever." Schiaparelli shows huge bags of box calf, and there is one model, a reproduction of grandpa's collar bag on a small scale, flat bottom, leather drawstring and all. Many of the new styles have stiff flat bottoms, which enable them to sit up on the table. Calf, suede, antelope, and supple kid are used. The colors, of course, exactly match the shoes worn, browns, black, grey, or navy.

THERE will be many gloves seen this winter made of the dress fabric—sheer wools and lightweight tweeds. There will be gloves with the hand made of suede, and the cuff of fur. This cuff is detachable, and is held in place by buttons. Gloves of suede have the back stitching of wool and crocheted edges of wool on the cuff. Gloves knitted of fine wool in delightful patterns will go with sports clothes. Plain suede, cotton fabric, and kid gloves will have cuffs trimmed with rows and rows of small stitching.



SMART HANDBAGS AND SHOES. The bags sketched include a brown polished calf leather, a new cylinder-shaped grey suede, a black antelope with initials. The shoes comprise a three-eyelet Oxford, a sports Oxford, a brown calf with high Cuban heel, a navy kid court, a brown flannel, and one of the classical pump variety.

Colorful Contrasts Selected in London

• ANTHONY ADVERSE (below) was Schiaparelli's title for this distinguished cocktail ensemble of black newbark, the 1934 interpretation of last year's treebark. The jacket is of crinkle "taffeter," and the scarf of shiny blue cellophane.



• CRUISING is the occasion for which this suit of coarsely woven fabric was designed by Schiaparelli. It displays the fascinating clips which were a feature of her show, and the pinched waistline was another matter for spirited comment.



• AMUSING ribbon scarves are sponsored by Schiaparelli, and they were gratefully received, for they confer a piquant air to the most reserved ensemble.

• SHANTUNG in super-weight is the medium for this unusual tailored ensemble. It depicts the new swing-back movement and has highly-placed patch pockets. The blouse has a loose polo collar, with which there is a scarf to tone.

SCHIAPARELLI'S London Collection

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe

GIVING full play to the woolen weaves of Britain in a collection of practical models designed to meet the needs of the modern woman, Madame Schiaparelli shows in her London collection a further development of her wind-blown or stormy weather silhouette, which she calls "Typhoon." While woollens are prominently featured, the designer follows her established tradition in introducing a number of new and arresting materials for afternoon and evening gowns.

She shows, for example, a new silk called "Monastique," which is used for both day and evening. "Creme de Coq" is another front runner in light-weight silks. A favorite which appears many times is called "Fildeler," and another, which looks like wool and is in reality a knitted rayon, is named "Capricorne."

Crinkled taffeta, ruched tulle, and cellophane are daringly employed to achieve effects in keeping with the new Schiaparelli outline. Made up in the exotic

coloring of the South Seas, the new models suggest the bright plumage of tropical birds. Madame Schiaparelli accents the dress profile with "fins" of stiffened taffeta, or softly draped folds, shirrings or pleats at the back. The waistline is curved slightly high in front and low at back. Skirts are narrow, and in evening models mould the figure.

Ensembles and suits dominate the showing. Printed silk dresses are worn with soft woollen coats in "quota tweeds" from Cumberland. There are many suits in Irish tweed. Blouses show the new front fullness and are finished at the neck with soft bows, which tuck under the broad lapels of short-waisted jackets.

Colors are "Rose de France," a new red; "Petit Bleu," a pastel blue; "Tokay," a smart shade of yellow; "Botticelli," which is pink; and a distinctive grey, widely used and called "Encalyp-tus."

There are many accessories. Short capes frequently appear,

The House of Worth

THE old-established House of Worth showed for the Press in spite of the taxi strike which prevented many guests arriving.

Bandeaux and diadems were new as they had drop jewels looking like ear-rings attached.

Next week we will publish exclusive photographs from the House of Worth, winter models that are at once cosy and elegant sent to us by Miss Muriel Segal, our special representative in Europe.

even over the jackets of suits. One is hip-length; there is an ermine jacket with broad revers; silver fox collars; jabots edged with pastel-colored plumes or Nottingham lace; an evening jacket with a cape effect achieved by a double row of aigrettes dyed the eucalyptus shade.

Knitted bonnets are: "Flirt," which has the brim fluted in front; "Tarte," with a brim wider in front and rolled all around; "Luck," a beret shaped like a horseshoe; "Riot," which takes its name from recent disturbances; "Lollypop," turned off the face and trimmed with knotted flowers; and "Carroussel," a broad-brimmed sun-hat worn with beach clothes of "Toile Exotique," a new linen used for suits and dresses.



SO ATTRACTIVE...
such a sunny disposition!

You take great care with your appearance. Don't let the most attractive quality anyone can have—a sunny disposition—be dulled by the effects of common constipation.

Keep yourself healthy, naturally regular by this simple, pleasant means. Just eat two tablespoonfuls of a delicious cereal daily with cold milk or cream. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN corrects most types of constipation. It exercises the intestines, tones them up and purifies the blood. Ask your Grocer for Kellogg's.

Sealed inside with the WAXTITE bag.



**Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN**
the gentle, natural way to relieve
CONSTIPATION

Made in Australia by
KELLOGG (Aust.) PTY., LTD., Sydney



Link Up ... with Lincoln

In competition, as in ordinary usage, the soft finish and willing weave of Lincoln wools accentuate the skill of nimble fingers.

These easy setting wools, which add a touch of distinction to all knitted goods, may be had in the newest shades.

Make sure of using Lincoln Knitting Wools in the "Women's Weekly" competition. The best work that you can do deserves the best wool that you can buy.

"Golden Wattle" 4-ply fingering,
Lincoln Mills "Super" 2, 3, and 4-ply fingering,
"Silverthread" 2-ply with art. silk thread,
"Lincolnsheen" 4-ply with art. silk threads,
"Merino" 3-ply Baby Wool,
"Andalusian" "Super" A.A. quality 4-ply,
"Shetland" "Super" A.A. quality 2-ply.

LINCOLN MILLS

KNITTING WOOLS

AT ALL GOOD STORES

MUSIC of the WEEK

By ROBERT McALL

Pouishnoff's Brilliant Playing

AFTER a record season in Melbourne and Tasmania, Left Pouishnoff and Horace Stevens have embarked on a series in Sydney. The Russian pianist has amply confirmed the reports of his brilliance which came from the South. The strongest impression which I have brought away from the two concerts already given in the Town Hall is that Pouishnoff is one of the greatest keyboard technicians we ever have had in Australia.

In the opening programme he gave a really tremendous performance of the Liszt B Minor Sonata, a work which is flamboyant, but exciting. Pouishnoff played the thunderous pages with which the work abounds with an almost venomous intensity, but during the breaks in the storm his sensitive fingers made the piano sing "as gently as any sucking dove."

The Liszt setting of the Bach organ prelude and Fugue in A Minor was worked out with scholarly attention to detail, while Pouishnoff's own arrangement of the Schubert Ballet Music for "Rosamunde" made a lifting, if incongruous, contrast.

Fine Chopin Player

A LATER group in this concert was devoted to Chopin while the same composer figured solely in the second concert. Pouishnoff delighted with the variety of his resources—his poetic grace, his passion and energy. Now we are anxious to hear him in some of those Concerti which he has promised.

Horace Stevens

HORACE STEVENS was warmly welcomed. The keynote of his singing was culture. He expressed his feeling for his music with inflections which were, I think, too subtle for a vast auditorium. The Purcell songs, perhaps, for this reason, were a little dull. Ireland's "Sea Fever" and Stanford's "A Soft Day" were most artistic vignettes.

First Harty Concert

SIR HAMILTON HARTY'S first orchestral concert in Australia has been set down for broadcast from Melbourne on May 19. The programme will

begin with "Carnaval Romain" by Berlioz, a composer for whom the Irish conductor has a special enthusiasm. There will follow that fascinating intermezzo "A Walk to the Paradise Gardens" from the Delius opera, "A Village Romeo and Juliet," and Sir Hamilton's own poem, "With the Wild Geese." Brahms' monumental Symphony No. 2 comprises the second half of the programme.

Laela Finneberg, the Irish prima donna, arrived at Fremantle on Tuesday, under engagement to the Australian Broadcasting Commission. She will be the assisting artist at the symphony concerts to be conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty in Melbourne during May and in Sydney during June.

Opera Replacement

OWING to the continued indisposition of Lionello Cecil, Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," which was to have been performed on Sunday evening, was replaced by "Aida" with Gwladys Evans in the lead.

Australia Listens-in

INNUMERABLE alarm clocks must have been set for half-past six throughout Australia on the morning of last Thursday, when the Broadcasting Commission relayed a short-wave broadcast from the Covent Garden Opera House, England.

Although but short notice of the transmission was given, a great many enthusiasts seem to have braved the wintry air for the thrill of hearing in its entirety the third act of Wagner's "Valkyries" performed by a company of almost unrivalled talents.

We were all quite prepared to be patient with the half hour or so preceding the opera in which the broadcast warmed up on jazz and comedians, for by the time the London station crossed over to Covent Garden the transmission had achieved gratifying clarity. This was sustained practically throughout the opera. It was a thrill indeed to identify the unmistakable gold of Lotte Lehmann's voice when she made her brief appearance as Sieglinde; to hear Frida Leider's lusty yo-hoing as Brunnhilde and the noble singing of baritone Rudolf Bockelman as Wotan.

Splendid Transmission

IT is true that there were moments of fading and surge in the transmission and that there was the usual regular background of wind-blowing effects, but the reproduction of the performance in general was a tremendous success. The detail of the orchestral and vocal reproduction was quite exciting in the Valkyrie's Ride, for instance.

As far as I know there has only been one other big musical broadcast relayed from abroad by the Commission. Some time ago portion of a performance at the Paris opera (the star was the tenor Georges Thill) made a splendid programme feature.

Serious listeners undoubtedly would welcome an extension of these short-wave broadcasts of big musical events. While Covent Garden is in season why not let us hear some of "The Rose Cavalier" in which Lehmann is so illustrious as Marschallin, or some of the other big works in the German season?

Little Theatres

THE independent production of Priestley's play, "Dangerous Corner," produced by Doris Fitton, at the Savoy, is to enjoy an extended season.

The play, particularly interesting in its theme, and as gripping throughout as a good detective story, loses rather in retrospect than in its performance. One thinks later that it would have been far more poignant had the "dangerous corner" meant only the slow destruction of one person to final tragedy, instead of the exposing of seven in continual denouements. As it is, the plot is highly artificial, and more an exercise for the intellect than a tragedy.

Not all the players were on the same acting level, but none let the play down. Clarence Murphy, in his usual part (though not, to our disappointment, in his usual dressing gown), was quietly effective when necessary, and could gracefully fade out of the picture when not the centre of attraction. Molly Brown was attractively poised as the unfaithful wife, Betty Grigson's voice and general ability were satisfactory, and John Wyndham and Alfred Race were also good. The settings, by Don Finley, and the frocking of the players in combination with them, were a constant source of delight to the eye.

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Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading, describing the subject, should be written at the head of each item. £1 is paid for one letter, and 5/- for all others. Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."

So They Say

From 2UW, Dorothea Vautier will give you ideas for "So They Say" letters. Listen in every Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 2 p.m. to 3 p.m.

BALMY DAYS

SPRING and summer are wonderful, but there is a loveliness about the autumn which the other seasons lack. There is a mellowness, a sumptuousness, as of rich, old wine. Shadows are very blue; trees seem to brood, as if ready to draw into themselves when winter comes. Autumn to me is like a lovely mature woman, poised, gracious, rich in memories.

£1 for this letter to Frances M. Holmes, Walker St., Ballarat North, Vic.

WHAT IS A LADY?

WHAT characteristics make the real lady? This is a vexed question that should be of interest to every woman in the world. Do wealth and social position by birth give any woman the prerogative to the title of lady?

I think consideration, its demand of loyalty to other human beings constitutes the real charm of a lady. Consideration to others is not so fortunate a position as herself, a natural gift of the mind in a lady. Not patronage, but that rare instinctive understanding to make other people feel of importance in their sphere in the world. The real lady is naturally reserved. She does not consider herself superior to anyone else, but goes calmly upon her way without intrusion into other people's affairs. She does not belittle any sex, realising that life is shared by both sexes.

What greater reward can any woman receive than the unsolicited testimonial, "She is a real lady!"

Miss M. Callow, Dath St., Teneriffe, Brisbane.

LET US BE TIDY

HOW often one sees the woman who in the afternoon goes forth powdered, curled, and smartly groomed, while in the morning she parades the garden in slovenly attire and slippers. Or another, with hair in curlers, and a safety pin repairing the rent at her dress neck, hastily effaces herself, or smiles with a fin, air of unconsciousness as a neater sister passes by.

And the strange part is that they feel acutely ashamed and uncomfortable, but seem to regard their early morning condition as a natural institution.

This is a work-a-day world, often with heavy demands upon our time. Nevertheless, let us strive to avoid the slovenly attire. It aims a blow at the dignity of womanhood, and may injure the respect and pride of our menfolk—those precious tributes that are as sensitively balanced as a butterfly's wing.

L. Sommers, 69 Hopetoun Rd., Toorak, Vic.

CHILDREN IN STREETS

RE J. WATERS' "Playing in Streets," of 21/4/34. I love to see the children playing happily, and gaining so much physically, but it has many faults. Not only are they running the risk of being run down by a vehicle, there is the very grave danger of injuring their sweet and childish minds. Mrs. Waters, I ask you, does the child benefit by it in that direction? I think not. Although the mother may be quite ignorant of this, the child is nearly certain to associate with brats of the streets who gradually contaminate the innocent child's mind. I have seen such a thing happen, and I know, and do not agree with Mrs. Waters.

Miss Ruth Newland, Bath Plains, Manly, N.S.W.

CHILD'S FIRST SWIM

HAVING witnessed many frightened children's first introduction to the sea, I would like to suggest a method which, through experience, can be recommended to make the venture a scene of smiles in place of tears.

The mother to hold the child close in her arms. Not at any time to hold the child at arm's length during the first few lessons, as it is the child's feeling of nothing supporting him that gives fright.

It is an easy matter to teach a child to swim when once he knows that the water will support him.

Mrs. P. Wallace, 80 Pittwater Rd., Collaroy Beach, N.S.W.

Tattoo All Married Men... Ring Is Not Enough!

UNDER the heading of "Brand the Husband" in The Australian Women's Weekly dated 28/4/34. I quite agree with Miss Kelly that married men should be made distinguishable by tattooing the finger on the left hand. It is neither fair to the wife or single girl for them to be allowed to go and pose as a free individual. Hence two broken hearts.—Mrs. J. Stone, Evelyn St., Grange, Brisbane.

And Again

YES, Miss Kelly (28/4/34), I agree that men should wear some distinguishing "brand" after they are married. As rings are so easily taken off, I think a small tattoo on their wrists would be more adequate. In this way we could be reasonably sure of the safety of our girls from unfaithful married men.—Mrs. L. M. Olsen, Queen's Rd., Hamilton, Brisbane.

Too Right!

HEAR, hear! Miss Kelly. The subject has long been neglected, and why shouldn't husbands be branded by wearing a ring. They really need some outward sign, more than we women, as women always have two or three children hanging to their skirts, and a tired, worried look, wherever they go, and only a few men take the kiddies or any other sign of married life with them. No, Miss Kelly, it is not fair to the girls, but think how unfair it is to the wives of these men.—Mrs. F. E. Horn, 32 Wonga St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

What of Flirts?

WHAT about the married feminine flirts, Miss Kelly? They seem to have their little flutters even though branded with a wedding ring. Most men have as much objection to wearing a ring as a rose in their buttonhole, and I don't see that a ring would make any difference if he was intent on a flirt. There are always some girls who do not mind whether he is married or not.

Hart Palmer, Post Office, Croydon, Vic.

Fiance Too

FOR one, think that men should wear a ring both when engaged and when married (28/4/34). Why should the woman only proclaim her state to the world? Moreover, the wearing of such a ring would serve as protection to many girls who are attracted by men who pose as bachelors. There might be fewer prosecutions for bigamy, too, as in the majority of cases it is the man who commits bigamy, not the woman.—Mrs. E. Challenger, Garden St., Hawthorn, E.3, Vic.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



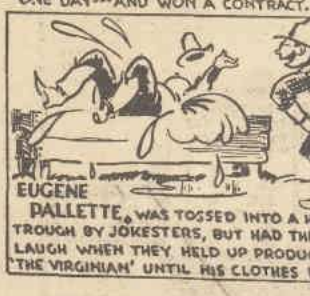
LORETTA and DOLLY ANN YOUNG

BECAUSE LORETTA LOOKED LIKE HER SISTER SHE SUBSTITUTED FOR POLLY ONE DAY—AND WON A CONTRACT.



WINNIE LIGHTNER

DECIDED TO BE A COMEDIENNE WHEN THE AUDIENCE MADE FUN OF HER SERIOUS SINGING ACT.



EUGENE

PALLETTE, WAS TOSSED INTO A HORSE-TROUGH BY JOKESTERS, BUT HAD THE LAST LAUGH WHEN THEY HELD UP PRODUCTION ON 'THE VIRGINIAN' UNTIL HIS CLOTHES DRIED.



DID YOU KNOW THAT—

MONTY BLUE HAS BEEN A SOLDIER, SAILOR, LUMBERJACK, MINER, COWPUNCHER, INDIAN AGENT, LOCOMOTIVE FIREMAN AND COMMERCIAL TRAVELER?

How They Would Travel! Dream Trips

RE the question of the first or second-class preference of travelling. I emphatically give my choice to first-class. Twenty-one years ago I enjoyed much extensive travelling, seeing every capital of the Commonwealth, thence on to England. On some of the trips I journeyed second-class, which afforded more ease and comfort than at the present day, although the liners were much less luxurious, but, having once indulged in the pleasures of first-class, with its many advantages and numerous facilities, I would always aim at travelling de luxe.

Mrs. R. Whyte, 108 Brook St., Coogee, N.S.W.

West Is Best

PERSONALLY, I would travel in anything just to see different places, but if the choice were mine, I would say second-class—which would be a happy medium between the very rich and soul-suffocating comfort of the first, and the barrenness of the third-class appointments. I have no desire to see the East—dark-skinned natives and their crowded villages do not appeal to me.

I long for the leafy lanes, the blue-bells and primroses of England, the heather-clad hills of Scotland, the Tyrol.

Untidy Men

RE letters, "Untidy Men," 21/4/34. I think it is a woman's own fault when a man is so untidy in the house.

If when women marry they started as they intended to carry on the husband would do likewise, and my idea is a man is what a woman makes him.

Mrs. Roy, 68 Ferry St., off Albert St., Maryborough, Qld.

with its glorious scenery and flowers. Vienna with its leafy parks.

Mrs. Marjorie Magee, "Vallima," Ravena St., Strathfield, N.S.W.

Australia First

MY plan would be to see Australia first.

This, of course, would include a trip through all our States. To do this with the maximum amount of comfort and the minimum of trouble regarding luggage, sleeping accommodation, and meals, I would like a self-contained motor caravan built and furnished in a compact manner. Thus equipped, one would escape many pin-pricks the ordinary traveller is subjected to off the main routes.

Mrs. M. Kerr, 121 Tryon Rd., Lindfield, N.S.W.

Should Incurable Patients Be Allowed To Suffer?

PERSONALLY I have always agreed with the views of Miss Ennis that persons suffering agonising pain from an incurable disease should be mercifully released by a qualified medical man.

But when discussing this matter with a doctor friend, he disagreed with me. He said: "A doctor's mission is to save life, and not to take it."

Further, this power in the hands of an unscrupulous medico could, and might be, abused. We know that the profession of medicine is a high and noble one, but unfortunately there are black sheep in every fold.

It seems to me the theory is entirely right, but that there are difficulties in applying it at the present day.

Mrs. J. R. Cores, 18 Campbell St., Bowen Hills, Brisbane.

Merciful Release

RE Miss D. Ennis (28/4/34). It would be a blessing if persons suffering with incurable diseases, and especially the aged, could be given a merciful release from a long, slow, terrible death of agony and pain, by a doctor.

The poor sufferers would gladly welcome a peaceful death, instead of a terrible, lingering death.

I am sure no one likes to see their loved ones dying in pain. They would sooner see them pass away quickly and peacefully, when they know there is no possible hope of recovery.

I. H. Clausen, 2 Elder Rd., Birkenhead, S.A.

Agrees Too

MISS ENNIS is to be congratulated on the opening up of a subject that many shrink from speaking about, even though it be in their constant thoughts. The lower animals have merciful release from pain if they are suffering, so why could not it be extended to human beings.

I would like to add, too, while on this subject, that little children brought into the world and doomed to be hopeless cripples, or being of lower mentality than the average child, be spared the pain and humiliation by the same release, provided the parents were agreeable.

Mrs. Philpot, Kitchener Rd., Croydon, Vic.

One Reason

IN reply to Miss D. Ennis (28/4/34), whose plea for the gentle passing on of those people in great and seemingly incurable suffering is one expressed by many. One reason why a doctor may never commit such an act is that the disease may be found to be not incurable. As constant research is being carried out in all branches of medicine, this is a possibility to be considered. Then what is to be the lot of the man or woman who has, however humanely, deprived people of one chance of recovery and life?

E. M. Hillman, 14 Congewai Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

What Is Worse

YES, I quite agree with Miss Ennis (28/4/34) re the ending of people's sufferings. What is worse than watching by the bedside of a loved one who is suffering intense agony with an incurable disease or sickness, and knowing you cannot help or relieve them—just watching day by day.

It is then we ask of the doctor in attendance if he could not do something to send him (or her) into a peaceful sleep, from which there will be no awakening.

A. Hoare, Kennedy St., Ipswich, Qld.

Open To Abuse

WHILE nursing a particularly pathetic case of an incurable disease I once asked the doctor in charge the same question as Miss Ennis (28/4/34). The answer was this: "It does seem wicked and cruel that we cannot give a merciful release. Unfortunately, however, if we had that power it might be abused. Sad to say even doctors and nurses may not be above corruption. There might be some who could be bribed by unscrupulous and scheming relations and others who would benefit by the removal of the patient. The job of the medical profession is to preserve life."

Mrs. Catling, School House, Kilmarney, Qld.

RADIO HORRORS

SEEING Mrs. D. G. Haig's letter in The Australian Women's Weekly, 28/4/34, I must say I quite agree with her. There is nothing more frightful than a horrible murder play broadcast through a radio station the last thing at night.

Only the other night I tuned into a station and about 10.15 p.m., to my horror, I heard a most gruesome play broadcast. Now, if the play had been broadcast first, and later something amusing, the listener would probably have forgotten what it was all about, but the amusing part was broadcast first and last of all this horrible play. Just at the time most people would be preparing for bed.

A light murder play might be all right, but when it comes to the more gruesome, I think it is advisable to turn the set off.

Miss P. Graham, Manson Rd., Hendra, Brisbane.

BABY BOOK

I THINK with your correspondent that it is an excellent idea to keep a record of your children's lives where practicable. I commenced it, but found it utterly impossible after number three arrived, as they were all babies together, and although I had help, I found I just didn't have time to carry out my good intentions.

However, where there is only one, or perhaps two babies and one can

ETIQUETTE



IF BOOKS are loaned to you, return them promptly and in the same condition as handed to you.

manage it without neglecting either the children or other duties, then do so by all means.

Mrs. McDougall, 36 Victoria St., Burwood, N.S.W.

CHURCH CLOTHES

I READ with interest the article in this week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly on a famous preacher's attitude towards the wearing of sports clothes to church. I quite agree that it is a proceeding that should not be condemned, providing the attitude of the individual is one of earnestness and reverence. More of our young people would attend church if the old conventions were not so strictly adhered to. After all, in this case at least, clothes do not make the man. I would like the opinion of other readers.

E. Perry, 30 Annandale St., Annandale, N.S.W.

"REVENGE IS MINE"

I CANNOT understand a nature that is always anxious to pay back an injury done. And sometimes the injury is only imaginary. If people are really hurt by an insult or injury, why are they so anxious to inflict that same suffering on someone else? I think that if we ignored the wrongs done us, but took good care to pay back the good deeds, this would be a much better world. Don't you?

Mrs. A. Brownsey, Mt. Charlton, via Mt. Pelion, Mackay, Qld.

READING FOR SICK

I QUITE agree with Mrs. V. M. Yates (The Australian Women's Weekly, 21/4/34) in her suggestion for a box to be placed in the local post office where donations of reading matter could be left for hospital patients. It would be a splendid idea.

Mrs. J. McCleer, McConnell St., Balminda, Brisbane.

ALL-ROUND FAVORITE

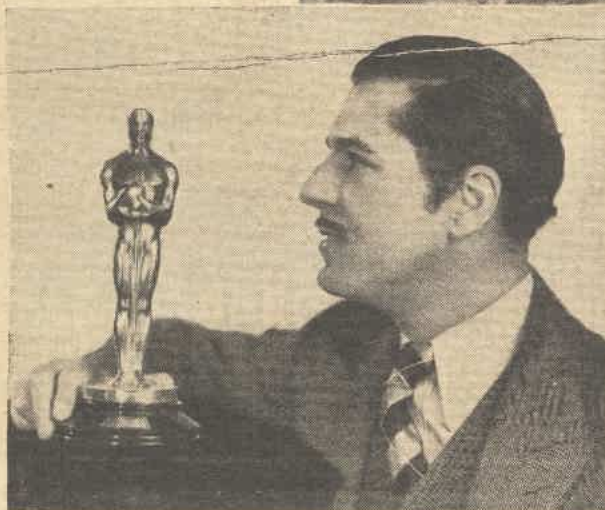
Warner Baxter

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

ACCORDING to a recent comment on films in an English paper, Warner Baxter is a man who "can do no wrong." He is one of the most popular figures in Hollywood, an actor with whom other actors and actresses like to be associated in their work. And he is certainly a strong favorite with audiences all over the world.

HE has been seen during the last few years in a great variety of parts, including among his most recent pictures, "Paddy the Next Best Thing," with Janet Gaynor, and "As Husbands Go," with Helen Vinson. Shortly he will appear in the musical production, "Stand Up and Cheer," with Madge Evans, James Dunn, and John Boles.

What is the secret of his attraction? Personally unassuming, and of retiring habits, he does not care for public functions and the social whirl. He prefers his home. But his gracious manners make him liked wherever he goes. Unlike some high fliers of the movie colony, he has never been connected with excitements and scandals.



(Top) WARNER BAXTER loading his gun for a shot. (At left) He gazes at his treasured trophy. (At right) The "compleat angler."

He has been married for a good number of years now, and no intrigue has ever brought with it the suggestion of the Divorce Court.

He gives the impression on the screen, as in private, that he is thoroughly "decent." A man to rely on. Yet he is not one of those old "steadies" who become stodgy. He likes to play romantic roles, though he is shy with new leading ladies. And various elements in his character made him particularly well suited to his part in "As Husbands Go."

His motto is "Believe in Yourself," and he has justified it during the discouragements of a life that until the last years has had more downs than ups.

Baxter was born at Columbus, Ohio, in March, 1893, and three months later his father, a bank clerk, died, leaving the mother with practically no money to support herself and the child. She sold her furniture, and went in for dressmaking. Young Warner went through his schooling, and was ambitious to attend college. But there was no money for that, and he took a job with a firm in Columbus that manufactured agricultural implements. His industry and ability soon brought him promotion in the office, and presently he became commercial traveller for the firm.

WHILE he was at school he had taken part in many amateur theatrical performances, and had played leading roles for the school dramatic club. Developing a good voice, he was in great demand, and he dreamed of a theatrical career. But there seemed little hope.

It was while he was on the road for his firm that a wholly unexpected chance came his way. At Louisville the male partner in a song and dance act was injured in an accident, and somebody mentioned Baxter to the actress, driven almost frantic by the impossibility of getting a substitute in time to open the following afternoon. Baxter learned the songs and "business" of the act during what remained of Sunday, and on Monday morning, and was prepared to go on for Monday's matinee. He was so successful that he continued for four months with the act until his mother found him out and insisted on his return to his previous job in Columbus.

Still his thoughts were with the stage, though he later took a much better paid job with an insurance company in Philadelphia, and after that invested his savings in a garage in Oklahoma which went broke.

Nearly Down and Out

THAT seemed to call a halt to business. He decided to join a stock company in Dallas. The salary was meagre. But he played juvenile roles with them for two years, gaining experience, before trying his luck in motion pictures.

It was after six months of besieging the studios, which none of them wanted him, and tramping the streets hungry and homeless, except for the charity of a kind landlady, that he tasted despair.

Finally, he joined another stock company with whom he remained for seven



years. As soon as he was established with them he sent for his mother. At the end of that period he got the chance of a supporting role in the stage production of "Lombardi Ltd.," on Broadway, and he married Winifred Bryson, a stage player, the day the show opened. Then came some work for pictures. But success was only moderate, and after two years Baxter gave up his stage and screen ambitions to sell motor cars.

JUST at this point, however, fortune relented. The original leading man for the film production of "In Old Arizona" met with an injury. Baxter took his place and won recognition almost overnight. Among his proudest possessions is the gold statuette presented to him by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best performance of 1928-29. Since then he has never looked back.

Baxter's favorite sports are fishing and shooting. The fishing episodes filmed in "As Husbands Go," were recreation rather than work for him. He also plays a strong game of tennis, and rides a bicycle for exercise.

He stands 5 feet 10 1/2 inches, and weighs just over 11 stone. His hair and eyes are brown.

Though he is rather particular about his clothes and keeps his tailor busy, he does not care for elaboration and ostentation in his manner of life. He dislikes being waited on, and he has no pets. In his house he makes a point of everything being in its place.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★★★ FRIDAY THE THIRTEENTH

Jessie Matthews, Edmund Gwenn, Gordon Barker, Sonnie Hale (Gainsborough).

PERFECTION of team work is one of the outstanding characteristics of this film, directed by Victor Saville, who also directed "The Good Companions" and "I Was a Spy." It has a cast of stars and well-known players as long as your arm, but none of them is over-emphasised by a hair's breadth beyond the due relation of their scenes to the main design. Most ingeniously, by going over episodes of the previous 24 hours, we are shown how various persons happened to travel by a particular bus on a stormy night of ominous date and thereby became involved in the wreck which resolves their problems, when the bus tries to dodge the crane struck by lightning. And in this way we are given a cross-section of London life that is unequalled.

The backgrounds of these fortuitously related lives are shown with marvellously selected detail. For sheer comedy of a kind not touched before, the scenes in the Caledonian market, where Max Miller lets loose his inexhaustible patter, and in the Turkish bath, where Edmund Gwenn suffers agonies of business worry aggravated by the limpet-like persistence of a placid bore (Gordon Barker), rank very high. Jessie Matthews is winsome as ever in the part of the Non-Stop Variety girl, whose career almost comes between her and the nice young schoolmaster. The pathos of the shipping clerk (Elton Makeham), devoted to a wife whose faithlessness he is saved from knowing, and the courtship of Frank Lawton and Belle Chrystall, so nearly blighted by the smooth spoken Emlyn Williams, supply the picture's sombre tints.—Prince Edward.

★★ AUNT SALLY

Cleely Courtneidge, Sam Hardy, Phyllis Clare, Billy Milton. (Gainsborough).

WHAT vitality Cleely Courtneidge has! She romps through this musical film with her irrepressible impudence and gift of neat burlesque, and performs in the culminating cabaret scenes a truly remarkable Apache dance. From beginning to end the film is for her an exercise in versatility which she manages with ease. At first she appears as the raw but undefeated provincial musical hall artist, Sally Bird; then, disappointed of a cabaret job, as the newly engaged housemaid at the flat of the night club king (Sam Hardy); later, alternating that role with an impersonation of Mdlle. Zara, idol of Paris, and, finally, once more as Sally, now triumphant. Her struggle to the limelight is amusingly involved with the gangsters whom the night club proprietor had hoped to throw off by transferring his activities to London. And it is to her that they owe their defeat. There are some pleasantly catchy songs, and a ballet that is charmingly graceful in a froth of long white frills.—State.

★ HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY!

Wheeler and Woolsey (R.K.O.)

THIS musical piece has been built round the pair of comedians to allow as much scope as possible to their particular kind of clowning. The beauty parlor demonstration at the beginning, with its bevy of scantily-clad damsels, and an example of Ruth Etting's crooning gives way to a riotous scene in a respectable business office, with Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee assisting in the furious fun. But the highlights of the film are the game of pool, played by the partners against two detectives with balls that are bewitched, and the cross-country motor race, in which their car contravenes the laws of nature freely, now scaling jagged peaks like a chamois, now taking kangaroo leaps on expanding tyres over competitors just ahead.—Capitol.

★ INDIA SPEAKS

Richard Halliburton. (R.K.O.)

THERE is so much of genuine interest in this full-length travel picture that we are reduced to impatience when the maker spoils it towards the end. He takes us first to a district of southern India during an annual festival at which pious pilgrims and celebrants in religious ecstasy torture themselves. A favorite method of honoring the god is to pierce their tongues with silver skewers.

We witness the ceremonial bathing in the sacred river. Then we are shown men who stare unblinking at the sun day after day, and fakirs who lie upon sharp spikes, or who have extended a limb rigid for so long that it has become fixed. Later we are transported to Delhi and to beautiful gardens of Kashmir. All this is absorbing, though we could wish that the narrator were less self-conscious, or could keep himself entirely in the background. He early shows a tendency to romanticise his own experiences, and when he would

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars . . . no good.

have us believe that he attended solemn Moslem rites to which only the Faithful are allowed access, the palpably faked scene of his narrow escape makes us feel no sympathy with a man who would violate other men's religion.

Last of all he proceeds outside India to Thibet, and mixes up with his observations of prayer wheels and lamaseries some nonsense about a white girl whom the ignorant Tibetans intended to wed to the reincarnated god. Oh, Mr. Halliburton!

★ SCOTLAND YARD MYSTERY

Gerald Du Maurier, Belle Chrystall, George Curzon (B.I.P.)

SINCE detective novels, if they are well constructed, are best-sellers everywhere, it is not surprising that we have had a good number of adaptations of detective stories for the screen. What is, however, surprising, when you consider that English fiction is pre-eminent in this class, is that we do not get more detective films from England. The present example is not perfect in its plot. The serum and its antidote take a good deal of swallowing, figuratively speaking, and we should like to know what really happened to the persons or corpses, as the case may be, of the heavily-insured policyholders. But what is particularly interesting in this film is the realistic presentation of the methods of "The Yard." How different is this quiet Chief Inspector Stanton (Gerald Du Maurier) from any of his film parallels in the New York police force! Yet he is no weak fool. The sergeant is very different, too. The cool inclusiveness of George Curzon is well suited to the part of Dr. Masters, the Home Office pathologist, and his final words of dialogue are priceless.

★ SHADOWS OF SING SING

Mary Brian, Bruce Cabot (Columbia).

THIS film deals with the usual annals of crime, and concerns a gangster chief who successfully defies the police until his young sister falls in love with the son of a detective. It appears that the gangster had social ambitions for her, and sent her to college, where she met this particularly unsuitable lover. The young man likewise finds it impossible, when he reveals his secret, to win the consent of his family, and his position is further complicated by his having been given a job as junior in the police department. So, persisting in his attentions to the girl (Mary Brian), he not only grieves his father to the heart, but he incurs the determined hostility of the gang and is finally arrested for the murder of his prospective brother-in-law. He is cleared by an ingenious photographic device thought out by the detective father. This character, the most convincing in the story, is portrayed by Grant Mitchell, who within his somewhat limited range always does excellent work. The rest of the people in this tale are shadowy in a way that the title of the film is not intended to imply.

CROSS-COUNTRY CRUISE

Lew Ayres, June Knight, Alice White (Universal).

IT seems that we are in for a cycle of films dealing with the dramatic possibilities of the long distance bus routes through the United States. It is a mixed crew that board the bus from New York bound to California, but remarkably few, if any, of them we should care to know, or even expect to meet. There is the wealthy young waster (Lew Ayres) whose roving eye lights on June Knight as she waits for the bus on which she is to elope with Alan Dinehart, who, however, is unable to escape the vigilance of his wife (Minna Gombell). Among the rest of the passengers is another synthetic blonde (Alice White), who wangles her expenses all the way, and a traveller who has swallowed a guide book and insists on sharing his information with his fellow travellers (Eugene Palette).

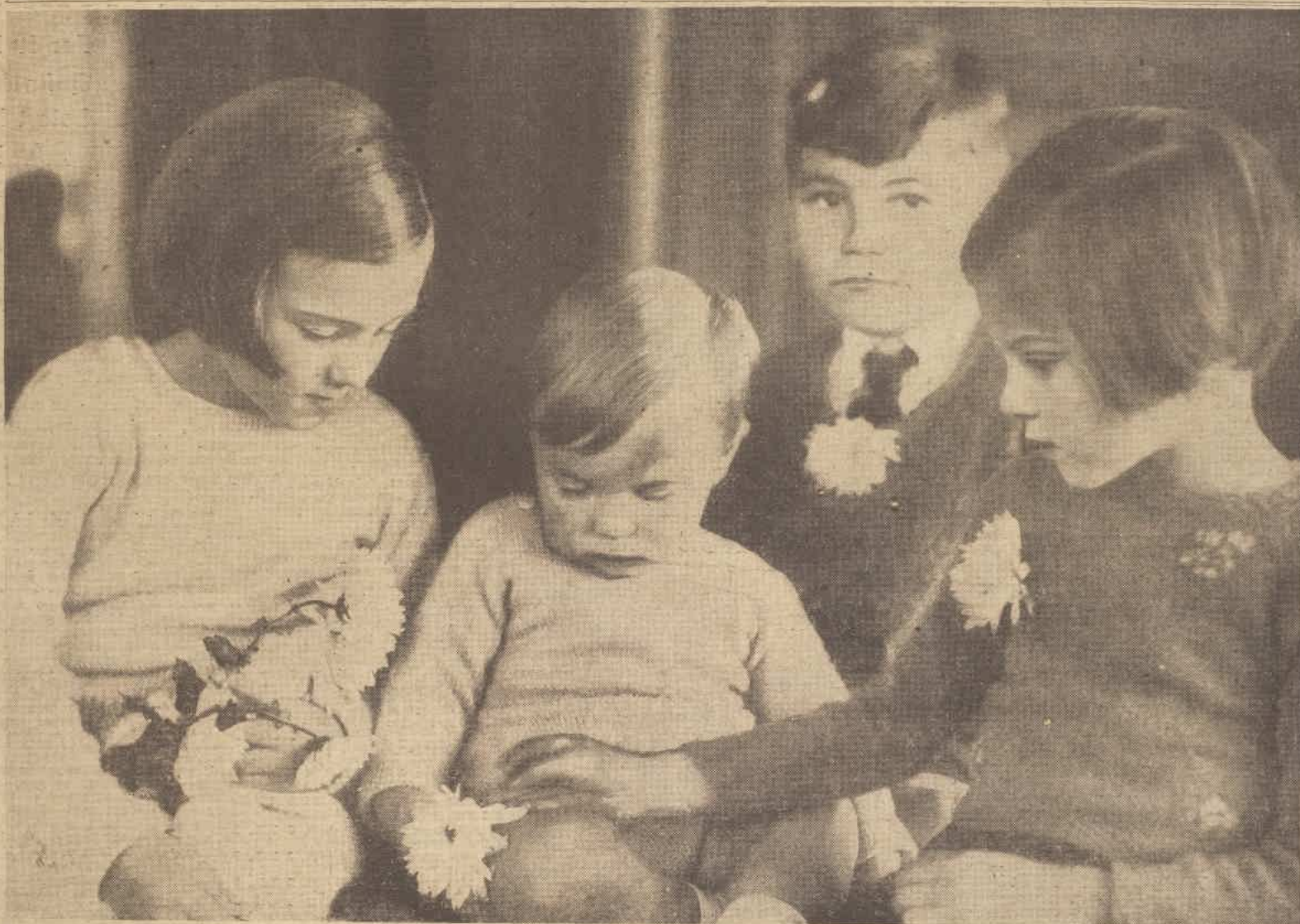
Frankly, the scene at a stopping place where Dinehart, in the sports department of a general store, shoots his wife with a bow and arrow picked up at random, is merely silly.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

Saturday, May 12, 1934.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

Page One



ALL READY for Mother's Day. Four little cousins, Jacqueline Paradise, John and Annette Taylor, and baby Ian Paradise, gathering white flowers in the garden of "Bayma," Victoria Rd., Double Bay. Annette and Ian are the children of Lieut.-Commander Tom Taylor, R.N., and Mrs. Taylor, and John and "Jack" are the children of the late Surgeon-Commander John Paradise, R.A.N., and Mrs. Paradise.

—Women's Weekly photo.

WHEN Should a MOTHER Be HAPPY?

"A woman with a lot to do in the home should be happy and contented," said Judge Perdriau, Chairman of the Workers' Compensation Commission, last week.

THE Judge was hearing the case of an applicant for the redemption of an award by the payment of a lump sum to enable an injured worker to buy a smallgoods business. A Press report of the case reads:—

The Judge: You might make a success of it. Many women these days want to live on smallgoods. You would have the help of your wife.

The Applicant: We have four children—my wife has much to do.

The Judge: You are not unfortunate. A woman with a lot of work to do in the home should be happy and contented.

Of course, it is the privilege of a Judge to be dogmatic. When His Honor is dogmatic on points of law, no sensible person would want to buy trouble by answering him back. But when it comes to summing up so sentimentally on Woman, Work, and Happiness, a woman may well take leave to probe the oracle a little deeper.

HAS the Judge, I wonder, ever tried to mind four young children for a day? He would, I venture to say, find the intellectual exercise of wrestling with their questions stimulating, but exhausting.

He would be in his element, of course, in adjudicating on such weighty problems as who was the rightful owner of the blue-striped "connie" which Tommie found in the lane and Jimmie

claims as the lost and dearest love of his marbles.

He should have no difficulty, either, in allotting the just measure of punishment to Tommie, who has pushed in the eyes of Mary's baby doll, with ghastly results on dolly's appearance, and still more devastating effects on Mary's peace of mind. He would find, however, that these young "prisoners at the bar" had a disconcerting way of arguing and "back-ansewing" about his findings which is denied the adult accused of his everyday experience.

Also, he would find the job a steadier one than that which he was accustomed to consider a full day's work. And, whatever the verdict, he would be emotionally mangled in the come-back, for the loser in the "connie" case and the guilty attacker of the doll would still have such a stranglehold of his heart that he could not witness their suffering of just punishment unwept.

AT the end of such a day the Judge would be piteously imploring, "Give me back my bench in the Court of Law!"

But what trifles these are in the daily routine of mothering four children! At crack of dawn, the job starts. Bathing, dressing, sewing on missing buttons, cooking breakfast, cutting lunches, keeping baby from choking himself with the jam or burning himself with the toaster, picking up toys, supervising homework—the list is endless.

"Night, and the shadows falling, and somewhere a voice is calling"—calling

for mother! Tommie, tucked in bed an hour ago, has toothache. So it goes on, with mother on the job, 24 hours a day and seven days a week.

All this is without the housework. Add the sweeping, dusting, polishing, cooking, dressmaking and laundry work that fall to the lot of the mother of four children, who is doing all her own housework; and what have you?

You have a woman perpetually behind the bread line of leisure—and you may have a Judge blandly suggesting to her husband that she would be able to assist in the running of a smallgoods shop!

Of course, there are lots of things the mother of four children does not need, though richer, leisured women find them necessary. She doesn't need a gymnasium, tennis, golf, massage, or Turkish baths for the sake of exercise. She can save that way. She doesn't need bridge to fill in time and keep herself from being bored, either.

"Many women these days want to live on smallgoods," says the Judge. Well, a mother might save on her time that way, too, but, strangely enough, it's not the mothers of young children who want to live on smallgoods.

Of course, there are countless mothers who are happy and contented though overworked. They are happy because the mother spirit of loving service rises triumphant over most circumstances.

NO one has so much cause to thank modern science as the woman in the home, for science has at length taken

CLEVER IDEAS

IF YOU have a lot of machine sewing to do, these hints are very useful: Fold a piece of soft cloth about three inches in width around the arm of your machine, like a bandage, and sew into position. As you remove pins from the material on which you are working, this provides a handy place to put them.—"Sunny."

SPRINKLE A pad made of newspapers with ammonia. Rub the inside of your windows with it, and you will not be troubled with flies.—Mrs. N. Elerman, 24 Harambah Rd., Roseville, N.S.W.

count of her plight, and is doing its utmost to give her the leisure which is the due of every human being.

Architects are planning houses which do away with marathon walks from the dining-room to the kitchen. Kitchen and bathroom no longer skulk in any old dark corner. Electricity and gas have come to the rescue, and the day may not be so far distant when every house built for renting purposes will be equipped by the landlord with all the modern mechanical methods of labor saving.

We will all hail that day with gratitude, for women do not naturally delight in backaches, and, public opinion no longer lends itself to a glorification of drudgery for mothers.—A.J.

WHEN SEWING fur, place a card between the strips to be joined, pressing the fur down from the edge, and finally over-sew with a small needle, taking care not to sew in the hair. If a tape is sewn in with the seam it makes a stronger join.—"Mary."

I HAVE found that by soaking children's aprons, and even tablecloths, in kerosene all traces of fruit stains vanish.—"Fergie."

BRONZE ORNAMENTS should never be washed with soap and water. Dust thoroughly, using a fairly stiff brush for the crevices. If very dirty, apply a little stale beer with a small sponge, allow to dry, and then polish with a chamois leather. And very obstinate spots or stains will disappear.—"Alice."

TO MEND a small hole in a canvas tennis shoe: Clean the area surrounding the hole and place over it a piece of white adhesive tape, pressing with a warm iron.—R.C.M., Spring Vale, Vic.

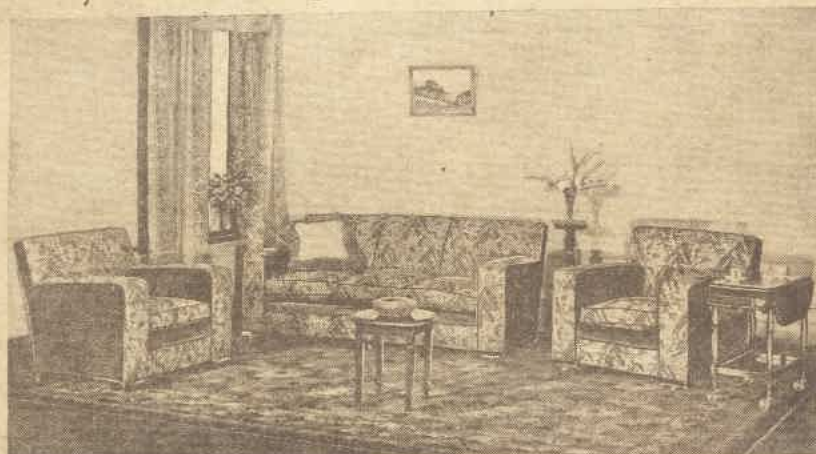
A VERY useful mat to be used during the wet weather may be made from a piece of wood about three feet by two feet studded with stoppers of bottles nailed to the wood about an inch apart, sharp end upwards. This you will find will be very handy to wipe your muddy boots and shoes on.—Mrs. Ashwood, Brisbane St., Bulimba, Brisbane.

PULSFORDS

119 BATHURST STREET

(between Pitt and George Streets)

**Buy Guaranteed Quality
at these Low Prices**
and you cannot get better value in Sydney!



A VERY ATTRACTIVE LOUNGE ROOM

The "Woodlyn" Lounge Suite, consisting of settee and 2 lounge chairs, covered with serviceable tapestry, with a plain filler, on outside arms and backs of plain blue velour. The loose cushions are spring filled, and the whole suite is well sprung.

CASH PRICE £17'17'.

Also shown in Photograph.

Kapek Cushion of Blue Satin, with centre panel of Gold Damask 9/6

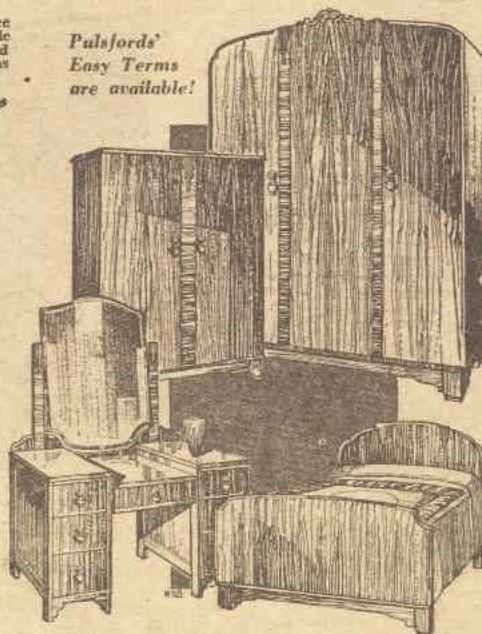
Traymable with drop-sides is full-polished in walnut color 59/6

Coffee Table, 18ins. in diameter, 18ins. high, finished rich walnut color 25/-

The Pedestal is 30ins. high, finished light walnut color 19/11

Beautiful quality Axminster Carpet, tawn and brown ground, with pretty sprays of rose and blue. Size, 10'6" x 9'0". £11/17/6

Pulsfords'
Easy Terms
are available!



The "Caerleon" Bedroom

Consisting of Wardrobe, 5ft. wide, two-thirds hanging space, one-third shelves and trays, Dressing Table, 3ft. 9in. wide, with 7 drawers and extra large mirror, Loughboy, 3ft. 1in. x 4ft. high, fitted with trays, etc., Bedstead, 4ft. 6in. wide (full size), with low foot, in latest style. This suite is very refined style; all the fronts are beautifully veneered and full-polished in rich Walnut color.

Cash Price, complete £31'17'6

All pure wool—Marvelous Blanket Values

SINGLE BED

21'.

PAIR

We were fortunate in buying before the recent rise in the price of wool, and our saving is passed on to you, giving wonderful values. We stock only superior quality All-wool Blankets, which we can guarantee for warmth, softness, and service.

54 x 78in., 21/-, 22/6, 31/6,
72 x 90in., 31/9, 36/6, 45/6,
81 x 99in., 42/-, 43/6, 49/6,
Grey, 54 x 78in., 21/-.



British Axminster Carpets, Linos, Floorcloths
See the New Season's Designs at Exceptionally Keen Prices, now showing.

The "Bathurst" Radio

SPECIAL VALUE! 5-VALVE SUPERHET. With latest type Valves and Amplifier Speakers, wonderful local and interstate reception—£16/10/6. No extra for City Terms, 32/6 deposit, 5/6 weekly. "International" All-Wave Set, for overseas and local reception. Sydney's best value at £24/10/-.

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PULSFORDS

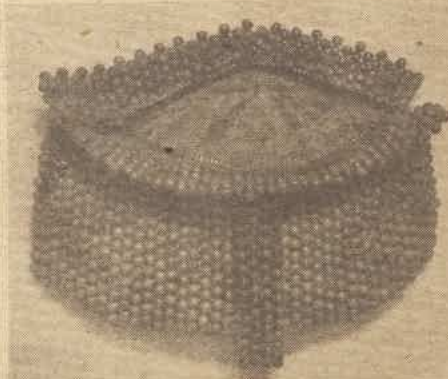
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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS.

Conducted
by
EVE GYE

YOU'LL LIKE THIS!

For It Is
Quite the
Latest In
BAG
Designs
For
Evening
Wear



Materials required: One large packet Crewel needles, 1 6-inch zipp fastener, 1 yard Geisha silk, 1 reel pearl cotton (D.M.C., No. 8), 8 strings of pale blue wooden beads, 12 strings of dark blue wooden beads, 1 old cushion.

Abbreviations: Pale blue (P.B.), dark blue (D.B.)

Wooden bead bags are smart and ever so fashionable, but aren't they expensive to buy!

Now, however, you can have one at a very little cost, for here are directions for making one. The design is novel, and two lovely blues are used. You can combine any other two colors to match your frock.

HOW TO MAKE

Thread needle with a length of pearl cotton about 16 inches long. On to it put 20 pale blue beads. Place a pin into the old cushion and twist the end of cotton around it. Take another thread of cotton and twist end around pin. Put needle through first bead. Thread a bead, put needle through next bead, and so alternately like this to end of row. Secure the end of cotton to a pin. A pin should always be placed at either end of beads to make sure of them being tight. Continue in P.B. beads for three more rows, and then as follows:

6th Row: 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 3 D.B., 1 D.B.

7th Row: 1 D.B., 3 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 3 D.B., 1 P.B.

8th Row: 1 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 3 D.B.

9th Row: 3 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 2 P.B.

10th Row: 2 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 2 P.B.

11th Row: 2 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 3 P.B.

12th Row: 3 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 1 P.B.

13th Row: 1 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 1 D.B.

14th Row: 1 D.B., 3 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 D.B.

15th Row: 1 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 3 D.B., 3 P.B., 1 D.B.

Reverse this pattern from the 14th Row to 6th. That is, take 14th Row as 1st, and 3 D.B., which ends it, as beginning of 1st row.

Make another side like this and join them together with beads. Just as if you were top-sewing, only before putting needle through, add a bead to the thread.

Cut a double lining the same shape as bag. Join it together and then join in the zipp fastener. Put this in bag and catch it around the top by taking thread through a bead on purse catch lining. Put bead on thread, catch lining again, and put needle through next bead.

Add nine rows of beads on top of bag at each side to form a fringe if desired.

Make a strip of beading 4 inches long and 1 inch wide. Catch this at top of bag near zipp, and 1 inch away from bottom. This forms the handle.

Embroider this nice 'Kerchief for Mother!

Sunday next is Mother's Day, as all little girls know

I THOUGHT you might appreciate this little idea, and, if you had the time, send for this beautiful handkerchief and present it to mother on Sunday.

It will take you only an hour or two to embroider the word "Mother." In any



case, you could send for several and work them in leisure moments.

Mother would find a half dozen of these ever so welcome, and would delight in your thought when her birthday comes round—or at any other time.

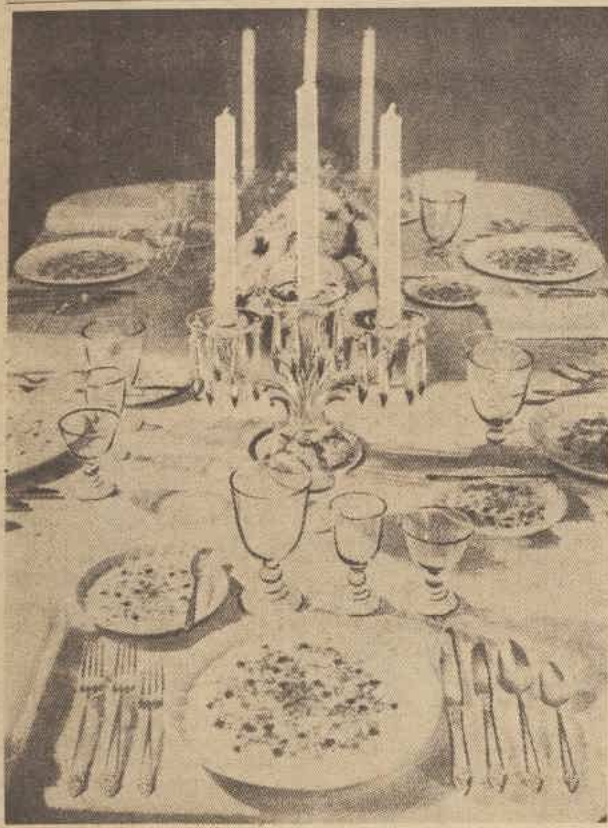
These handkerchiefs are made of good quality lawn, with hemstitched borders. They are soft and fine, and will last for a long, long time. Price, 8d. Post free.

BIAS BINDING for FROCKS



Here is a suggestion for a bewitching little dance or party frock for the young girl.

BIAS binding has been selected for the trimming on this crisp organdie frock, and it is fascinating in its effect. Bias binding can be had in colors ranging from the softest pastels to deep, rich shades.



Make It a Feast for the Eyes As Well . . . Accessories Make or Mar Your Table

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

First impressions are always important, and as the first thing your guests or your family see on entering the room is the table, it is essential that it should impress them favorably.



NOT only must food be well cooked, but it must be well served. Therefore, there is hardly need to mention the fact that the simplest meal tastes infinitely better when the table appointments are cheerful, and harmoniously arranged.

Once upon a time one's efforts with regard to table "dressing" were more or less restricted. Imagination went little further than a white, starched tablecloth, and a vase of flowers placed ever so precisely in the centre.

This was the accepted fashion, and year in and year out one sat down to it.

Nowadays things have changed. There is a fascinating choice of colorful china, glass, linen and lace, and charming accessories to choose from.

crystal. This will no doubt interest the bride-to-be.

The ultimate effect of this silver and glass is to create an air of shining brilliance, which is still further enhanced by square mirrors laid in place of mats. Beautiful reflections one obtains in this way, and the idea is one which could be carried out at no great expense.

Even though it sounds quite modernistic, the use of mirrors for table de-

coration is by no means new. It is not so many years ago that decorated table competitions were the piece-de-resistance of flower shows and church bazaars. And invariably competitors used mirrored slabs as the central feature. Over these were trailed flowers and greenery, with gorgeously decorated epergnes in silver, or silver and crystal, for additional effect. . . Perhaps you remember seeing them yourself?—E.E.G.

The Knitting Craze
that is sweeping Sydney

Quicka Nitta

Cuts Knitting
Time in half.



See the Quicka Nitta
at these Stores:

SYDNEY:

Farmer & Co. Ltd.
David Jones Ltd.
Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd.
Grace Bros. Ltd.
McCallister Ltd.
Hordern Bros. Ltd.
McDowell's Ltd.
Way's Ltd.
Mark Foy's Ltd.

NEWCASTLE:

Breckinridge's Ltd.

BRISBANE:

Finney Isles Ltd.
McWhirter's Ltd.
T. C. Beirne's Ltd.
Allen & Starke's Ltd.
Overall's Ltd.
Watson's Ltd.
Arcade Bag Store.

SO different—so much easier, cleaner and quicker—is knitting with a Quicka Nitta. Such a convenience, too, both when travelling to and fro in the home. It is supplied complete with bangle so that you can easily carry it on your wrist or attach it to your work basket or chair. The Quicka Nitta is made by the magic new process of plastic moulding, and is the smartest, gayest, and most useful knitting accessory ever thought of. In all the following colours:—Walnut, Mahogany, Strawberry, Tangerine, Mottled Green and Jazz or Oriental. Only 2/6 each at all smart stores. Out of town readers can obtain a Quicka Nitta by sending us the coupon below.

An Ideal Mother's
Day Suggestion.

AGENTS ARE REQUIRED
IN ALL TOWNS

To the PERELESS MANUFACTURING CO. LTD.,
13-15 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Please send me a QUICKA NITTA, for which I enclose Postal Note for 3/10.

NAME
ADDRESS
Colour desired
Name of Leading Store in your Town

ONE can devise countless schemes to suit one's room and satisfy the present-day urge to be original, when occasion demands.

Fascinating things can be done with colored glass, especially if flowers and accessories are chosen to tone with it.

The leading shops show some lovely glass, among which pale amber and luminous black and lovely green predominate.

IMAGINE a dinner table carried out in a symphony of green with squat candlesticks holding tall tapering candles to tone. A green bowl as the central piece, with creamy roses tinting to sunburst yellow, and instead of a cloth your polished wood table offset with pastel green mats, embroidered with water lilies.

Incidentally, readers have the opportunity of acquiring a thirteen-piece "water lily" set in green, blue, or lemon pastel traced linen. This set was exclusively designed for The Australian Women's Weekly, and was featured in Needlework Notions on March 3 last.

Selling at 5/6 a set, it represented tremendous value, and I have had many letters of thanks for the wonderful "bargain."

Then, again, consider an azure blue cloth with dark blue glass, or creamy china with blue bands, or motifs, combined with a lovely yellow, known as Algerian yellow, would be unique for special occasions.

Use as a central decoration giant blue-black and yellow panades, or creamy yellow gerberas in a flat, blue bowl for additional charm.

An equally enchanting flower arrangement can be had by "floating" two large yellow roses in a deep plate or shallow blue bowl.

The vogue of simple flower groupings and arrangement is perhaps due to the present interest in gardens. Though gardening is hard work, it stands for achievement, in addition to pleasant mental relaxation. And to produce with one's own hands, as it were, beauty and color, and then to hide it in an ornate bouquet is unthinkable.

BUNGALOW cloth in big checks—deep blues, reds, and greens—would be most attractive made into square or oblong mats and used for the breakfast or luncheon table instead of the prosaic cloth. You could have serviettes to match.

I noticed the sale price at one store was only 1/3 per yard for this joyously colorful fabric.

An accent of color can be given the breakfast or luncheon table with fruit skilfully arrayed in a bowl or basket.

Again, a potted flower, set in a rustic basket, will give a new note to the table.

Even an odd, colorful bowl, or a china figure will lend a touch of interest.

A little search round the house will bring plenty of suggestions.

Children, too, greatly appreciate unexpected novel notes. They love anything that gives a party air to an otherwise ordinary meal.

WITH chromium furniture slipping into vogue—despite all that has been said against it—silver is once more coming back into its own. It is especially favored overseas combined with



The
Electricity Department
offers you

1. Any approved Electric Range on 15% DEPOSIT.
2. THREE YEARS in which to pay the balance.
3. A TWO YEARS' GUARANTEE.
4. FREE INSTALLATION up to cost of £6 (average cost of installation).
5. REDUCED RATES for ALL electricity used in your home.

Because electric cooking is so much faster, because it is almost automatic, because it requires practically no supervision and is so remarkably clean and easy, the woman who owns an electric range has much more time for relaxation.

Remember, too, that electric cooking is ECONOMICAL. The cost of electric cooking averages less than a penny per person per day!

Every woman in the City Council Supply area can now buy an Electric Range on the EASY TERMS announced herein. Call at the Town Hall Showrooms of the Electricity Department for full details, or go to your nearest electrical dealer. The particulars will be sent by mail if you post the coupon (below) to the Electricity Department, Town Hall, Sydney.

Cook by ELECTRICITY

Address this Coupon to The Electricity Department, Town Hall, Sydney, for full details of Electric Range Easy Terms Offer.

MAIL THIS COUPON
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SAFE RELIEF FROM HEADACHES



WHEN your head throbs after business, study, shopping, housework or worry, get quick relief (1 to 8 minutes) by taking genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C., as recommended by doctors, chemists, dentists and nurses. Genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. is prepared on the scientific formula used in Australia's largest hospitals. 12, 1/6; 24, 2/6.

All Chemists and Stores, or direct from Vincent Chemical Company, Sydney.

VINCENT'S A.P.C. POWDERS & TABLETS

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

GLOBEX (GLOBE BEEF EXTRACT)

Delicious and Nourishing BEEF TEA SOUPS & GRAVIES

DELICIOUS SPREAD THINLY ON BREAD

OBTAINABLE IN 2 OZ. JARS AND IN 4 OZ. AND 8 OZ. CONTAINERS

"SUCH A LOT AT LITTLE COST"

GLOBEX

at all Chemists and Stores



WANTED!

Women with Original Ideas and Drawing Ability for Illustrating fashions and feminine advertisements. The demand for trained Commercial Artists exceeds the supply. If you can draw, write for free 76-page book "The New Era in Commercial Art." Enclose 8d. postage and mention "Women's Weekly".

WOMEN'S TRAINING INSTITUTE
80 SWANSTON ST. MELBOURNE

New Hope For Sufferers

The latest German Remedy (internal) for healing Varicose Ulcers and Hemorrhoids without interruption to your duties. It is available now. No need to lie up! Guaranteed never to break out again. Bad cases heal up in a few weeks. Inexpensive. It never fails! Write or Call for wonderful book. Treatment by mail a specialty—distance no object. You will be delighted with my treatment—no pain from start!

C. WINTER

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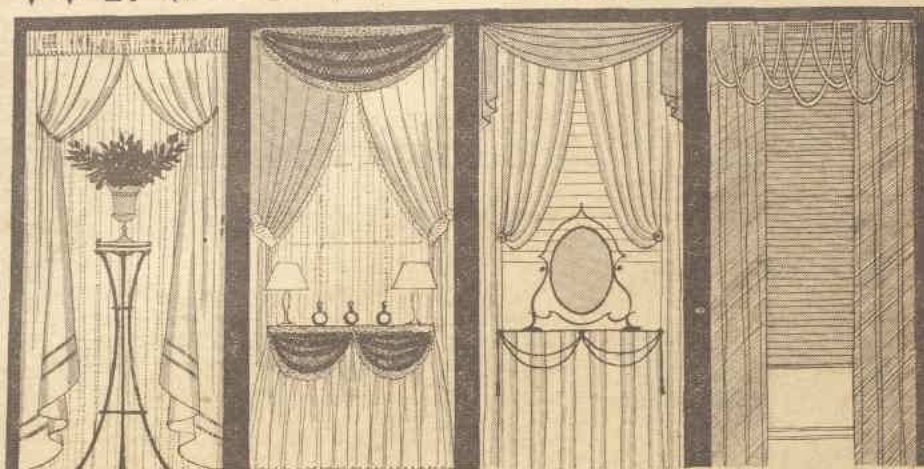
INSTANT RELIEF

TO SUFFERERS OF RHEUMATIC PAINS, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, CONTRACTIONS, CRAMPS, BACKACHES, NEURALGIA, etc. The scientific combination of value. It will give you INSTANT RELIEF. Does not contain any POISONOUS SUBSTANCE. Write at once to SOLE PROPRIETORS and enclose 7/6 for Sample Bottle. LIGOTTENING ESSENCE AND CO., 130 ASHLEY STREET, ST. KILDA, VIC.

Fogs and Furs

AVOID wearing furs and fur-trimmed coats if possible in foggy weather, as nothing is so ruinous to them as fog. Substitute a tweed coat with a warm woollen muffler or a smart weather-proof coat with a lightweight cardigan beneath.

WINDOW WITCHERY



RECOGNISING that window draperies play a most important part in the beautifying of the home, a contest for decorative window treatments was recently staged in America. From among fifty entries the four designs, shown above, were selected. See story.



Since the windows are the eyes of your house—make them as lovely as taste and skill and purse will allow!



SATISFACTORY curtains do not consist merely of so many yards of selected stuff, hemmed and provided with rings to hang from a cornice pole; they should be definitely decorative features.

ALL the artistry and skill of modern designers have been brought into play in the weaving of lovely fabrics for window witchery, but if these fabrics are hung regardless of form, their beauty is undermined to a great extent.

In fact, so much importance is attached nowadays to window arrangements in the modern home that contests have been recently staged overseas for decorative window treatments.

From among fifty designs submitted by outstanding decorators at a recent contest held in America, the four designs reproduced above were chosen, and were awarded first, second, third, and fourth prizes respectively.

NO. 1 design, as you will agree, is delightful. It calls for glass treatment. Soft, shaded curtains attached to a rod at the top only and hanging

NEWS for KNITTERS

Magical Device that will Shorten Knitting Time

The vogue for knitting never wanes—in fact, each year it becomes more and more popular. New stitches are thought out and new designs created.

YOU see them on the trains, on the tram, on the boats—women and girls working away, and you watch fascinated as smart, colorful and cozy garments slowly, but surely, take form under the flying needles.

Sometimes as you watch, too, a recalcitrant ball slips away from the knitter, and more often than not is rescued to the discomfiture of the owner, and to the detriment of the wool!

But now there is no reason why this should occur. For a new device called the "Quicka Nitta" has arrived to solve that problem. This new device not only holds your wool safely, keeps it spotlessly clean, and prevents it from becoming entangled, but ensures a smooth, even continuous feed to the needles.

Made in all the colors of the rainbow, by the magic new process of plastic moulding, the "Quicka Nitta" is attached to the wrist by an attractive bangle. Leading Sydney stores are selling them for 2/6, and readers living away from Sydney can obtain a "Quicka Nitta" by forwarding a Postal Note for 2/10 to the Manufacturers, the Peerless Manufacturing Co. Ltd., 73-75 George St. Redfern.

The following colors are available: Walnut, Mahogany, Strawberry, Tangerine, Mottled Green, and Jazz or Oriental.

loosely, or tight, small-mesh net, or muslin dwarf curtains attached to rod top and bottom—according to your taste. The dress curtains in plain Shub repp can be tied back with cord made in two-tone colorings to match the braid which decorates the base of the curtains.

A gathered valance of the same material creates a perfect ensemble.

I noticed, by the way, that Shub repp in gold, rose, fawn, lovely blues and greens, eminently suitable for this arrangement, is showing at Grace Bros. from 4/11 yard.

NO. 2 design illustrates a curtain treatment for an enchanting bedroom window carried out in Princess muslin with a festoon drape at the top of some heavy rich material.

Incidentally, this could also be made with gathered valance with a two-inch frill at its base to match the curtain frillings.

Imagine cream Princess muslin or voile curtains, featuring a colored spot or sprig, finished with a dainty frill in plain fabric.

This type of curtain can be supplied by Grace Bros. from 32/6. The dressing-table, you will notice, carries the same materials as those used in the curtains. This you could drape yourself, or it

could be done for you, the price, naturally, depending upon the size required.

THERE is a distinct difference in the heading treatment of No. 3 window, which carried off third prize, as compared with the others.

Whereas No. 1 shows a gathered valance, in this we find what is called a single swag treatment with tails each end. Shot taffeta, in green and gold, lemon and silver, or rose and silver, would be ideal. I noticed the 50-inch widths are priced at only 6/11 a yard.

Satin would also be suitably charming for such an arrangement, and comes in 50-inch widths in gold, rose, and green.

The dressing-table could be covered with the same material or in fadeless chintz which ranges from 1/6 a yard.

By the way, cords and tassels for tying back curtains and decorating the dressing-table in modernistic fashion can be made to tone with the material used.

NO. 4 treatment is rather a severe one following upon the others, but it will find many admirers.

For a drawing-room or smoke-room velvet would be delightful. These come in all shades.

A figured art silk or smart contemporary stripe could also be used with striking success.

For the heading a lin. crepe cord can be made to match any of the materials selected. This to be interlaced over an oxidized rod with spear ends.—EVE GYE.

FOR READERS!

NINETY-ONE tested recipes for luscious chocolate cakes, puddings, sweets and sweetmeats—all together in an attractively illustrated book.

ALSO...
A happy little 15-page book, containing games and novelties, entitled "Party Fun," that will appeal to small folk as well as to grown-ups.

Just send 1d. in stamps to Cadbury-Fry-Pascall Pty. Ltd., Claremont, Tasmania, and back they'll come by return mail.

Novelties in Furniture Shown at Recent British Industries Fair!

Many items of furniture shown for the first time at the recent British Industries Fair, London, have gained popularity among all lovers of modern furniture. We list a few.

A NEW type of heat-resisting fire-curb, that was exhibited, is a great success. It is a wooden curb, with surfaces of bakelite marked and grained to resemble mahogany or walnut. A lighted match dropped on this curb left no trace of the flame.

It can be cleaned easily by rubbing with a duster. An occasional application of furniture polish helps to increase and maintain its brilliance, though this is not necessary. It is metal lined.

A Many-Use Screen

A NEW type of adaptable fire-screen is one which becomes a coffee-table, or an extra chair! Made of dark oak, it has an oval top attached to a kind of camp stool of brown canvas. The affair folds up or opens according to the purpose you wish it to serve.

Brightly-noted coconut matting gives a bright note to a kitchen, and the newest reversible variety is very pleasing. Made in Roman tile designs, it is woven so that a different colored but completely finished pattern appears on both sides.

A square dining table that can be enlarged to an octagonal shape is a practical proposition that hostesses are appreciating. A triangular-shaped flap is hinged to each side of the table.

When the guests number eight, you simply lift the flaps, fix them in position, and you have a "side" of the table for each guest.

For the Dining-room

A NEW new dining-table, made of burr walnut, stands on a pedestal which proves to be a cupboard. This is very useful where space is a consideration, for tablecloths and some of the other items usually kept in a sideboard can be put in the cupboard.

VALUED AT 100 GUINEAS—YOURS FOR 6d.



VALUED AT 100 GUINEAS—YOURS FOR 6d.

Just imagine the unbounded joy of the lucky child who wins THIS MAGNIFICENT SHETLAND PONY TURNOUT. What a wonderful toy in their lives, surely something never to be forgotten. Don't say "I wish John or Betty had it," mother. Act at once and give them the opportunity to become its proud owner. You know that the best you can afford is not too good for your kiddies, and you CAN afford it. CANT YOU? The little pure-bred Shetland is only 38 inches high, and what a little beauty he is, a real little model, thoroughly educated to ride as well as drive, and an ideal children's pet. The greenest car is painted Packard blue, has brass rails and trimmings, rubber tyres, maroon leather upholstery, brass acetylene lamps, holds two on each side, and IS THE SMARTEST THING ON WHEELS. Harness is hand-made, and trimmed with black and gold patent leather, with brass mounts, the WHOLE MAKING UNDOUBTEDLY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TURNOUT IN AUSTRALIA—AND FOR ONLY SIXPENCE and a penny stamp extra for postage, you will

receive a card and then be eligible to win this bonny prize. YOU CAN, OF COURSE, HAVE AS MANY CHANCES AS YOU LIKE. Send postal note for more than one entry (include penny stamp). The turnout will be delivered at the home of the winner free. OR A PURCHASER, FOUND AND THE BEST POSSIBLE PRICE OBTAINED IF TURNOUT NOT REQUIRED. Don't delay, fill in coupon for number of entries required, and post to-day.

COUPON

I enclose 6d. in stamps for entries (sixpence for each entry), and 1d. postage.
Name
Address

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

The Secretary, Children's Hospital, Dept. D.,
Kombis Building, Margaret Street, Sydney.

You Get a Real GUARANTEE at Grace Bros

With Every Article of Furniture,
regardless of price. It is all Good.



Two Rooms
in One
£35/10/-

Examine these two pictures of the same room, and you will notice that one has a dining table, but no settee, and the other a settee but no dining table. Yet the articles of furniture are the same. In the "XL" Living Room Suite the patented table, when closed, is a standard Dining Table, but opened, it transforms into a delightful and comfortable Settee. This action is simple and positive. Also 2 charming Fireside Chairs, 4 full Dining Chairs, and 5ft. Buffet Sideboard are included. The Suite is of figured Oak specially polished in antique finish.



SEE!

Drop End Arm
"Ambidexter"
New Suite

Note how convenient this Lounge becomes when the end is dropped. Long enough for a full length rest. Drop - ends arranged at right or left to suit you.

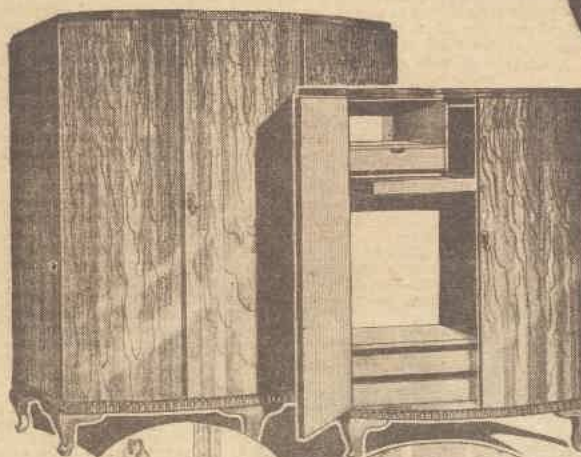


39/6

Ever so Comfortable

Nothing ever has been sold to equal this Chair at this price. Spring seat, adjustable back and arms, give it every possible comfort. The frame is polished hardwood. The covering is tapestry.

Price **39/6**

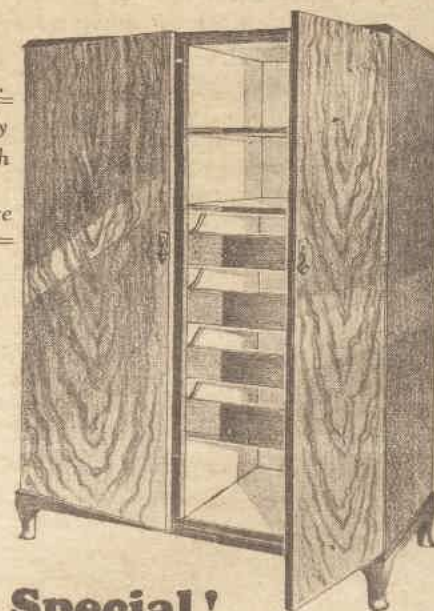


Remember Guaranteed!

Greater Comfort for **£21/10/-**

Enhance the utility and comfort of your lounge room with the "Ambidexter" Suite, with its drop-end arm. The suite is soundly constructed and is fitted with inner spring cushions. The drop-end can be fixed at any angle. The three pieces are covered in Moderne Tapestry.

Order By
Mail With
every
Confidence



Special!
TALL BOY £6/19/6

It is full polished Queensland Walnut, on Cabriole legs, is 5ft. 10in. tall, 4ft. wide, 20in. deep, with two figured doors. One side of interior is long hanging space, the other is fitted with 4 sliding trays, 2 hat compartments and shoe recess. The usual price is £12/19/6, but a special purchase permits us to sell the "Ideal" Tallboy at £6/19/6.

Removable
Plate
Glass
Top

This new Tea
Wagon gives
you something
extra at the
same price. The
figured Craft-
wood trays are
well polished in
Walnut finish.

Special Price,
37/6



NEW
This Bedroom £19/10/-

THE "CURVED" SUITE, in full polished Queensland Walnut, is how-fronted. It consists of WARDROBE 4ft. 6in. wide, with three doors (two third full hanging space, one-third has three sliding trays, three hat compartments, and shoe recess at bottom), on Cabriole legs, with centre support as shown. DRESSING TABLE, 3ft. 7in. wide, has extra large mirror 17 1/2 in. wide by 21 1/2 in. high, curved top and side cupboards, fitted as pictured. LOUGHBOY is full man's size and quite new in the interior arrangement, 5ft. high by 11 1/2 in. wide, with half hanging space for suits, and pull out, two full width sliding trays at bottom, hat cupboard, collar drawer, and trouser rack.

THE "CURVED" DOUBLE BEDSTEAD (inset) **£3/19/6**
matches in every particular. Price

Grace Bros. Ltd.
BROADWAY, SYDNEY :: 'Phone: M 6506

The Housewife's Notebook

Apples soaked in cold water, to which a little lemon juice is added, will retain their color during cooking.

When paint brushes are to remain unused for some time, rub vaseline through the bristles and they will not become brittle.

When frying onions, dredge them with flour. This will make them less greasy and more digestible.

For nursery curtains or for covering screens pixie cretonne in varied colorings is a great success.

Bronze should never be cleaned with anything but olive oil. Dust with a soft duster, and use a brush for all ornamental parts, then apply a little olive oil on a soft rag, rub it well in, and afterwards remove all trace of the oil with a clean, soft duster.

A good polish for restoring the lustre to old mahogany can be prepared at home as follows: Mix well four table-spoonsful each of turpentine and sweet oil and one tablespoonful of lemon juice, also ten drops of ammonia. Shake thoroughly before using and apply with a soft cloth.

When marble has become dirty and stained through neglect, it can be cleaned by covering it with a thick paste made with hot soda water and whiting. The soda should be thoroughly dissolved before the water is added to the whiting. Leave the paste on the marble until dry, then remove with a damp cloth. Polish with a duster.

Mix equal parts of alum and citric acid, add equal amount of water, and apply to stain. Rinse with clear water as soon as stain disappears, and finish afterwards with good wax polish.

WHITE CARNATIONS

No Lovelier Gift
from the Garden could
be Offered on Mother's
Day!

Says the Old Gardener!

Good morning, children—big and little!
As you know, this Sunday is one of the greatest
days in all the year, a day which has been set aside
for the best friend in the world — our mother.
And what a true and noble friend she is!
So on Sunday, Mother's Day, I hope that every-
one will wear a white flower. The wearing of a
white flower, I think, is a fitting tribute to mother-
hood. It portrays the purity and sincerity of the
love we have for our mothers.



TRAIN THE children to love and care for the garden just the same as they should be trained to value and care for the home. . . . Don't you think the white carnation shown here, beautiful? You can grow them just as fine yourself—if you follow the advice given in this article.



AND since the white carnation is one of the emblems for that day, I am going to tell you how to grow carnations. Then next Mother's Day, you will not only be able to wear this beautiful flower in honor of mother, but you will have plenty to give to those others who are not able to have them. And what more lovely gift on that morning than a bunch of white carnations? How she would love and cherish them!

Now, little children, before I tell you and your bigger brothers and sisters how to grow them, I want you to learn this little verse for mother:

"God sent the birds and sunshine
To gladden all the world;
He sent the foliage and flowers
In radiance unfurled.
He sent the June, the stars, the moon,
The pearly dewdrops sweet,
Then he sent your mother dear
To make it all complete."

Isn't that a lovely verse, children? Learn it, and always remember it.

But, coming back to the growing of carnations: THE soil should be fairly light, but not too sandy—medium soil suits them admirably.

If the soil is very heavy or clayey, break it down by adding sand to the proper texture, and mix in plenty of leaf mould or well-rotted cow manure.

Should the soil be sandy, a good dressing of cow manure will bring it to the proper condition.

Carnations are lime lovers. Sprinkle the lime around the plants and fork lightly in. On no account use fresh manure. A sprinkling of bonedust is beneficial.

Carnations may be planted almost the whole year through, but if you require them to flower through the winter they should be planted in the spring and kept pinched back until they are well established. If this method is adopted very little staking is required.

THERE are three methods in which we can multiply carnations, and once you have one plant of each kind you desire, in a very short space of time you

can have as many young plants as you require.

Propagation is done from seeds, cuttings, and layering.

Growing carnations from seed is very interesting—you may so happen to raise one that has not been known. If so, then you are the proud possessor of a new flower which, if up to standard, will be sought after by all carnation growers, and you will find it very profitable.

High prices can be obtained if you have the good fortune to produce a new variety.

Growing from cuttings is a very simple method.

Make a nice little bed in a sheltered corner. Have the soil friable and easy to work. Then take off those little grass-like shoots on the side of the old plant.

No, don't cut them—just break or tear them off. Place them in rows about one inch each way; press the soil firmly around the base with the two thumbs. Cuttings like firm planting. Keep them moist, but not too wet. Then in about six weeks they will be ready to move to their permanent positions.

Layering requires a little more skill, but with practice one can soon become proficient.

Layers are usually made of tufts of "grass" which come up once the flowering ends.

Make a small slit in the stem, near the parent plant and peg it down with a piece of wire bent to keep the stem in position. Cover with soil, leaving the tops of the "layers" above the ground. In this manner the young plants will be ready in about four weeks. I have secured as many as twelve young plants from one layer.

Do all your propagation now, and next Mother's Day you will have a grand collection of carnations for mother.

Too frequent watering is a mistake.

Well, I must be going. Don't forget the white flower on Sunday next, and, if possible, wear the carnation.



Think what this means to you, and your family.

Bournville Cocoa is easy to prepare, has that delicious flavour, costs so little, and yet the food value is so high. Serve regularly Bournville Cocoa made with milk. You know how nourishing milk is, well its nutriment is greatly increased by the addition of Bournville Cocoa, and it is such a delightful drink.

Always keep a tin of Bournville Cocoa handy; apart from its value as a beverage it provides an excellent ingredient in many cookery recipes for sweet dishes.

One pint of
BOURNVILLE
Cocoa made with milk
and a little sugar is as
NOURISHING as 4 EGGS



or 1/4 lb. of BEEF STEAK



TWO USEFUL BOOKS ... that you will appreciate!

NEW CHARM COOKERY. Entirely new, beautifully illustrated, containing novel and inexpensive recipes for hot and cold chocolate dishes, cakes, etc.
PARTY FUN. A book of wonderful suggestions for Party Games, tricks, puzzles, conundrums, and other fun-making, mystifying items that will make a Children's Party a huge success.

JUST FILL IN THIS COUPON:—

To CADBURY'S, DEPT. D, CLAREMONT, TASMANIA.
I wish to have the NEW CHARM COOKERY BOOK and PARTY FUN BOOK for which I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. Please mail them to

Name _____
Full Address _____
State _____ W.V.4

(Write plainly in block letters and pin stamps to this coupon.)

You need the extra nourishment of
BOURNVILLE
COCOA Made by **CADBURY**
at Claremont, Tasmania

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Necessary Task Becomes a Great Adventure With the New Electric Cooking Ranges

Since the kitchen is the workshop of the home, its equipment should be the finest, that money can possibly buy. In order that the housewife can give of her very best, for, as we all know, the health of the family depends upon good cooking.

WE are all familiar with the marvels of electricity as regards lighting in the home, which is taken for granted; also the radiator, the electric iron, and the kettle.

Some housewives, however, are not yet fully familiar with the outstanding qualities of the modern electric cooking range. Fortunate possessors find that, because of its exceptional speed, economy, and convenience, the necessary task of cooking has become a thrilling adventure.

To those others, this piece of news will prove of vital interest.

Arrangements have been completed by

the Electricity Department, whereby residents in the City Council Supply Area may secure any type of approved electric range on payment of a 15 per cent. deposit. Three years are allowed for payment of the balance, and the range is installed free of charge up to a cost of £6, which is stated to be the average installation cost. The department fully guarantees the range for two years, and offers a reduced rate for all current consumed in the homes of electric range owners.

"Electric ranges can be secured on these terms direct from the Electricity Department, or through any registered electrical dealer," stated an officer of the department, yesterday. "Application should be made on the official form, which can be secured from either of these sources."



White

Simply a last rinse in blue water—and your wash will be the purest white! Washing gets the dirt out of things, but it's the blue rinse that puts the whiteness in. However you wash—whatever you wash with—the blue water gets white things really white. It's the blue rinse that does it.

Reckitt's BLUE
Remember! Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

Goldenia Tea

Prove the delicious flavour of this super-quality tea—it's the tea that makes meal-time enjoyable.

J. C. WILLIAMSON LTD.
ROYAL CRITERION
MATS. WED. AND SAT. 2.
The Sensational Musical Attraction:
"WHITE HORSE INN" "TEN MINUTES ALIBI"

2UW HIGHLIGHTS for Readers

WOMEN'S WEEKLY
SESSIONS, 9.45 to 10
and 2 to 3 daily.

Conducted by LINDA P. LITTLEJOHN.

Legal Pitfalls for Women

WHEN you save out of the housekeeping money, to whom does it belong?

You could have spent it all as recklessly as you wished but, by care and by hard work, perhaps you have succeeded in putting by several pounds for a rainy day or for a long-desired holiday. In an expansive moment you tell your husband of your cleverness. Just at that moment he conceives the idea that he is sure he could back the winning horse, or draw a lottery prize, or even get rich quickly through a wonderful gold mine of which he has heard.

He suggests you give him the savings, but you prefer to keep it for a better purpose.

Who really is the owner of that money?

Listen in to 2UW on Wednesday, May 16, when this will be explained by a well-known Sydney barrister.

There are many other such problems about which women are lamentably ignorant, so Mrs. Linda Littlejohn has arranged with a barrister (who, for obvious reasons, must be anonymous) to give a series of talks entitled "Legal Pitfalls for Women."

Other subjects will be "Is a Husband Liable for His Wife's Debts?"; "What is a Wife Legally Entitled To?"; "Judicial Separation and Its Dangers"; "Marriage and Divorce"; "Maintenance Rights."

Mrs. Littlejohn will be glad to receive letters from interested women suggesting subjects that they would like discussed.

Attractive Musical Fare

ON Sunday, beginning at 10 a.m., the "Music of the Masters" Session will include the Double Concerto in D Minor by Bach, played by the 16-year-old genius, Yehudi Menuhin.

When Yehudi made his debut in London, at the age of 12, a leading critic wrote, "It is really useless to explain a miracle, so it is waste of time to try to account for his mastery of the violin." Yehudi was born of Palestinian Jewish parents in New York. He studied in San Francisco, and later in Europe, under Adolf Busch and Georges Enesco.

His parents were in very humble circumstances when the boy's genius was recognised. Too poor to buy him the violin he desired, they provided him with a toy fiddle. The squeakiness of this so annoyed him that he threw it to the ground. When he was four, however, his grandmother scraped together enough to buy him a violin. To-day he is the proud possessor of a Strad, costing £12,000, given to him by a New York banker.

Yehudi's parents are determined that he shall not be overworked, and so far he has not been allowed to play in public more than twice a week. This young star will excite great interest when he visits Australia later in the year.

Musical attractions on Sunday from 2UW will also include the Boston Symphony Orchestra in "Le Valse," at 3.30, followed at 6.0 p.m. by a bracket of numbers by Arthur Rubinstein.

Musical lovers will also enjoy the "Miniature Musicale" presented every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, by Amy Oestgen, Vernon Sellers, and Clifford Arnold.

Irish Poet and Playwright

TO be Irish is generally conceded as an indication of a romantic temperament, and frustrated romance is commonly accepted as being most soulfully expressed in verse.

As an Irish poet and playwright, W. B. Yeats presents all the charm of his birthplace, and so the legend runs, one of his most exquisite poems was inspired by his love for a woman. Circumstances, however, presented insuperable barriers to the lovers, and at parting Yeats gave her a full edition of his works.

In it he inscribed the touching poem, written especially for the occasion, the first verse of which runs:

"When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read and dream of the soft look

Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep . . ."

Dorothea Vautier will read some of his poems and tell of his life on Friday at 2.30 during The Australian Women's Weekly Session from 2UW.

Women and War

ON Tuesday, at 2.40, Joyce Melville, of Sydney University, will speak on "Women and War." This subject is just now of enthralling interest, since it is a recognised fact that in a future war there will be no non-combatants. Women will thus be called upon to face all and suffer much. Miss Melville



MISS JOYCE MELVILLE
—Hollywood photo.

will speak from the viewpoint of the younger generation, who are very articulate on this subject.

Monkhouse and Russia

THE fanatic is sure that no good could come out of Russia. The ultra-enthusiast sees in that vast country "a bed of roses" all the way. Where does the truth lie?

Alan Monkhouse, who spent many years there, employed at the hydro-electric works, gives a graphic account of the life and conditions in his book, "Moscow, 1911-1933." St. John Irvine, writing in an English journal of Monkhouse's story of his now famous trial and acquittal, contends that Monkhouse must be a most human man. In spite of the treatment to which he had to submit, he never descends to abuse or displays any bias against his accusers.

Mrs. Littlejohn will tell of this man and his experiences on Wednesday at 4 p.m. Her other talks for the week will be the final one on "Women Under Different Religions: Christianity" on Monday at 4 p.m., and "News of Women the World Over" on Friday at 11.15.

Songs and a Strange School

WHAT heart does not beat a little faster at the strains of "Who is Sylvia?" or "It was a Lover and his Lass?" On Tuesday at 2.15 Dorothea Vautier will reintroduce her listeners to these familiar songs of Shakespeare and will relate the romances associated with them.

"The Strangest School in the World" is a school for barge children. The teacher, Elaine Murray, never knows how many children will turn up; it just depends on how many barges arrive at the wharf during the morning! Listen to this story on Thursday afternoon during the 2 to 3 session.

Tilting at Windmills

"TILTING at windmills." How familiar this expression is. Haven't we all wasted our energies trying to do many things that were utterly futile? But—how many of us know where the expression emanated?

To Mrs. Littlejohn the expression and its source recall a vivid scene. It was Geneva, 1931, the delegates to the League Assembly were there, and one evening in a room packed to suffocation stood a little woman, a vivid brunette, her flashing eyes alert and clever. It was Signora Campomar, one of the Spanish delegates to the Assembly.

There was no platform. The signora took her stand by a small table and, in fluent French marked by a strong Spanish accent, she held those hundreds enthralled. She spoke of the famous Spanish literature and history as exemplified in "Don Quixote." She explained that he stood for all that Spain held dear—not self-pity, but courage, unwavering hopefulness and riotous and glorious action. It is from the story of this famous Spaniard that the familiar expression is quoted.

Mayne Lynton and Nancy Stewart will present this story by Cervantes on Sunday at 8 p.m. from 2UW.

Two Bands for 2UW Ball

TWO bands in order that the indefatigable can enjoy full measure, will be the great attraction at the 2UW ball at Farmer's Blackland Galleries on Tuesday, 15th.

The 2UW personalities as hosts and hostesses will preside at special tables. Listeners are invited to the ball (tickets 6/6) and may select the personality at whose table they wish to sit. It is to be an evening full of jollity. Intending guests are asked to book at 2UW. The dance music will be provided by Cec. Morrison's bands and will be broadcast during part of the evening.

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will be sent to anyone who wishes to
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A. LEFROY (Dept. W.)
SMOKING RELIEF SPECIALIST,
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SHEETING WITH A 5 YEARS GUARANTEE
O.S. Leader
(Oldie Beach)
SHEETING
Twill or Plain: 54in., 2/6 yd.; 60in., 2/11; 72in., 3/6; 80in., 3/11; 90in., 4/6.

CHEMIST SAYS

"HEENZO is the best family cough and influenza remedy."

A WONDERFUL MONEY-SAVER

A leading chemist advises parents to save money by making their own family cough remedy by simply adding concentrated HEENZO to sweetened water. By doing this you will have a supply equal in quantity to eight ordinary-sized cough-mixture bottles that would cost up to £1. HEENZO is the ideal family cough remedy because of its absolute purity and freedom from narcotics. Therefore, it is a safe and good remedy for even the youngest baby, as well as adults. A bottle of concentrated HEENZO will cost you 2/- at all leading chemists and stores. Over one million citizens annually prove the goodness and economy of HEENZO as a speedy and reliable remedy for banishing coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, influenza and whooping cough. Thrift is a sign of wisdom. Buy a bottle of HEENZO to-day, and have it in the home for immediate use at the first sign of chest and throat ailments.***

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED

Ugly hairs from face and chest guaranteed permanent and painlessly cured by Sister Louise, who is one of the very few genuine Electrolysis experts in Sydney. She has had years of experience in this work and has the latest equipment to aid her also specialising in the Removal of Moles, Warts, Freckles, Eyebrows, Arching, Medical Massage, and the new Andree Beauty Mask.
Facial Hair Removed - - - 5/-
Course of 6 Treatments - - - 21/-
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BEAUTY SALON
OXFORD STREET - - SYDNEY

WANTED TO BUY

OLD Gold Purchased. Highest possible price. E. F. Smith, 113a Pitt St (near Hunter St.)***

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY

By JANE ANNE SEYMOUR



ONE of the brightest interludes in the week's toil and torments was the premiere of "Friday the Thirteenth," and "Just Smith," at the Prince Edward. The former has been acclaimed

by the critics as a film classic and the latter is one of those fantastic stories of a gentleman crook whose versatility is only equalled by his fascination

Apart from the fun of the thing, "Just Smith" contains some delightful examples of everything a young girl ought to know about clothes for yachting, dancing, hunting, roulette, or just plain everyday wear. The evening frock of the young heroine would turn any other young heroine green with envy.

The audience was very smart, too, careful coiffuring and charming frocking offering a gay gesture of defiance to the elements. The halo plait is evidently in for a good fashion run, and as a finish to a softly waved head it has a grace and dignity which make it especially suited for the youthful and youthful-looking matron. Ermine wraps were the most enviable of the many beautiful furs, those of Mrs. J. S. McCarty and Mrs. Albert Nathan being particularly lovely.

Other well-known people in the smartly-frocked audience included Sir Samuel and Lady Walder, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Tait, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. W. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Wynne Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Berkman, Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Wheatley, Mr. and Mrs. Sep Levy, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Rouse, Mr. and Mrs. John See, and Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Abrahams.

DR. AND MRS. GLASSON, of Wellington, are welcoming their first-born daughter, Mrs. Glasson is daughter of Archdeacon Wood, of Newcastle, and cousin of the Ernest Wilsons, of Barraba.

WITH the advent of the school holidays many young people's parties are taking place. One of the cheeriest of these was that given by Mrs. Craig Brown at her home, 1, Trelawney St., Woolahra, on Saturday.

Another "Younger Set" party on Saturday was given by Mrs. Kenneth Bennett, of Bellevue Hill, for about 70 guests.

AN engagement of interest announced this week is that of Sheila Noonan, daughter of the late Mr. John Noonan and of Mrs. M. B. Noonan, of Coomera Cres., Darling Point, to Gordon Collingridge, Mr. Collingridge is a son of Mrs. Arthur Collingridge, of Ryde. His father was a well-known artist.

ONE of the most sought-after persons at the Shirley dance on Monday was Mrs. Laird (formerly Miss Ada Saunders, co-principal). Mrs. Laird has a beautiful home at Stirling, Scotland. It is so charming that the Overseas League arranges a day every year, except last year, when so many people wanted to visit it, that there had to be two days, for Australians abroad to see it.

Mrs. Laird had expected to leave Sydney in June, but she received a cable from her husband last week to say his sailing date had been put forward, so that she will probably remain here a month or so longer. The ball was held at Hordern Bros.

Parties were taken by Miss Eva Saunders (principal), Freda Farram, Patricia Richards, Mrs. Cecil Beckwith, Mrs. Kenneth Everingham, Nina Gilbert, Lorraine Hines, and Gretchen Landal.

"COORAIL," the lovely home at Wentworth Falls which Mr. R. N. Pitt recently gave to the Country Women's Association, is at present a sight for the gods. Autumn has been at work on the small forest of 23-year-old maple trees which surrounds the house, and the glowing glory of its golds and russets and crimson beggars description.

The C.W.A. has turned the home into a guest house for people of moderate means, and afternoon teas are served on the wide verandahs to tourists. The views from the verandahs are among the most magnificent in the mountains. Last week the local branch of the C.W.A. held the first official tea party at the home. A steady stream of cars poured in at the gates all the afternoon and, as each of the guests brought a gift of linen, the supplies of the roomy press have been miraculously replenished.

MR. AND MRS. RALPH HORNIDGE'S firstborn was christened Jill Emma on Sunday at St. Mark's by Canon Lea. The infant wore an heirloom christening robe presented by a friend of her grandmother, Mrs. Emma-Taylor.

ONE of the happiest members at the party of the Women's Country Club last week, in honor of Mrs. J. A. Lyons, was Miss Daisy Degoutard. Her concerto was broadcast that night so successfully that the manuscript is to be placed in Parliament House, Canberra.

Mrs. Lyons in her speech made some very witty remarks. Among them, "The person who believes in speaking her mind usually has a most unpleasant one"; "Husbands have been tortured to death with good cooking."

IN honor of Poushnoff and Horace Stevens, Enid Baumberg gave a bright Sunday night cocktail party at her home, "Greystanes," Elizabeth Bay. Hugo Larsen and Charles Norman were also guests of honor.

Keith Hamilton anchored his yacht at the foot of "Greystanes" and took some of the many guests for harbor trips during the evening. Among the crowd of well-known people present were Mrs. W. H. Mackay, Agnes Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lipscomb Hannam, Commander and Mrs. P. J. Hogan, Joan Gifford, Nuttie MacKellar, Alison Forbes Mackay, Nancy Bruce-Smith, Joan Hannam, Helen Williams, Dr. Cedric Keith Cohen, Joy White, Jean Black, Enid Hull, Muriel Coberoff, and lots of young men.

MR. JAMES FOOTT, who has been practising in Brisbane, has returned to Sydney with his wife (formerly Mavis Coles, of Roseville) and baby son, and is settling into a home at Mosman.



TOP: Miss Jocelyn Poynter, daughter of Lady Poynter, of Warrawee. Miss Poynter's artistic gifts include a flair for the designing of stage costumes.

—Women's Weekly photo.

LEFT: This is Margot Milne, of Adelaide, whose marriage to Mr. Norman Kater, son of Sir Norman Kater, and the late Lady Kater, will be celebrated in Adelaide on May 15.

—Rembrandt, Adelaide.



MRS. W. H. KIRBY returned to her station home, "Bulindie," at Durrumbidgee, on Sunday, after spending six weeks at Manly. Before she left she entertained a number of friends at David Jones', including Mesdames J. R. Loughnan, C. Ludlow, W. Devereux, J. Fitzalan, and A. M. Moore. Accompanied by her son, Harry, Mrs. Moore is driving to Binalong to holiday while the schools are in recess. They will stay a part of the time as the guests of Mrs. T. J. Ryan, at "Gaynugna" station.

MRS. DESMOND FITZGERALD, of Beresford Rd., Rose Bay, is taking her three small daughters to Blackheath for the holidays.

MRS. BILL DALRYMPLE HAY has bought a small standard car, and has taken a cottage for two months at Cobbley. She wants to do a lot of riding, and to practise polo.

MRS. W. S. DAVIES, of Waverley, was hostess to a party at David Jones' recently. Lady Benjamin Fuller, Mrs. Claude Weston, Mrs. Eva Wunderlich, Mrs. Jack Jacobson, Miss Eva Davies, and Miss Gladys Christmas were among her guests.

NOT only has competition from other States driven the women painters this year towards more varied sized paintings, some being very much larger than usual, but it has caused many of them to branch out in unexpected directions artistically.

Olive Birkenhead, formerly given to quiet, soft greens and blues, and Miss Ethel Stephens, have some unusually vivid work, and Mrs. E. M. Spring, of Arts and Crafts fame, has returned once more to the Fine Arts with some new mountain work. One of the most interested visitors to the opening on Friday was Elspeth McLeod, an old girl of "Doonee," at present visiting Sydney from Queensland.

Elspeth, who is a niece of Mrs. Percy Walker, studied for a year under Julian Ashton, and still wishes she could continue with her etching and watercolors. Elspeth is particularly excited at Prince Henry's visit, as the Prince is booked to spend a couple of days on her family's station, "Terriea," near Inglewood.

SIR WILLIAM CULLEN, Chancellor of Sydney University, likes meetings to be conducted well, or not at all. At the annual meeting of the Sydney University Settlement on Friday, when he put a motion and received only a poor response of "Ayes," he would not pass it until everybody said "Aye" properly.

The modern problem, how to fill in one's leisure hours, particularly when one is penniless and unemployed, was prominent in the reports of the members. Miss Docker (Settler) remarked that she found it very hard to prohibit children from climbing her verandah-post when she remembered they had practically no opportunities for climbing trees, and how pathetic she thought it that the Girl Guides found the nature tests the hardest, when these were only concerned with describing any plant or animal they knew.

A visitors' book was an innovation at the meeting. Those who signed it included Mrs. W. J. Dakin, Mrs. G. A. Wood, Barbara Peden, Mrs. W. C. Wentworth, Miss Charles-Fairfax (who is interested in slum work generally, as well as Boy Scouts), Lady MacCallum, Helen Taylor, and Miss Isabel Fidler.

TO farewell Neville Pixley, who leaves for Japan on Monday, and in honor of Pat Walsh, who is visiting Sydney from Tasmania, Betty Hungerford gave a cocktail party at her home in Double Bay on Wednesday. Also present were Marjorie, Eric, and Hugh Luscombe-Newman, Enid and John Riddle, Humphrey Henchman and fiancée Nancy White, Francis Graham, Bob Brown, Freda Osborne, Prudence White, Beaupre Bassett, Katherine Pitt, Dick and Marjorie Simpson, Mollie Bearely, Naomi Williams, Beatrice Fawcett, Wilma Bayly, Wilh. Riley, John Brain, Commander Maynard, Ronald Henderson, Bruce Stevens, Alison Forbes Mackay, Hugh Giblin, and Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Thomson.

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Heavyweight All-wool Cardigan. Fine rib knit. Ribbed band and contrast bands at front and hip line. Shades: Cherry, Lido, Royal, Powder, Almond, Bottle, Wine, Black, Brown and Navy. W. O.S. Usually 25/11. HUB PRICE, ea. 13/11

2.—Jacquard

Colorful Jacquard Cardigans in pretty design. Self facings down front, pockets and cuffs. Dainty shades. S.W. W. O.S. Usually 28/11. HUB PRICE, ea. 19/11

3.—Flecked

Woolen Cardigan. Fancy fleck knit. Self facings down front and pockets. Three buttons to fasten. Shades: Saxe, Royal, Grey, Brown, Wine, Red and Fawn. W. size only. Usually 6/11. HUB PRICE, ea. 3/11

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All-wool outside Woolen Cardigan. Fine soft wool. Roomy make. Practical shades. O.S. X.O.S. Usually 19/11. HUB PRICE, ea. 15/11

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styles than we
could count!

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ONE OF MANY

All-wool novelty Jumper and Cardigan Jumpers, featuring many novel treatments, with high neck. Other styles have side fastening and belted. Another style has ribbed basque. Pretty Jacquard designs, also fine rib or fancy stitch. Delightful colorings. HUB PRICE 15/11 to 19/11

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Colorful all-wool fine knit Cardigan. Super quality. Fine ribbed facing down front, pockets, and cuffs, with fine pencil line contrast. Marine Blue, Almond, Bottle, Wine, Navy, Saxe, Cherry, Brown and Black. S.W. W. O.S. Usually 19/11. HUB PRICE, each 12/11

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AT THE RENWICK HOSPITAL: Sister encourages a little patient to try out his strength.

WHERE Every Day Is MOTHER'S DAY

For 121 years, the Benevolent Society of New South Wales has been noted for its solicitude for the welfare of women and children, and to this society belongs the honor of first conceiving the idea of regarding the baby as a separate unit in connection with hospital treatment.

EARLY in this century a "Consultation for Infants" Committee was initiated at the Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington, and in 1908 an Out-patients' Department was inaugurated at the society's office in Thomas St.

This department undertook the medical and nursing care of babies in their own homes. A staff of district nurses was established for the teaching of mothers, fresh milk was delivered at the homes, food provided and a dispensary set up.

No effort of this kind had previously been attempted in Australia.

It speedily became apparent that even greater measures were necessary, and, in consequence, structural alterations were made and wards prepared on purely hospital lines for the more scientific and specialised treatment of sick babies.

THIS building, named after the late Sir Arthur Renwick, who had devoted so many years of his life to the work of the society, was officially opened on July 3, 1911.

Two years later the society decided that the growing volume of traffic, with its accompanying noise and din, rendered undesirable the presence of a babies' hospital in the heart of the city.

The directors therefore set out on a quest for a more appropriate site. Eventually they decided to acquire the beautiful old home and grounds of Dr. Hindle, situated between Liverpool Rd. and Grosvenor Cres., Summer Hill.

THE fifty cots in the hospital are confined to the use of babies not exceeding two years of age. Nearly 1000 indoor patients are treated annually, many of them necessitating surgical attention. At the two Out-patients' Departments there were no fewer than 5000 individual cases involving 37,000 attendances during last year.

In addition to the medical superintendent, resident medical officer, matron and nurses, a large honorary medical staff of surgeons and physicians is regularly in attendance.

The wives of the latter have decided to more definitely identify themselves with the great work in which their men-folk are so interested.

RECENTLY they resolved to form an auxiliary to be composed exclusively of doctors' wives.

They are now busily engaged in preparing a programme of events to come, embracing card parties, musicales, and dances. The funds secured from these efforts will be devoted to assisting to defray the cost of an X-ray plant that the directors of the Benevolent Society have decided to install immediately.

Although the wife of any medical practitioner is eligible for membership of the committee, it was thought fitting that the executive positions should be

held by wives of members of the Renwick honorary medical staff. The president is Mrs. J. E. Sherwood, vice-president, Mrs. Victor Courick, hon. sec. Mrs. W. T. Coyle, and hon. treas. Mrs. Milton Coutts.



Coming events

EVEN in the dear delightful days of his babyhood, the problem of his education looms up before you.

He is to be given the best you can provide—he is to start in the great competition of life with no disadvantage, but with as much equipment as earning-power can furnish.

But what if the plans so fondly framed miscarry—if earnings diminish, or fateful calamity deprives him of parental provision? These things also loom large in the dim background of every parent's thinking.

The answer, of course, is provided by life insurance, for a trifling sum removing those dependent upon you from the perils of financial misadventure. And the logical people to carry the risk are the Prudential.

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Science Again Leads the Way to Perfect Health

CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST is the result of years of experimenting by foremost German scientists, and they give you good health, youthfulness and the joy of living, because you will be able to enjoy your life to the full. No longer will you feel too tired to enjoy life. Cenovis is the greatest energiser and rejuvenator ever made available to the men and women of Australia. The Vitamins B1, B2 and B4 so essential to healthy digestion, and Vitamin D, so necessary for keeping the respiratory organs healthy and free from disease, are yours in abundance if you take CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST, the Yeast with the Ultra Violet Ray. Prices 1/6, 2/6, 5/- and 8/- from your local chemist. If you bake your own bread, try CENOVIS BAKING YEAST, you'll be delighted. 1/6, 2/6, 1/6 and 7/6 from your local chemist or grocer. A free beauty face pack with each tin of yeast. FACE PACKS, 1/- each. Don't chance keeping well, make sure of good health by taking CENOVIS IRRADIATED YEAST. It will protect you from future illness.

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Please forward me a Cenovis Beauty Face
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general health—the renewed vim
and vigor. 1/3 & 3/- everywhere.

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preparation
before

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Mr. Ernest Watt's old home, "Ara-luen" (formerly "Doone"), is being pulled down?

Mary Harvey flew back from Brisbane last week after spending a wonderful holiday with Flag-Lieutenant and Mrs. Gatacre?

Lady Street, her daughter, and her granddaughter, are all called Belinda?

Mr. Francis Miller left Sydney on Monday at a few days' notice to live in Singapore?

Mistaken Identity

ON Friday evening Meg Smith, who has just returned to Sydney to continue her studies under Miss Janet Smith after "doing" the race meeting at Dungog, accompanied her aunt, Mrs. Norman Lowe, and some of her friends to the Savoy to "The Widow's Might." After the show the party returned to Mrs. Lowe's home, where there was a buffet supper and dancing.

Meg's guests included Noel Lowe, Phyllis and Jean Croll, Lieut. Durie, Norman Hull, David Spring, and John Flynn. This John Flynn, by the way, although a lawyer like his namesake, is not the newly-engaged V. J. Flynn, though for a fortnight past his telephone has been buzzing with congratulations, and he has received many interesting letters on the same subject.

Dates Clash

MR. AND MRS. CHOLMONDELY DARVALL, who arranged a party for this Thursday at their home, were upset when they found their date clashed with that of the "Cranbrook" dance, as their son is one of the head boys there. As everything had been fixed, however, the arrangements have had to stand.

House on Lease

WHILE the Lawrence Heyworths are away, Mr. A. T. Tyler and Mrs. Tyler have taken their house in Rose Bay. The Tylers have a daughter at Ascham, and a son at The King's School.

For Picnic Races

JOAN WILLOUGHBY DOWLING flew home from Sydney with George Falkner, of Warren, and stayed a few days en route at Burren with Mr. and Mrs. Keith Fisher.

Bruce Ronald squirmed her to the Quirindi picnic races, and she is going on to the Gunnedah festivities. The Ronalds are entertaining a house party for Gunnedah's picnic race week.

Admiral's Wife Honored

IN spite of the lengthy waiting list for the Queen's Club, Mrs. Forde, wife of the new Admiral, has been elected to membership.

Mrs. Forde's two little sons, who were ill, are now quite well, and are enjoying the company of their father whenever he can spare time to idle in the beautiful garden, or on the beaches near their Vaucluse home.

At the Great Wall

INTERESTING letters are coming from Dr. W. C. Mansfield and his daughter (Mary) from the East. As the doctor is interested in everything historical, he is now busily exploring the older parts of Peking, especially the Great Wall, and having a look at Mukden, the seat of the recent trouble.

Mary is very thrilled at the exquisite lingerie to be had for the proverbial song. They will return early in July. Mrs. Mansfield, who stayed at home with son Ralph, is leaving this week for a holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Booth at Dubbo, where Mr. Booth is a solicitor.

Week-end at Camden

AS even with the ubiquitous car, Camden is still very out of the world, quite a lot of town folk who went up to Mrs. Downes' party at Brownlow Hill, Camden, last week, stayed for the week-end. The party was in honor of Mrs. Edgar Downes and her daughter, Diana, and for Joan See, all of whom leave for England on May 25.

Visiting France

MR. AND MRS. W. A. HOLMAN had hoped that daughter, Portia, would return to Australia for the present vacation, as it lasts for two months, and she was due for an extra few weeks.

Portia has been invited, however, to attend a summer school in France, where she will speak English to the French girls, and French to the English girls, and, not having been to the Continent lately, has accepted.

At the Players' Club

DR. AND MRS. ALAN FISHER met an acquaintance they had not seen since the Geneva Conference at the Players' Club's "Roundabout" on Saturday.

Miss Muriel Steinbeck, who played lead in "She Passed Through Lorraine," was also in the audience, wearing a brand new engagement ring, the token of her promise to Mr. Bob Aubrey.

In and Out of Society .: By WEP



Popular Young Man

FOR number and enthusiasm, David Game's farewells threaten to eclipse those tendered Miss Crowdy. Tony Balthasar, who is one of David's three faithful Jonathans—John Radford and Peter Osborn are the others—is giving a farewell dance for his friend at the Australia on May 17.

Warwick Club Closed

THE WARWICK CLUB has closed as a club. Mrs. Gillman has gone to England. Mrs. Philip Robertson, who ran the club as a hobby, is still living there. Her only daughter, Evelyn (Mrs. Campbell), is living at present in a fortress with thousands of servants in the Sudan. Her husband is a high Government official there.

A "Doone" Lion

NOT only the arts and graces are represented within the four walls of "Doone" at present; a most recent member of the finishing school is Pauline Spencer Parsons, tennis champion of Tasmania. Pauline is staying with Mrs. Fyfe-Watt at Woollahra, and expects her brother to come to Sydney to boarding-school shortly.

The "Doone" girls are having quite a lot of sport at the moment, besides tennis, being frequent guests during the week-ends on board the Luscombe-Newmans yacht.

In the Mountains

MRS. H. B. SUTTON, of "Tredgear," Darling Point, has been at Leura supervising alterations to her home, "The Golfers." While she was there lots of friends dropped in and enjoyed the wonderful view, and greatly appreciated the hospitable cup of tea dispensed with the aid of a kettle always at the simmer on the hob in the living room.

Other visitors to the mountains include Mrs. W. Butler, Mrs. J. Tomlinson, and Dr. and Mrs. P. Morris, of Vaucluse.

Visitor from Melbourne

MRS. SYDNEY B. MEYER, of Toorak, Melbourne, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones during a fortnight's visit to Sydney. Mrs. Meyer was Merlyn Baillieu before her marriage, and is a cousin of Mrs. Sam Hordern, junior.

An Interesting Engagement

IT isn't often that the wedding of a granddaughter is followed by that of a daughter. But this will happen in the family of Mrs. Buckland, widow of Mr. J. A. Buckland, of "Clydesdale," Marsden Park. Recently, the wedding took place of Nettie Clarke, Mrs. Buckland's granddaughter, and now Rita Buckland is shortly to marry Captain C. W. C. Thompson, of the Garrison Artillery. He has been stationed here for some years, but his people (Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Thompson) live in Bentleigh, Victoria.

Rita Buckland has always been a live wire, and is full of charm. She was the first Sydney girl to break into the movie world, playing lead in "Snowy" Baker's "Lure of the Bush," in which her riding was a great feature. She also did splendid work for the soldiers at Randwick.

Mrs. Harry Clayton, another daughter of Mrs. Buckland, has recently returned from abroad, and has taken a flat at Waratah.

£250 Knitting Contest

Endless scope is provided for our readers in the various sections into which this big competition has been divided. Any reader can enter as many sections as she wishes, and thus have the chance of winning more than one prize.

Each garment, however, is only eligible for entry in one section and must be accompanied by four successively dated coupons.

SECTION 1.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize ... £20
2nd Prize ... £10
3rd Prize ... £5
Total of 23 Prizes valued at £200.

This Section will be open to all entrants. Each garment must comprise a color scheme of not less than four distinct shades. Shades in marl wool will not be considered as constituting a color scheme. Knitting, design, originality, and general effect will all be taken into account in the judging.

SECTION 2.

Lady's Jumper or Cardigan

1st Prize ... £20
2nd Prize ... £10
3rd Prize ... £5
Total of 23 Prizes valued at £200.

This Section will be open only to those who have not previously won a prize in any knitting competition. Any design may be used.

The Australian Women's Weekly knitting book contains twenty exclusive designs for 6d. Buy your copy now, or write to this office enclosing 8d. in stamps to cover postage.

and entrants' attention is directed to the book published by The Australian Women's Weekly featuring, with directions, the latest designs from overseas.

SECTION 3.

Man's Cardigan or Pull-over

1st Prize ... £20
2nd Prize ... £10
3rd Prize ... £5
Total of 13 Prizes valued at £25.

To entrants: These garments will be designed mainly for school wear, and entrants are asked to evolve attractive garments by using school colors, badges, etc.

SECTION 4.

Baby's Outfit

1st Prize ... £10
2nd Prize ... £5
3rd Prize ... £2
Total of 23 Prizes valued at £20.

To entrants: These garments will be designed mainly for school wear, and entrants are asked to evolve attractive garments by using school colors, badges, etc.

SECTION 5.

Pull-over or Cardigan for Children

1st Prize ... £20
2nd Prize ... £10
3rd Prize ... £5
Total of 12 Prizes valued at £20.

To entrants: These garments will be designed mainly for school wear, and entrants are asked to evolve attractive garments by using school colors, badges, etc.

SECTION 6.

Best Outfit of 5/-

1st Prize ... £15
2nd Prize ... £8
3rd Prize ... £4
Total of 23 Prizes valued at £25.

To entrants: These garments will be designed mainly for school wear, and entrants are asked to evolve attractive garments by using school colors, badges, etc.

SECTION 7.

Lady's Singlet

1st Prize ... £15
2nd Prize ... £8
3rd Prize ... £4
Total of 23 Prizes valued at £25.

This Section will be open to all entrants. Each garment must comprise a color scheme of not less than four distinct shades. Shades in marl wool will not be considered as constituting a color scheme. Knitting, design, originality, and general effect will all be taken into account in the judging.

Conditions

1. A dated entry coupon will be published weekly in The Australian Women's Weekly during the progress of the competition, and each entry must be accompanied by four successively dated coupons.
2. The name and full address of competitor and the number of the section in which the exhibit is to be judged must be printed in ink on calico and sewn firmly to the garment.
3. Each entry must be entirely the work of the competitor, but any number of entries may be sent in by one competitor. Each entry must comply with condition 1.
4. Entries must be handed in or posted to the head office of The Australian Women's Weekly in the competitor's State, namely:—
N.S.W.: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St. Sydney.
Queensland: Shell House, 101 Ann St. Brisbane.
South Australia: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.
Victoria: Age Chambers, 239 Collins St. Melbourne.
5. Entries close on June 15.
6. Insufficiently stamped entries will not be accepted. If an exhibit is to be returned by post, the competitor must send sufficient postage to cover return.
7. An official receipt for each exhibit will be supplied to each competitor, and must be produced when application is made for the return of the garment at the close of the competition.
8. Every care will be taken of the entries, but The Australian Women's Weekly cannot accept any responsibility for goods lost or stolen in transit. Entrants are advised to send parcels either by rail or by registered post.
9. Entries may be pressed, but must not be washed or cleaned.
10. Judging will be done by experts, and the results will be announced as soon as possible after the closing of the competition. The judges' decisions will be absolutely final.

Entry Coupon on inside back cover.

For "Goldilocks"

FULL directions that can be quite simply followed even by those who have never tried to make a knitted garment before have been compiled. Write to our office enclosing 2d. in stamps and a stamped addressed envelope at any of the following addresses:—

The Australian Women's Weekly—
ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann St.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins St.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Ch. Watt St.
SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 321 Pitt St.

A JERSEY... for "Junior"

This extremely practical little pull-over is designed for the laddie who has just graduated to the stage of wearing tiny tailored trousers. It is comfortable to wear, easy to knit, and extremely attractive in appearance.

Materials Required: 5oz. Brown/Pawn/White overprinted Marl mixture 4-ply Vivella wool 4 brown buttons.

Needles: English, 1 pair No. 9.
Measurements: Length from shoulder, 14 inches. Chest, 22 inches. Sleeve seam, 12 1/2 inches.

Tension: 6 stitches to 1 inch. 9 rows to 1 inch.

Contractions: K. for knit. P. for purl. St. for stitch.

The jersey is knitted in four different stitches.

K. 2 p. 2, ribbing for the hem and cuffs.

Stocking stitch: K. 1 row, p. 1 row.

Moss stitch: K. 1, p. 1 every row, the knitted st. coming over the knitted st. of the previous row.

Knot stitch (for the stripes and yoke).

This is worked in the following way:



THIS TRIM little pull-over is knitted in an effective fancy stitch and has a square neck and a three-button fastening at the shoulder.

1st. Row: *Work 3 times into the first st. (knit, purl, knit), then p. 3 together, repeat from * to end of row.

2nd. Row: Purl.

3rd. Row: *P. 3 together, work 3 times into the next st., repeat from * to end of row.

4th. Row: Purl.

This pattern should always be worked with a number of sts. divisible by four and should be worked alternately so that the 3 sts. purled together in one row should come above the 3 sts. worked in one of the preceding pattern. The purl rows should come on the right side of the work.

FRONT

Cast on 80 sts. Work 20 rows in ribbing to form a hem.

Stocking stitch 7 rows.

8th. Row: *Work 3 times into first st., p. 3 together, repeat from * to end of row.

9th. Row: Purl.

10th. Row: *P. 3 together, work 3 times into next st., repeat from * to end of row. Repeat these 10 rows 6 times in all, then work 7 rows in stocking stitch.

This brings you to the 88th row and the yoke which is worked in the fancy stitch.

88th. Row: As 8th. row.

89th. Row: As 9th. row.

90th. Row: As 10th. row.

91st. Row: Purl.

Work these 4 rows four times in all. 104th. Row: As 8th. row.

You now work a border of moss stitch round the neck and make an opening with 4 buttonholes on the right shoulder in the following way:

105th. Row: P. 20, work 40 in moss stitch, p. 20.

106th. Row: Work in pattern for 20 sts., moss 40, work 20 sts. in pattern. Continue in this way, working 20 sts. in pattern on either side of the 40 moss stitches, for 8 rows.

115th. Row: P. 20, work 8 moss sts., cast off 24, work 8 in moss stitch, p. 20. Work 10 more rows on these last 28 sts. for the right shoulder, keeping 8 sts. in moss stitch for the neck edge, and slipping the first of these sts.

Now work the shoulder opening and buttonholes as follows:

126th. Row: Work 8 sts. in pattern, *p. 2, k. 2 tog., work forward as if to purl, k. 1, repeat from * to end of row.

127th. Row: Cast off 20 and without



CHUBBY LITTLE TODDLERS will look so cuddlesome in this cosy coat and cap, and the touch of "Lazy Daisy" trimming is a very attractive finish.

"GOLDILOCKS" SUIT

THIS dear little coat and hat make a charming outfit for the toddler. The coat fastens snugly at the neck and the cap nestles very becomingly among her curls.

The knitting is done in stocking stitch, with a rib introduced to add a touch of variety. Small sprays of "Lazy Daisy" stitch supply a note of color that adds to the appeal. To procure directions, see column two.

knitting the remaining sts., cast on 20, then work 8 sts. in moss stitch and p. to end of row.

Work 9 more rows on these sts., still keeping a border of moss stitch at the neck edge.

Now work 20 rows on the other 28 sts. for the left shoulder, with 8 sts. in moss stitch at the neck edge, and slipping the first of these sts.

Cast on 24 sts. for back of neck and work 10 rows with 20 sts. in pattern on either side and 40 sts. in moss stitch in the centre. Work 16 rows in fancy pattern, which completes the yoke.

Work the remainder of the back to match the front, finishing with 20 rows of ribbing and casting off on a purl row.

When knitting the sleeves, decrease 1 st. each end of the 41st, 47th, 51st, 57th, 61st, 67th, 71st, 77th, 81st, and 87th rows.

For the sleeves, on the purl side of the work, pick up and knit 60 sts. across the shoulders.

Stocking stitch 7 rows.

8th. Row: As 8th. row of front.

9th. and 10th. Rows: As 9th. and 10th. rows of front.

Work these 10 rows 8 times in all, then stocking stitch 7 rows. Work 20 rows of ribbing for the cuff and cast off on a purl row.

Join and press all seams. Sew on the buttons to correspond with the buttonholes.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

High Blood Pressure Every Year Kills More People Than Does Cancer, for High Blood Pressure Destroys the Arteries and Heart.

SYMPTOMS OF HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE.—The most frequent symptoms of High Blood Pressure are as follows:—

1. Chronic headaches.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness, and heaviness of the head.
4. Flashes to head and throat.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Insomnia and nervousness.
7. Failing eyesight.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE ATTACKS YOUR HEART

If you suffer in this way act quickly and at once, because High Blood Pressure gradually gets worse and worse, attacking and weakening your heart and hardening and thickening your arteries so that you are never quite well at any time, and you must die before your time unless you get attention quickly to keep the pressure down to a safe level. Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY

Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids are Nature's own remedy for High Blood Pressure. Menhoids sweep your blood stream free of poisons, keep your arteries youthful, and tone up your stomach, liver, and kidneys and make you feel young and vigorous.

If you suffer from any of these symptoms go to your chemist to-day, and get a box of Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids and take one Menhoid at meal time. You can get large boxes of Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids containing enough for one month's treatment for 8/6, or smaller boxes for 3/6 from any up-to-date chemist in the Commonwealth.

FREE DIET CHART

In every box of Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids is included a copy of the diet chart, which will tell you what is best to eat when suffering from High Blood Pressure. If you are far from a chemist or store, just fill in a postal note to this paper.

Be sure and get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menhoids in the green carton, and refuse substitutes of this valuable herbal medicine, which contains no drugs.***

RHEUMATISM SHARP TWINGES, STABBING PAINS SWOLLEN JOINTS

Here's relief in 24 hours

Rheumatism is the most cruel of health troubles. Once let the impurities and poisons that start rheumatism find a place in your system and your danger—serious danger—has started.

You must fight rheumatism all the time. Give the dread enemy no chance to wear you out, weaken your heart and make you a bundle of irritated nerves.

With absolute confidence we say the quickest, surest means of getting relief from rheumatic pains, lumbago, chronic backache, sciatica, uric acid troubles or bladder weakness is a short course with De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, the 50-year-old tried and trusted remedy.

In 24 hours these pills show how they are acting through the kidneys—clearing away the poisons and impurities that cause your agonising pain.

Years younger, pain-free, brighter and happier than ever—that is how you will feel after taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

For your own sake—that is, if you wish to get back health quickly—refuse all substitutes. Be sure you ask for and get the genuine remedy—

DE WITT'S Kidney & Bladder Pills

Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3/6. Larger, more economical size, 6/6. They are never sold loose.



Our FASHION Service & FREE Pattern



WW549

TWO-PIECE SUIT

WW549.—Two-piece three-quarter costume. A useful item for a winter wardrobe. Wide revers extend to the front fastening. Material for 36-inch bust, 3 1/2 yards 54 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SMART GIRL'S COAT

WW554.—This youthful coat has a pleasantly grown-up air with side trimmings to simulate pockets. Pattern for a girl 12-14 years. Material required, 2 1/2 yards 54 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.



WW554

BOY'S RANGER SUIT

WW555.—The most favored wear for a small boy is the ranger suit. Pattern for a child 2, 4, 6, 8 years. Material required, shirt, 1 yard 36 inches wide; pants, 1 yard 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

TINY GIRL'S FROCK

WW556.—This frock in a blue flannel with a white collar, would be a picture. Pattern for a child 2-4 years. Material required, 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.



FREE
PATTERN



WW550



WW551

UNUSUAL BRIDGE COAT

WW550.—Note the quaint fastening of this Bridge Coat. It is made with a drop shoulder effect, on to which the sleeves are gathered. Material for 36-inch bust, 3 yards 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

FASCINATING TUNIC

WW551.—Here is a simple tunic style with fastening arranged on left shoulder. Material for 36-inch bust, 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

MODISH HATS

WW552.—Make a tweed hat of this design to match your winter frock with shallow crown, bandeau effect, and stitched brim. Pattern supplied in two sizes, 21 and 23 1/2 inches head measurement. PAPER PATTERN, 9d.

QUEEN CHRISTINA COLLAR

WW553.—Brighten up your winter frock with a new style collar, introducing the Queen Christina type. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1 the set.



WW552



WW553

FOR STREET WEAR

WW557.—This striking model has contrast trimming at the neck and continued to the right side. Material for 36-inch bust, 3 1/2 yards 36 inches wide velvet. Contrast, 1 yard 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

MATRON'S FROCK

WW558.—A matron's frock fashioned with a slimming skirt. The right side revers continues to the side fastening. Material for 36-inch bust, 4 1/2 yards 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard 30 inches wide. Other sizes, 34 to 48 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

THIS WEEK'S FREE PATTERN

is a popular style in the new winter fabrics. The sleeve trimming suggests a military type and the contrast scarf depicts something new and smart. The pattern is cut to fit a 36in. bust. Material required, 3 3/4 yards 36 inches wide. Scarf, 1/2 yard 30 inches wide. All turnings must be allowed for when cutting out.

Directions for the attractive jumper, worn with WW 549 at the top of the page, are contained in The Australian Women's Weekly knitting book, procurable at all newsagents for 6d., or sent post free on receipt of 8d. in stamps, from this office.

Use free pattern coupon on inside back cover



WW555



WW556

WW557

WW558

GIRLS!
HAVE WHITER TEETH
THAT ATTRACT

BETTY WOULD BE BEAUTIFUL IF HER TEETH WEREN'T SO DIRTY. I'M GOING TO TELL HER ABOUT KOLYNOS

MY TEETH LOOK CLEANER ALREADY. I WAS A FOOL TO BELIEVE THAT THEY WERE NATURALLY DULL AND YELLOW

YOU'VE THE MOST GORGEOUS TEETH I'VE EVER SEEN

SAY IT AGAIN, I LIKE TO HEAR IT

SEE RESULTS.

In just a few days you will see how much better and cleaner Kolynos makes teeth look. KOLYNOS GIVES TEETH A DOUBLE-CLEANING YOU CANNOT GET WITH ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE. 1. Foams into every crevice, over every tooth surface and kills millions of germs. 2. Erases dingy film and stain. Before you know it your teeth are cleaned right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury. Start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush, twice daily—for QUICK RESULTS YOU CAN SEE. Cleaner, whiter teeth. Healthier looking gums.

KOLYNOS The Antiseptic Dental Cream



BRIMFUL OF FUN AND ENERGY —thanks to Roboleine!

High spirits in children are a sure sign of vital health—the birthright of every child. If your child is listless or out of sorts, give him a short course of Roboleine. You will be amazed how quickly the good red blood which Roboleine makes will transform him into a lusty, energetic child. There are no drugs in Roboleine—only Nature's foods concentrated in a special way. Doctors have prescribed it for over twenty years for both young and old. It's just as good for adults who are run down or out of sorts. 12oz. jars only 4/6d. or 36oz. 12/- at all chemists and stores.



SEND COUPON
FOR SAMPLE

Muir & Neil Ltd., Box 1562 E. G.P.O. Sydney
I enclose 3d. in stamps for Sample of Roboleine
Name _____
Address _____
W.W.A.

Remember MOTHER'S DAY

Of all life's wonderful beautiful gifts, the supreme one is our mother — yours or mine.

If all the world loves a lover, how much the more does all the world love a mother because of her endless lovingness?

Mother's Day gives us the opportunity to pay tribute to that everlasting love and spirit of self-sacrifice with which all mothers are endowed.

"MY mother is simply wonderful," writes Helen J. "She is 75, and her activity frightens me sometimes. She is always first up in the morning. She makes tea for us all before we can stop her. Is it right to let her? That's what worries me. It seems so selfish to let her go on doing things for us at her age."

No, it isn't selfish. It's really letting your mother take another deep fill of the happiness of being a mother.

To do things for you means more, far more, to her than for you to do things for her. That is the way mothers are made.

Nothing and nobody can ever approach the sublime beauty of a mother's heart.

To err is human, to forgive divine, says the mother's heart a thousand times a minute all over the world.

The weaklings, the poor, unfortunate sinners. They know perhaps more than anyone else what the value of a mother can be.

"If I were hanged on the highest hill, I know whose heart would be true to me still."

Mother of mine, oh, mother of mine. So sang Rudyard Kipling to a listening, thrilling world.

For only the mother loves the erring.

the backsliding, the weak, the iniquitous with just as deep a tenderness as she feels for her well-behaved immaculate children.

A LITTLE girl I know said once to her mother:

"Mother, you love your sons more than us girls, I do believe!"

And that dear mother answered sweetly:

"Perhaps because the boys have given me so much more trouble."

There lies the keynote to the real significance of the mother.

She lives to strengthen the weak with her fondness, as well as to encourage the strong to further efforts by her immense capacity for appreciation and admiration.

DIFFERENT nations love and honor their mothers in different ways, but there is no nation on earth, thank God, that does not honor the mother above all other human relationships.

The Frenchman listens to his mother. He believes in her wisdom. He makes his mother his chief business adviser.

The Englishman pets his mother and treats her like a child: "Darling, don't do that, you'll get tired!" And English mothers grow old very prettily, perhaps the prettiest old ladies in the world, with their pink cheeks, and white hair, and innocent blue eyes.

But, of course, we Australians put mothers first among the wonder mothers, and honestly I think Australian mothers deserve that place of honor, for never, never, never, as long as they live, do they cease to give service, loving, busy service, such as has characterised all their lives in this land of ours that used to be very hard on

Advises LOUISE MACK

mothers when they were young, and is none too easy yet.

I don't know any mother in the world so capable as the Australian mother.

To quote from my own experience. Our mother had 13 children. She was a Methodist parson's wife, and had to move every three years. She and her 13 children were sent hither and thither. From Tasmania to South Australia. Away into the wilds of N.S.W. And yet our mother taught all her eight sons music, French, history, and to her five daughters she taught all that, and cooking and sewing and dressmaking as well, and she breathed into us all a love of literature, beginning with the hours when she pointed with her knitting needle along the lines of Plutarch's Lives or Macaulay's Essays, and ending never as long as we lived.

Mother's Day . . . and out of the ages a glorious procession of mothers seems to come stealing towards us, bidding us remember, and not let our hearts grow hard to-day with worldly things.

Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, one of the loveliest, saintliest characters in ancient history.

Napoleon's mother, so brave, so enduring, who rode into battle only a short time before he was born.

Whistler's mother, whom her great artist son painted in his inimitable "Portrait of a Mother," giving his mother's grace and tranquillity to the world to love and be heartened thereby.

But the list is endless. It stretches back from bygone eras, even unto today. We can only summarise it in one sentence that should be graven in gold on our hearts: "All great men had great mothers," and all mothers are great because we believe them so.

What is the USE of ADVERTISING

IF

the claims made are proved a fallacy? Would you buy that article a second time? While advertising is a powerful force in educating as to the uses, merits or money saving advantages of a product, the people are the judges when they make their first purchase. "Delivering the goods" is what they demand, and the scrap heap of failures is piled with goods that could not stand the test of public judgment. 'ASPRO' messages are carefully planned to prove what 'ASPRO' can do to alleviate pain and suffering, and the reason of its success throughout the civilised world is simple, because it fulfils all claims made for it. Its

purity is its safety, and its quick action the healing service humanity appreciates. 'ASPRO' conforms to the standard of purity laid down by the British Pharmacopoeia (the guiding authority of the Medical Profession), and the 15 uses enumerated below make it an invaluable quick first-aid emergency in every home.

'ASPRO' GIVES QUICK AND SAFE RESULTS

Sciatica and Lumbago Yield to 'ASPRO'

"Sunnycroft," Upwey, Vic.

Gentlemen,
At the beginning of February I had a very severe attack of SCIATICA and LUMBAGO, and could not do any work. I went to a doctor and got medicine, and after taking several bottles I was no better. Had the medicine altered, but the same result. This went on for three weeks, and I can assure you I had a bad time. My wife induced me to take two 'ASPRO' Tablets at 10.30 a.m., and at 11.20 I was able to get out of bed and walk into the dining room without aid. I continued to take two 'ASPRO' Tablets after each meal and two going to bed at night, and I am now quite well again. I am thoroughly convinced that my cure is due to 'ASPRO'. I am now back at work and feeling good oh. Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) A. E.
SHAWBROOKE

15 PROVED USES

- 1-It relieves Headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
- 2-It brings Sweet Sleep to the Sleepless.
- 3-It relieves Rheumatism in one night.
- 4-It will ease the Nerving pains of Neuritis and Neuralgia.
- 5-Take 'ASPRO' to relieve Toothache.
- 6-'ASPRO' taken according to directions will smash up a Cold or Flu attack in 24 hours.
- 7-It brings relief without harming the heart.
- 8-It soothes away Irritability.
- 9-It speedily reduces Temperature.
- 10-The stabbing pains of Sciatica and Lumbago can be hunted out with 'ASPRO'.
- 11-It can be taken at any time, in Train, at Home, at Business - anywhere - everywhere.
- 12-It gives great relief to women when depressed.
- 13-It relieves ill after-effects of Alcohol.
- 14-It relieves Dengue and Malaria by reducing the Fever.
- 15-As a Gargle 'ASPRO' is wonderful for Sore Throats and Tonsillitis.

10Fb/34.

Obtainable at all Chemists and Storekeepers
3: 9: 1/3 4/

Things That Happen

TOLD BY
READERS

EXCITING or humorous incidents notified by you may be of interest to others. Tell them in The Australian Women's Weekly and mark the envelope "Things That Happen." Items must be true and original. Payment will be remitted immediately after publication.

Green Cows

THE recent wet weather calls to mind an incident I saw on the North Coast. It had rained continuously for almost a fortnight. Prior to this the dairy herd had been grazing in the cultivation paddocks and were covered in the seed of what is known as the "Farmer's Friend." At the end of the fortnight's rain we noticed several cows looking a pale green color. We thought we were imagining things until we investigated and found that the seed lying in the dirt behind the horns and along their backs had sprouted. They were actually growing grass on their backs.—J.E.H.

Carried Out Orders

AN acquaintance of mine told her maid, whose eyes were pouring with tears from peeling onions, to hold the onions under the tap while peeling, and that would make it easier. Going into the kitchen next time, when she was performing the same task the girl was doing as she'd been told, peeling them under the tap. She had not, however, turned on the water.—P.M.G.

Animal Curiosity

ANYONE living in the bush will know what curious animals cattle are. A passing car along a bush road, and a mob will turn to watch and, if stationary, will crowd around.

Being city-bred, I have many times sat in fear and trembling in the old sulky at the dam, waiting for my husband to finish watering the cattle, and expected it to be carried around on their horns as they milled and scuffled.

On one occasion I left my small daughter under the trees in her bassinnet and, on looking out later saw, to my horror, that she was surrounded by the milkers, who were nosing her while she crowded with delight. I dared not disturb them, for one clumsy movement and baby would have been among their hoofs. However, they trotted away when their curiosity had been appeased.—K.G.

Sins of Omission
I KNOW of a country schoolmaster who after a scripture lesson questioned the class on the subject. To the question, "What is meant by the sins of omission?" a bright boy, after a few seconds of puzzled silence answered: "Please, sir, the sins we ought to commit and don't!"—C.M.G.



HANDS may carry sickness home..

The menace of infection is ever-present. Children, especially, in their play, lay themselves open to infection risks. Keep them clean, safe, free from infection. Teach them the health-habit—regular washing with antiseptic Lifebuoy.

Let LIFEBUOY be your protection

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

"This is the fourth time we've had *Kellogg's Whole Wheat Biscuits* for breakfast this week and served differently every time. Mother's a bit of a wonder, isn't she?"



"Too right she is Dad! Gee! I hope I win one of those bikes *Kellogg's* are giving away!"



KELLOGG'S New Whole Wheat Biscuits are exactly what you have been searching for—cereal biscuits that will please the whole family. Perhaps you have never tried cereal biscuits! Order some *Kellogg's* to-day, for the way they turn finicky appetites into healthy ones is like magic. They are so crisp, so flaky, and so deliciously flavoured with malt, sugar and salt. Ideal for breakfast, lunch, tea or supper—serve with milk, cream, butter,

honey, jam or fruit. Spread with butter and cheese they make a delightful bedtime snack. They're wonderfully appetising any way and every way. And—they cost no more than the ordinary cereal biscuit.

You can help your boy or girl to win a bicycle too. . . . Four beautiful £14/10/- Malvern Star Bicycles are given away FREE every month. It's quite easy to win one. In every box you will find a leaflet giving full details of this easy competition. Here is a chance to get that bicycle your child has been asking for—FREE.

Kellogg's

WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS



Four Lucky Winners for April

Here are their winning last lines for Competition No. 1.

*Kellogg's Wheat Biscuits are best,
For flavour they beat all the rest,
Flaked, toasted, delicious,
And very nutritious.*

V. MacNamara, 167 Nelson St., Annandale, N.S.W.

"Be cunning, just Kellogg's, request."

Mrs. T. Smith, 50 Cambridge Av., Bankstown, N.S.W.

"The end of our 'Quality Quest'."

John Gates, Fanny St., Ahona, Melb.

"A meal all good mothers suggest."

Owen Jones, 42 Loch St., Coburg, N.13, Melb.

"'Tis food Mother Nature has blessed."

Don't miss Competition No. 2.

Here's Rosy-cheeked Health

HEALTH—built up by the unrivalled nutritive elements of SAUNDERS' PURE MALT EXTRACT! There is nothing like it, for making backward children sturdy and strong—nothing like it for restoring normal vitality in invalids and nursing mothers. Children love it.

IN CASES OF CHEST WEAKNESS, BAD COLDS and CHEST TROUBLES, SAUNDERS' MALT AND COD LIVER OIL is recommended.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, GROCERS and STORES.

SAUNDERS' PURE MALT EXTRACT

Made by W. SAUNDERS & SON PTY. LTD.
Treasury Crescent, ABBOTSFORD, Melb.



PEPPERMINT FOAM— helps get their teeth CLEANER!



IN getting a child to do something every mother knows that a little psychology works better than kindly persuasion or dictatorial "musts."

And the psychology of tooth-brushing time is to get the children to like to brush their teeth. That's where Colgate's can help... its delicious Peppermint Foam makes children look forward to a twice-a-day treat.

Colgate's gives double-action!

And how fortunate that this best tasting toothpaste also is the best cleaning! Colgate's removes all seven kinds of stains that discolour teeth. Because it has two cleaning actions... not one.

Some stains yield best to emulsive action. Colgate's emulsive foam loosens these stains... washes them away.

Other stains yield best to scrubbing action. Colgate's has this, too. It rubs and polishes stains away... safely, without scratching enamel.

Get Colgate's. Notice how the children like to use it. And Colgate's contains no ingredients that may upset the stomach.

To keep teeth stain-free, beautiful... have them use Colgate's twice a day. Take them to see the dentist twice a year.



1/3 a large tube. Also in powder form 1/6 a bottle.

Colgate-Palmolive-Toilet Co. Ltd.
(Dept WW), Box 2701C, G.P.O., Sydney.
Please send me FREE a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. I enclose 3d. to cover cost of packing and postage.

For Young Wives & Mothers More Questions Answered

By...
**Mary
Truby King**

Daughter of Sir Truby King, the world-famous authority on Baby Welfare.

There are many complaints common to children and infants, and some of them have been included by Miss Truby King in the following article, which contains replies to specific inquiries.

"MY child, aged 18 months, is suffering from a series of boils. I am following the diet recommended for her by our nearest clinic. What else can I do?" inquires a worried mother.

The recurrence of boils denotes some impurity of the blood. The food given must be of the plainest, and plenty of fruit and green vegetables should be included in the daily diet. Give the child extra drinks of water. A concentrated vegetable extract added to the diet has a splendid effect on boils. Be careful to keep the bowels well opened.

There is an effective preparation, now made in Australia, for drawing out boils. It can be bought quite cheaply from any chemist. Use this as directed on the tin. After the boil bursts keep the place covered with a piece of dry gauze, or clean boiled rag until it has healed.

Half a teaspoon of yeast may be

Sore buttocks may be caused by a number of things—by giving too high a sugar content in the baby's artificial food; by using soap or soda in the water in which you boil the napkins; by not changing the napkins immediately baby wets or soils them; by a digestive upset, and frequent acid motions; the giving of too much cane sugar; the use of a sugary patent food; or the use of hard, irritating clothing next the skin.

Find the cause of the trouble and remove it. Meantime the sore buttocks should not be washed with water, but should be cleaned with a soft, boiled rag saturated with warm olive oil. Do not leave any surplus oil on the skin. Till the buttocks are quite better use soft butter-muslin napkins next the skin, and a towelling napkin folded round over this like a skirt, not going between the legs.

Soft butter-squares may be used. These can be purchased ready-made, or the mother can make the napkins herself more cheaply by sewing together four thicknesses of strong washing butter-muslin 24 inches wide.

Before putting on the napkins swab the affected parts with warm saline (one teaspoon of common salt to a pint of water) and apply a thin smearing of a soothing ointment such as the following which any chemist will make up for you quite cheaply: White vaseline, 1oz.; zinc oxide, 1 drachm; almond oil, 1 drachm; lanoline, 1 drachm.

As the buttocks improve, baby may have an oatmeal bath one day, and a wash on your knee the next, a gradual return being made to full bathing. To make the oatmeal bath, fill a little muslin bag with oatmeal, and wash it about in the bath water till this is slightly thickened.



BABY BARTLETT, of Misima, Papua. One of the many babies brought up on the Truby King system by postal advice.

given every day, with your doctor's permission. Increase the yeast dose according to the doctor's orders. It would also be wise now that the cold weather is here to give the child an emulsion containing 50 per cent. fats, and 40 per cent. sugar daily. Give only one-quarter of a level teaspoonful three times daily at first, and increase amount slowly to half a level teaspoonful three times daily, and thereafter according to directions for age as on the label.

"CAN you tell me what causes my baby to have sore buttocks, and how should one treat them?" asks another mother.

"DO you believe in pre-natal oil massage? A friend of mine was massaged every night for the last six months—front and back, and joints being well rubbed. She also took a teaspoon of olive oil every day. When her time came she had not the slightest trouble. I must add also that she regularly did the exercises recommended by Sir Truby King for the expectant mother."

The exercises probably did far more good than the olive oil massage. However, this could do no harm, and might do good, but do not make an ordeal of it as, though probably beneficial, it is not necessary. Regarding the internal use of olive oil, a teaspoon of cod liver oil daily would do you more good, as it would provide some of the very necessary vitamins. It is not a good plan to get into the habit of taking olive oil. Some good cod liver oil emulsion may be taken daily if pure cod liver oil is distasteful to you.

A Prince of Good Fellows

Continued from Page 12

THE sun gratified her by shining in next morning and she jumped out of bed in a mood of stiff determination. She wasn't going to think—if once she remembered, feeling would come sweeping over her and she would be lost. To-night she was dining with Clive Freeman up in the big house in Fitzjohn's Ave.; to-night she would tell him somehow—words, she supposed, would come—the great thing was not to think too much—not yet—not till the wound had begun to heal. She hurried briskly about the bedroom trying to rivet her mind on the things at hand.

She got the breakfast, she even chatted brightly over the tea and toast, she did prodigies of strength moving the divan, she found clean sheets and towels and spare blankets, and on her way to work she ordered extra chops. She resumed her determined activity in the shop.

"Nice week-end?" asked Pamela, as she settled the early chrysanthemums.

"Lovely," said Jenny brightly.

There was a pause filled with the rattle of vases against the water tap.

"Well, open up," said Pamela at last, in desperation. "Tell a poor girl how the rich live."

"There's nothing to tell," said Jenny.

"Don't pretend you've never had a gilded time."

"Tidiot. Tell me about Toni. Was he nice to you?" Pamela sighed. "I wish he'd asked me. I'd have known how to appreciate it."

"He probably will ask you next time," said Jenny, with an eye to the future.

"No—he thinks that only heads of gold have hearts of gold—like Christine Beaumont. He recognises no sex appeal unless you use a camomile hair-wash."

Jenny wondered how much to say. It was better, perhaps, to prepare the way, for that day or next everyone would know that Christine was out of her part. "Christine Beaumont didn't seem very fit. I heard there was talk of her giving up her part in the show."

"No! Was she really ill or did they have a row?"

"I think she was as sick as can be," said Jenny, cracking a little joke with herself. "Here, you carry the russets and I'll take the yellow."

At lunch time Jenny attached herself firmly to Anne, who, unlike Pamela, would not want to ask any awkward questions about the week-end. Anne was only interested in Ted's affair.

"We'll go to the 'Cozy Inn,' Jenny because Ted promised to turn up if he could."

Jenny looked sideways at her sister-in-law. She was flushed and nervous. "Anything doing?"

Please turn to Page 30



NEARLY
£60,000

INCLUDING
4 £5000's

BRINGING his great total of wins up to nearly £60,000, including FOUR FIRST PRIZES OF £5000 each. Lucky Fred won a further £400 on Friday, including:

£50	47276
£40	94244
£30	59498
£20's	47163—292—39962

ANOTHER £5000 SOON!
Lucky Fred just missed the First Prize on Friday, and expects to win the FIRST or SECOND PRIZE for his subscribers in one of the next three Lotteries, so send for a share quickly!

Branch at 14 Barrack Street

Shares may be purchased at this address, and every ticket is bought from the Lottery Office by Lucky Fred himself.

SPECIAL OFFER
A FIFTH SHARE IN FOUR DIFFERENT TICKETS FOR 5/6.

This is a great idea, and gives you four separate chances to win £1000. You have four lucky numbers to look for amongst the results instead of one.

COUPON
How to Send in
Simply cut out this Coupon and—
For a FIFTH SHARE, send 5/6
For a FIFTH SHARE AND A LUCKY CHARM, send 2/6
For FOUR ONE-FIFTH SHARES in DIFFERENT Tickets, send 5/6
Simply buy a Postal Note for any of the above offers and post it with this coupon and a stamped addressed envelope, bearing your name and address (this is very important, so don't forget to enclose a self-addressed envelope).
By return mail you will receive your Lottery Share in the very next State Lottery to be drawn.
To-day may be your lucky day—£1000 may be yours next week!
You know the address:

**LUCKY FRED, W.F.
Box 3908TT, G.P.O., Sydney.**

HEALTH restored to LUNG SUFFERERS!

Just read the testimonial below. People are actually being released from the grip of lung trouble and it is "Asthona" that is doing this marvellous work!

Give "Asthona" a trial yourself. It will do the same for you. After a short treatment you will experience definite relief. Hemorrhages, night sweats and coughing fits will become less and less frequent, mucus will be expelled with ease. You will begin to eat with relish... you will enjoy hours of undisturbed sleep... and finally by persisting with the "Asthona" treatment you will win back to perfect health and happiness.

Further delay only means further suffering and anguish—why not start on "Asthona" to-day, it's the one certain pathway to good health.

Read this extract!

Station Road, Paeroa, 1/7/33.
Dear Sirs—
I must write to tell you of the wonderful recovery I have had from consumption by only nine months' treatment of "Asthona". I began treatment in July, 1932, and in November the doctor was surprised indeed at the weight I had gained, and also the condition of my lungs. In April 1933, I had another examination, and the doctor told me I was a wonder to be alive.
You have my permission to show this testimonial to anyone, to help convince them of the wonderful powers of "Asthona", and if they wish, I will write to them personally.
Sincerely, (Sgd.) K.E.

**TO SECURE
ASTHONA**
Cut out and post this advertisement with your name and address and postal note for 12/- to
THE PAUL PROPRIETARY,
FERRY BUILDINGS, AUCKLAND, N.Z.

By Evelyn

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

You Owe
THIS DUTY
to Yourself!
Be young, keep young
...and cultivate beauty

THE importance of beauty, both to the individual and the looker-on, cannot be too greatly stressed, for beauty is a joy to look upon—and an exhilaration to possess. How wonderful to gaze at oneself in the mirror and behold radiant beauty, be it beauty of skin, of eyes, teeth, lips, nose, or general contour. How refreshing to note the bloom of youth! Its moral effect upon one's spirits leaves no room for doubt. Compare it with one who looks in the mirror and sees a parched, wrinkled skin. The former leaves the mirror with joy in her heart, the latter with a sigh.

A CLOSE study of cosmetics and the attendant art of make-up proves that all through the Ages from the time of the Ancients—some thousands of years B.C. and partly in the known periods of the Babylonians and the Egyptians—the women, aye, and even the men, continuously sought the aid of cosmetics, unguents, and delicate perfumes to enhance the beauty of their appearance.

In every Age from the year one A.D. up to the present time, during the existence of the Greek and Roman Empires, and in every Court of Europe, recourse has been had to cosmetics for the beautifying of the skin.

Even in staid old England, in the reign of the Merry Monarch, "Powder and Patches" was the vogue, until to-day the cult of cosmetics and the art of make-up has, by the aid of intense scientific knowledge and research, reached heights of popularity undreamed of in the past.

Really, for the moral effect alone, it is everyone's duty to be—and keep—young, and it can easily be done by the aid of cosmetics and hygiene.

In U.S.A. and elsewhere, you frequently hear of a person being called 60 years young, not 60 years old which, although it may be said half-jokingly, shows the subconscious thought underlying our modern outlook on life.

The psychology of it all shrieks aloud "Youth and beauty! Youth and beauty! Let us all have it!"

All the greatest writers—Shakespeare, Ruskin, Chaucer, Spenser, etc.—wallow in episodes wherein beautiful heroines reign supreme. Likewise with the great musical composers—Verdi, Gounod, Wagner, etc. Also similarly inspired by beauty are the world's great painters and

sculptors; in fact, the effect of beauty upon the senses will forever reign paramount to any other external influence.

So we come to individuality as applied to those who use cosmetics, and in particular make-up, and the question of standardisation in the results to be acquired by every woman who has recourse to them.

Is Beauty Becoming Standardised?

THE other day I met the manager of a well-known Beauty Salon, and, chatting generally upon beauty, the question of standardisation of beauty came up.

This expert strenuously opposes the idea that women's faces are becoming standardised by using the various needs for make-up. It is admitted that in every walk of life there will always be a minority of extremists who will endeavor to make themselves flagrantly noticeable, but that doesn't brand every woman as having become standardised in her looks.

Moreover, they have always impressed upon the numerous users of their products the extreme necessity of making up naturally. Never to use more rouge or lipstick than is necessary to give a natural effect, for that is the secret of the art of make-up for all women—except professionals on the stage, who have to use heavier make-up to counteract the strong electric lights on the stage.

Natural make-up is now strenuously urged by cosmeticians all over the world.

This means that the age of standardised faces cannot come to pass. A natural appearance means that the user should only apply sufficient color to accentuate the features of her face, which lack the ordinary natural color of a healthy, glowing complexion, and no more.

The artistic application of color to supply such defects is greatly to be desired, but the turning of the face and lips into a palette for the daubing of heavy applications of color—well, it's not nice.

Cosmetical Experiments

WHILE writing upon the subject of make-up, and cosmetics in general, it may not be out of place to mention that owing to a certain controversy among the medical profession of the world, a very eminent skin specialist of New York City recently conducted a series of experiments with manufactured cosmetics upon the faces of 300 odd women with normal skins. This in an endeavor to establish the finest method of skin care for the average woman, and to ascertain whether, in truth, these cosmetics which we purchase from the chemist or the department store were beneficial to the skin.

Many medical men argue that a good skin or improvements to it can be obtained or effected only by what we eat.

ENHANCING the spiritual beauty of Rosemary Ames, of Fox, this halo of tortoise-shell inset with brilliants, is now rapidly gaining in popularity for evening wear.



Weekly Diet Hint

ORANGES are excellent for health because of their vitamin and mineral content, plus glucose, which is readily assimilated. It is desirable, however, to eat the whole orange rather than the juice alone, and to cut the outer peel thin, not tearing it off, so that the white part underneath may be preserved. This white portion contains calcium, potassium, and cellulose, and is an excellent aid to digestion and elimination.

the tiny pores of the skin and wash out the accumulation of dust, dirt, and impurities which lodge on the skin from the dust-laden atmosphere.

2. Having a proper content of spirit, the spirit, being a steriliser, will kill any germ and rapidly assist the pores of the skin to resume their normal functions.

3. Containing certain indispensable oils, these latter both heal and soften, and correct any irregularities that have hitherto been affecting the skin through want of cleanliness.

This, then, appears to have been the first object to be attained by this celebrated specialist—cleanliness of the skin. In certain cases he prescribed, in addition to the cleanser, a skin cream; and in cases of very enlarged pores, the cleanser and a lightener (really a strong astringent lotion); but the universal cosmetic was the cleansing tonic.

The result of every experiment, set out in weeks and fortnights, was rapid improvement and success—proving conclusively the importance and necessity of cosmetics externally used upon the skin.

Reverting once more to the art of make-up, it may be said of the artist or painter that he would never expect to paint a picture and obtain excellence except upon a smooth-faced material; certainly for close-up inspection.

And so it is with the face—a rough or open-pored skin is difficult to make-up. This can rapidly be overcome by using the proper means for improving the texture of the skin, and the worst skins can be so improved to a remarkable extent.

In conclusion: Make-up naturally, with just that nicety of color which will cause your friends to remark how well you are looking, and not how made-up you look, and then this age of standardised looks will be forgotten.

The Result

IN each experiment the specialist prescribed, first of all, a cleansing tonic. The reason for this being that cleanliness of the skin is the primary object to be obtained, and in this respect it should be explained that a genuine liquid cleansing tonic, composed as it should be of spirit and healing oils, is indispensable, because:

1. Being a liquid, it can penetrate right into the deeper channels of



MISS NORA MACK, the brilliant Concert Artist and Radio Star, is another of the lovely women who use and recommend Mercolized Wax as the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

PATIENT: My mother has become almost fanatical about the danger of germs, and sees potential illness in every drop of water or waste food that is about the place. She is constantly worrying, too, if I allow my children to go into crowded places. Do you think her fears are justified?

THAT certain diseases are caused by germs is a fact that has been demonstrated time and again.

That such diseases can be, and are, transmitted from one person to another, either directly by contact or through the medium of some object, is likewise undeniable.

Nevertheless, people by far and large are careless. They do not pay sufficient attention to the ordinary rules covering the spread of contagious and infectious diseases. As a result, scarlet fever, diphtheria, chicken-pox, pneumonia, typhoid and a host of other ailments continue to flourish each year.

Undoubtedly one reason for our carelessness is the fact that we do not actually see the germs, even in diseases in which they have been isolated and studied. Germs are so small that they can be viewed only under powerful microscope lenses. Even then a special technique is necessary in each instance, such as staining, to make them visible.

ANOTHER reason for our carelessness is to be found in the fact that everybody is too conceited about his own health. Is it not true that when you hear of a person contracting tuberculosis or scarlet fever or some other disease you think to yourself, "Oh, I couldn't get that—I'm too strong and healthy." Well, that's what the afflicted ones also thought at one time or another. They thought they were immune.

And then, as a third reason, there is our proverbial indifference which, in many instances, amounts to downright laziness. It is so much easier to live our daily lives as we have always lived them, rather than be on the alert and take the necessary precautions.

WHAT factors contribute specially to the transmission and spread of germ diseases?

Bad hygienic surroundings such as poor living conditions, poor ventilation, inadequate sleeping accommodation—all lower the vitality of the body and make the inroads of germs easier.

Poor food is another cause of the same kind. Even too much food, with lack of proper elimination of its waste products, clogs the intestines, makes for poison absorption, and reduces the resistance to disease.

Then lack of cleanliness in general must be considered. We don't wash our hands often enough, nor do we bathe regularly, nor are we as particular as we should be about clean dishes, towels, handkerchiefs, bed linen, etc. Disinfection of refuse and the safe removal of the nasal secretions, etc., of sick persons, are also of prime importance.

Let us not be careless about disease. Don't delude yourself with the idea that you are an exception and cannot possibly contract one. Better be on the safe side and assume you may be the next.

Don't develop a nervous fear of disease, however. Just be sane and sensible about it.

Exercise for Beauty



FOR GRACE, pose, and a good circulation, trip every morning around your room with a dancing, skipping step—on your toes—swinging the arms loosely across your body, and out to the sides and back.

The Knowing HOW for Beauty

By JEANNETTE

"A CLEAR COMPLEXION." This first essential to beauty can be readily obtained by those whose skin now is rough and marred by blemishes. Mercolized wax absorbs and thus removes all skin impurities, powder and perspiration from the pores, particles of dead skin, etc. The sallow, unsatisfactory skin lifts right away in tiny, almost invisible particles, revealing the fresh, fine-textured skin beneath in all its natural beauty. No matter how bad your skin is, persevere with the use of this wonderful wax and in a very short while the difference in your appearance will delight you and astonish your friends.

"OF COURSE, DON'T DYE IT."

Of course, you mustn't dye your hair. That idea is now quite out of date. Merely touch your grey hairs with tannalite, a pleasant, non-sticky, non-greasy lotion which will instantly restore their natural colour. Do this at night without fear that tannalite will stain your pillow or cause discomfort of any kind. Unlike hair dye, the use of tannalite cannot be detected. Get this truly wonderful restorer from your chemist to-day.

"BEST AND SIMPLEST SHAM-POO." If your hair is not as lovely, as attractive as it should be, you probably are using wrong methods of shampoo. A few stallax granules in a little hot water is the most satisfactory of all shampoos; it is very different from shampoos which are merely highly-scented foam. Stallax is a real cleansing agent. It leaves the scalp perfectly clean and healthy; imparts a shining loveliness to any head of hair.

"UNRULY HAIR." I know of but one way by which your hair may be kept smooth and keep its well cared for appearance throughout the day. Hollywood Hair Dressing is the best means yet discovered for this purpose. Society women, stage stars use it. Men, particularly about their appearance, use Hollywood Hair Dressing. This new dressing stops dandruff, falling hair, and certainly increases growth.

"FAT IS UGLY." You know this and if you are one of those unfortunate women who are burdened with troublesome fat, why, just take a few clyno berries and your weight will soon be reduced to more normal proportions in a perfectly harmless and safe way. They are really good.

Winners' Thanks for Whiddon Wins £1,000 Offer

"You've no idea what this means to us. My husband has had little work in the last two years and we were almost in despair. We didn't win the first time, but it didn't discourage me. We tried again and won the share of £1000. It is a Godsend. It means a new start for us."



Mrs. HARMER
satisfied readers.
The originals
may be inspected at the office.
MRS. H—, ST—, Hobart.

"I was so thankful and so excited that I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw my name in print as having shared the £500 prize you won. It's wonderful to know that as far away as Tasmania we hear about your shares, and have this wonderful luck in winning. I've been out of work for three years, so you know what it means."



MR. W. H. WHIDDON

MRS. F—, N—, Hamilton.
"I can hardly write this letter. I'm so excited. Funny thing, I've been saying the number over and over, and it's my luck to win. I am so grateful now I have this win. I have brought up three motherless children from seven years to three years, and now I have a big son of my own to rear. My husband has been dead a year—so you know how grateful I am to win."

To every person who clips this paragraph and sends it to Mr. Whiddon with a Postal Note for 1/6, and a stamped addressed envelope, he will give a fifth share in a State Lottery Ticket, which can win £1000, or send a Postal Note for 1/- for a seventh share which can win £714. These shares may also be obtained from Whiddon's Office at 10 Barrack Street, Sydney.

Post to-day to W. H. Whiddon, Desk W.W.5, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Whiddon's ways are winning ways. Let him show you how it pays. Send the clipping now.***

DON'T BE BALD

Your hair may be thinning from any one of several causes. No one can prescribe a correct treatment to make your hair grow again until the exact cause of YOUR baldness has been diagnosed. Edwin Holland can diagnose the exact cause of your baldness—

BY MAIL FREE

This unique free service has been perfected by over 50 years of unequalled success.

Edwin Holland

Treatments are inexpensive yet the most successful known. Grow thick, vigorous hair once more. Send no money. Treat this out, write your name and address in the margin, post to—

EDWIN HOLLAND PTY. LTD.,
349 Little Collins Street,
MELBOURNE, C.I.

WHAT Every Woman DOESN'T KNOW

Continued from Page 8

BEYOND occasional help with the washing up, Margaret worked alone. She laughed away all their protests. She prepared the best dinners she could think of, and one day she even packed lunch for them to take along the beach.

"I'm going along to see old Mrs. Kelly," she told them. "She will expect me if she knows I am down here, and the poor old soul doesn't see many people she can talk to."

"Margaret loves talking to old ladies," said Peter. "She spends her life with them, and is always much happier gossiping in some dusty old cottage than she is going for a long walk."

This was news, but Margaret made no comment. She watched them walk along the path that led to the gate. They had borrowed two horses and she watched them mount. Peter always looked nice on a horse, and Norma was obviously quite at home on one. Margaret could not ride. She had been on a horse a couple of times and had managed to keep on, but she always found mounting a bother, unless there were a tree stump handy. She could not spring up lightly, as Norma did, and then look like a magazine illustration.

She cleared up the litter in the kitchen, ate two or three crusts she had cut off the sandwiches, made herself a cup of tea, and then went to see Mrs. Kelly.

As she walked along the path that ran parallel with the beach, she reviewed the situation. It certainly hurt a bit, being left out of things, and she felt exceedingly bored and lonely. But she thought gleefully of the time, not surely far off, when they, too, would return bored and tired of each other, getting on each other's nerves; Peter anxious to see the last of the girl and get home.

But when the last day arrived Margaret noted, with exasperation, that, if anything, she seemed more tenderly solicitous of Norma than ever. Perhaps, she thought, it was just politeness for a parting guest. When they were alone together he would say—and a little thrill of anticipation ran through her—just as the man had done in "What Every Woman Knows": "I see the tragedy of a man who has found himself out."

It was late when they reached home, and Mille had gone to bed. Margaret went into the kitchen and made some coffee. She brought it into the sitting-room, where Peter was sprawling in his chair by the fire.

Now, thought Margaret, will be the moment.

"Cup of coffee?" she asked.

"Thank you," Peter took the steaming cup and sipped it slowly. "One thing you can do, Margaret, is make good coffee."

It was coming.

He was glad to be home. She had won. She waited longingly for his next words.

For a while he sat gazing into the fire.

"It's been a perfectly wonderful week-end," he said presently. "I had forgotten how nice it was down there. Really, I don't think I've ever enjoyed it so much. We must go again as soon as we can. Norma thinks the place is lovely, too. How about us all going down the week after next?"

Barrie, obviously, had not known what he was talking about. That was the worst of dramatists. They seemed to hold all the secrets of successful life; the solution of all problems. That was because they could make their characters say just what they wanted them to. In real life it was different. People just did what you didn't want them to, and the happy ending of the stage had no place in the unsatisfactory business of everyday affairs.

Margaret gave it up. Gave it up completely. She had tried everything she knew. All her scheming and desperate planning were of no avail. Peter still met Norma, he still liked parties. Nothing Margaret could do made any difference. Her heroic sacrifice was for nothing.

But giving it up did not mean that she ceased to think and worry about it. It merely meant that she now made no actual effort to reclaim her husband. She let things go as they would and spent miserable, distraught weeks awaiting the inevitable climax. She supposed she would come home one day, and there would be a note—regrets. He'd be sorry, too. Poor old

Peter, he'd hate hurting her. But she wouldn't make it any harder for him than she could help.

MARGARET was in the kitchen, one evening, pressing Peter's dress suit, when the door opened.

"What on earth are you doing?"

Peter put his head round the door.

"Pressing your trousers. It's Norma's party to-morrow, you know."

"Is it? Well, I don't think I'll go. I'm a bit sick of parties."

She held the iron so long on the one place that the steam suddenly alarmed her and she hurriedly lifted it up.

"But Norma will be terribly disappointed, won't she?"

Peter pressed down the tobacco in his pipe with his little finger.

"Oh, I don't suppose so," there was no doubt about the casualness of his tone. "She's got heaps of friends. Miss Kid, though. Nice, but a bit young and boring after a while. Come along, old girl. You've done enough for to-day. You look as tired as can be."

"Old yourself," said Margaret, so happily that she felt tears in her eyes.

"Come in by the fire and let's have a nice quiet evening." He put an arm round her shoulders and held her tightly.

So that was the solution. It came, not from her but from Peter. He just wasn't "that kind of man." If Peter had been innately flirtatious this solution would never have come.

When they were in the sitting-room she looked over towards him. The sight of him, sprawling comfortably in his chair, could make her heart race.

"Paper's full of nothing but ads," grumbled Peter.

She had never known she could feel so happy. Not that just like life. An son as you thought you were desperately unhappy for the rest of your existence everything just straightened itself out. Lovely thing, life.

(Copyright)

A Prince of Good Fellows

Continued from Page 28

"YES, Jenny, and I'm—I'm afraid to hope."

"Nonsense, what you need is a nourishing Welsh rabbit. They're only eighteenpence, now."

"Don't I know it?"

They pushed their way through the lunchers and found a table for three and turned down the empty chair in the hope that Ted might arrive. Meanwhile Anne poured out her hopes and fears, and Jenny listened sympathetically, and wondered which of them had the harder row to hoe.

The question was soon answered by Ted's arrival.

"I've got it, darling. I've got it. Five pounds a week. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Wonderful!" For a moment they looked with pure satisfaction into one another's eyes. Some emotion akin to jealousy swept over Jenny. It wasn't fair. They had each other—and then life went right for them. She hadn't anyone—and life had gone damnably wrong.

Anne remembered her manners. "Jenny, isn't it great?"

Jenny summoned up her most radiant smile. "Great," she echoed.

After lunch Anne had to go on an errand for Madame, and Ted saw Jenny back to the shop. They walked for a few minutes in silence, then Ted took her arm.

"I say, Jenny, you know me much better than Anne does. Sometimes I get afraid. I'll lose my temper again—and my job—and then it will get so no one will give me a job because I'm known as a quarrelsome fellow—and then—" He made a little gesture of despair. "I've got to be different—for Anne. She's— Oh, what's the use? Jenny, do you know any way a fellow could insure keeping his good resolutions?"

She smiled. "You'll be all right now you have Anne. I'm not frightened for you any more, Ted."

"Think so? I hope you're right. What about you? What happened to your 'settled-income' chap?"

"I'm taking your advice."

"Not!" It was pure astonishment. Such a thing had never been known to happen before in the Foster family.

"I'm not going to marry for an in-

come— She faltered, and then went on "or—for love—or at all. I shall make an ideal aunt to your offspring, Ted."

He threw back his head and laughed, incredulous. "You're sly, Jenny Foster, that's what you are. Trying to put me off the scent. The only bouquet I'm ever going to buy from your daylight robbery shop is to be for your wedding."

"Well, that's one order Madame won't get."

He laughed again, and she told him about Eve and Maurice and a lot of domestic details about the divan bed, and he told her the latest funny story about his landlady and how someone was going to give them a kitten, and when they parted he was satisfied that "old Jenny was in great form," and she knew that had they been together five minutes longer she would have burst into tears and told him the whole truth.

Please turn to Page 35

NEW TREATMENT CURES SUFFERERS OF CHRONIC AILMENTS

Immense strides have been made in the treatment of disease in the last few years. Success depends, not only on the value of the methods used, but also on the skill with which they are employed. The Alexander Health Systems combine the latest methods, with the best available skill in their application.

These systems have achieved remarkable success in chronic and long-standing cases where other treatments have failed. Very notable cures have been effected in Nervous Diseases, and Diseases of the Stomach and Digestive Tract. Study the results already obtained. Here is one from a Colliery Salvation Army Officer:

"For eight years I suffered with ulcers in the stomach. I sought advice of doctors everywhere. Ultimately I found myself in hospital with haemorrhage. To-day I am back on full diet. I consider you saved my life."

Alexander Health Systems
699A DAKING HOUSE, PITT STREET,
SYDNEY
(Opposite Central Railway Station)

DARLING, IS THE TYRE FLAT?

YOU MUST HURRY AND CHANGE IT, DEAR, OR WE'LL BE LATE

YOU'RE GETTING YOUR HANDS A LITTLE DIRTY AREN'T YOU DEAR?

WHY DON'T YOU HURRY—HENRY?

IT WOULD TAKE ME HALF AN HOUR TO GET MY HANDS CLEAN

BUT, DARLING WE'VE GOT—SOLVOL

DIRT'S OFF—WE'RE OFF!!

WE'RE NOT GOING THATS WHY!!!

DON'T DESPAIR—USE SOLVOL and clear your troubles away. Grimy hands are easily cleaned when you keep a tablet of SOLVOL handy—SOLVOL'S rich, creamy lather dissolves the dirt and grease—penetrates in to every pore—removes even ingrained grime in a few seconds. Grubby hands are definitely unattractive—always keep your hands clean and white with SOLVOL. As gentle to the skin as fine toilet soap.

DRIED FRUITS in Appetising Ways!

FRUITS that are carefully preserved ... are so delicious when served!

THE practice of drying foods is the earliest form of food preservation. This process is carried out in the hot dry sunshine, or, artificially, in ovens or drying-rooms.

PRESERVED fruits contain all their natural sugars and minerals, also vitamins B and D. Only vitamin C is destroyed in the process of drying.

It is necessary to soak all dried foods in sufficient cold water to cover for a period of 24 hours to absorb all the moisture that has been dried out of them. If the surplus liquid is strained into a saucepan with the sugar and brought to boiling point before adding the fruit and then allowed to simmer for some time, it can be used for any dish requiring fresh stewed fruit.

Fresh prunes, dates, and raisins can be eaten without soaking, and is a wholesome way of satisfying the common craving for sweets.

APRICOT SOUFFLE

Half cup dried apricots (cooked), 3 eggs, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons flour.

Wash and soak the apricots in sufficient cold water to cover, for 24 hours. Cut into dice and cook in the liquid until tender. Drain. Melt the butter in a saucepan; add the flour, mix well. Add the milk and stir until it boils and thickens. Simmer four minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from fire; add the sugar and egg yolks. Mix well; then add the fruit, and, lastly, the stiffly-beaten egg whites, folded in lightly. Three parts fill a buttered baking or souffle dish. Bake for 35 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve immediately on hot plates.



PEACHES and sponge and whipped cream are the cook's choice for the delectables above.

GINGER FIG CANDY

One cup dried figs, 1 cup crystallised ginger, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup cream, 1 cup seedless raisins.

Boil figs five minutes, drain, and cut into small pieces. Wash the sugar from the ginger and cut into small pieces. Put the sugar into a saucepan with the cream and figs. Cook until it reaches the soft ball stage, 234 Fah. Remove from the fire; add the butter and vanilla essence. Allow to cool a little; beat until creamy. Add the ginger and raisins. Knead and shape into a loaf. Cut in slices.

PEACH SPONGE

Half pound dried peaches, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cream, vanilla essence, pinch salt, 3 eggs, 2 cup sugar, 1 cup

flour, walnuts cut in quarters, 1 small teaspoon baking powder.

Cover the peaches with boiling water and allow to stand overnight. Remove the skin. Add 1 cup of sugar to the water. Bring slowly to the boil and simmer three minutes. Add the peaches and cook with lid on until the peaches are tender. Lift on to a strainer or sieve carefully to avoid breaking in halves, and drain.

Make a sponge cake as follows:

Grease a Swiss roll tin and line it with well-greased paper.

Beat the eggs and sugar together for 15 minutes. When frothy, fold in the flour, salt, and baking powder sifted together; mix lightly with a wooden spoon, then add 3 tablespoons boiling water. When well mixed pour into the prepared tin and cook in a hot oven 10

By...
MARGARET SHEPHERD
Instructor to
Leading Hospitals



minutes. Turn on to a sieve, remove paper, and allow to cool.

When cold, cut in halves. Spread one half with whipped cream, arrange whole peach halves on top of the cream, then place the other half of cake on top. Cover with cream and the remainder of the peaches. Arrange a little cream in the centre of each peach, and a walnut quarter on top of cream.

If liked, a cherry in the centre of each peach, omitting the cream, will vary it.

APPLE MERINGUE

Two cups soaked apples, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1½ cups milk, 3 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 lemon.

Add half cup of sugar to the soaked apples, and the rind of a quarter of a lemon. Stew gently until soft. Turn into a pie dish. Put the milk on to heat with the remainder of the lemon rind and half cup sugar. When hot, add the cornflour, which has been blended with five tablespoons cold milk. Stir until it boils; simmer three minutes, stirring constantly. Lastly, add the beaten egg

yolks and salt. Re-heat; pour over the apples in the dish. Cover with the stiffly-beaten egg whites to which have been added two tablespoons castor sugar and a few drops of lemon juice. Return to oven and bake until the meringue is brown—about 20 minutes.

APRICOT ROLL

Two cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 5 tablespoons butter, 5 tablespoons water, 1lb. apricots, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg.

Soak the apricots in cold water 24 hours. Make a syrup with the liquid in which the apricots have been soaking, and 1 cup sugar. Add the fruit and simmer gently. When soft, turn on to a sieve to drain and cool. Sift the flour, salt, baking powder, and sugar together. Rub in the butter and mix into a dough with the cold water. Turn on to a floured board and roll out to 1in. thickness. Cover with the drained apricots. Sprinkle 2 tablespoons sugar, nutmeg and cinnamon mixed together over them. Roll up, tuck in the ends, and place on a well-greased baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour. Baste with syrup and a little cinnamon mixed together. Serve cold with apricots rubbed through a sieve.

AUTUMN GOLD

One cup soaked apricots, 3 eggs, 2½ cups milk, 1 cup sugar, vanilla essence, apple or red currant jelly.

Stew the soaked apricots in a syrup with ½ cup sugar. Drain the fruit carefully.

Make a custard, beating the eggs and 1 cup of sugar together well. Add the hot milk and essence. Pour into a shallow greased baking dish. Stand in a vessel of water in the oven until firm. When set, remove from the oven and cool. Arrange the apricots on the custard hollow side uppermost. Fill each hollow with 1 teaspoon of red jelly. Serve cold. Whipped cream may be used in place of custard.

BEST RECIPES ROLY POLY Recipe Wins the £1 Prize!

EVERY imaginable type of dried fruit and method of preparing it received due mention among the tremendous number of recipes entered in the "Dried Fruits" competition.

Currents, sultanas, apricots, prunes and peaches are the fruits selected by the prize-winners.

Any recipe will be eligible for next week's prizes. Send in your favorite, be it sweet or savory, soup or jam.

This week's prize-winners are:

BAKED FRUIT ROLY POLY.

Two cups self-raising flour, 1½ tablespoons dripping, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, pinch salt, enough milk to make a good dough.

Mix flour, salt and sugar, rub in the dripping, beat egg, and add with milk; roll out on a floured board, and cover to half inch thickness with dates, raisins, currents, sultanas, and a little mixed peel. Sprinkle with brown sugar and, if desired, a little cinnamon, and

roll. Put into a pie dish which has been well greased, and cover with a liquid made of 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup sweet cream, and 1 cup water. Bake in a good oven for half an hour. Serve with cream. First prize of £1 to Miss Schultz, 55 Kooyong Rd., Armadale, Vic.

PRUNE PUDDING.

One cup of flour, 2 tablespoons of breadcrumbs, 1 cup of shredded suet, 2 tablespoonsful of sugar, a very little grated nutmeg, 1 cup of currents, 1 doz. French prunes, 1 or 2 spoonfuls of milk, 1 egg, 1 pint of sherry.

Clean and dry the currents, stone the prunes (they must be French), but do not cut them up; mix all the dry ingredients, then add the milk and egg. Steam in a well-buttered mould two hours.

For the sauce: Put the sherry, well sweetened with sugar, into an enamelled

saucepan, and let it get quite hot. When the pudding is turned out cut a thin slice off the top, pour the hot sherry over it, and serve at once, or serve with the following sauce: Ingredients—1 cup of water, 1 dessertspoonful of cornflour, 2 tablespoonsful of marmalade, sugar to taste. Mix, boil all together for 10 minutes, then strain. Make quite hot and serve. Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss B. Cummins, 33 Salisbury St., Waverley, N.S.W.

APRICOT BISCUITS.

Four ozs. of butter, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 lb. self-raising flour, 6 tablespoons cornflour, 1 large egg, apricots (dried) soaked over night, with 1 teaspoon carb. soda.

Cream butter and sugar, add the well-beaten egg, the cornflour, and the sifted self-raising flour; mix to a stiff dough and roll out thin. Cut into rounds a little larger than the size of the apricots, and place a half apricot on each round, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, and cover with another round of dough. Bake in a moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. These biscuits may be used with yellow icing if desired, and are easy to make as the dried apricots require no cooking.—Consolation prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Fensom, Tingal Rd., Wynnum, Qld.

PEACH PARFAIT.

1 lb. of prepared dried peaches. Drain and put in a saucepan, with 1½ cups of water, 1 cup of sugar (or a little less if desired). Stew till tender, then rub through a sieve. When cold, fold in lightly one cup of whipped sweetened cream. Fill tall glasses with this sweet, put a cup of whipped cream into a bowl, and stir in lightly two-thirds of a cup of desiccated coconut. Pile a little of this on top of each glass and sprinkle lightly with a little of the coconut.

To prepare peaches, put them into a bowl, sprinkle a large teaspoonful of carbonate of soda on them, cover with boiling water, leave for a quarter of an hour; wash off and cover with clean water; soak for 6 hours. This method makes them taste like fresh peaches.—Consolation prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Beales, 55 Stanley St., Black Rock, S.A.

HOST Holbrook says: Shake the bottle, remove the stopper. Ah! My Worcestershire Sauce has such an appetising nest ***



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IF your baby is not gaining weight as he should, it means that some vital element is lacking in his diet.

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PUDDINGS

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(Cream or Compact)
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(Liquid or Solid)



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Whatever your colouring, whatever your type of skin—'Australian Rice' Face Powder is just ideal for YOU! It is fine as mist, yet it clings more perfectly than any heavy, clogging powder. It contains nothing to dry or irritate the skin, and nothing to make it look greasy, heavy, or "made-up." 'Australian Rice' Face Powder will keep you fresh and charming throughout the longest day; it blends so perfectly as to become, in effect, a part of the skin, breathing gently the subtle word "Loveliness," and never striking ultra-smart, super-futuring shades of 'Australian Rice' Face Powder cost but 1/3d. for a large, cream or stone jar. Be sure to ask your Chemist or Store for genuine 'Australian Rice' Face Powder, if you desire the best possible results; best powder, best shades, most delightful perfume—and greatest value!

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YOURS for the ASKING

Continued from Page 5

THAT was what he said always when anybody referred to his success.

Nevertheless, he was a marked man. The sort who is summoned into the August Presence and has a bunch of papers thrust toward him.

"Here is a proposition we are asked to finance," the August Presence might announce in accents as clipped and crisp as a telegrapher's key. "Look it up, make sure of the law, and let me have your report and recommendations in ten days."

It took the August Presence ten seconds to say it. It took Bill fifteen or sixteen hours of the most intensive and complicated work for ten days to deliver.

A single mistake might cost thousands, if not millions. The thing, obviously, was not to make a mistake. He never had.

"He's got all the luck," certain critics maintained. "And some day his luck will change and he'll come a crack."

When that reached Bill's ears he merely grinned.

"It's always possible," he admitted. Not that he believed it, of course.

LESS than three weeks before he met Sandra Bill had been handed another sheet of papers. A big consolidation of companies this time. After one glance Bill had known just what the fortnight ahead would take out of him, physically and mentally.

So apparently had the August Presence. The latter, incidentally, was no greybeard. He was only a little more than forty. The sort who plays a good game of golf during his leisure moments.

"It's going to be tough work—and close figuring as to time," he had admitted to Bill. "If I were you I'd take a holiday afterwards—the 'Kremlin' calls on the fifth. You'll be through with this by then—why not book your passage?"

Bill had considered that and approved it. A few days at sea, a few days dancing and seeing the sights. Then back to his desk as fit as ever. That had been his idea, and he supposed, the August Presence's.

But now he was not to return to his desk. It was incredible, yet it was a fact. He had not the slightest clue as to why. The August Presence had not been there when the news had been broken to Bill. He'd probably finked it. Bill could understand that much.

Bill had read the message several times. "Very sorry—extremely cordial relations—no dissatisfaction with your record—best wishes for your continued success, but think best to end the connection."

All a bit footless, as if the August Presence had had a bad quarter of an hour dictating it.

Bottled down, it came to the fact that Bill had been kicked out. Just as a junior clerk or a typist might have been. A more dramatic thing than had ever happened to Sandra Lee surely. Only newspapers do not gauge news values that way.

No paper, for instance, would publish such headlines as:

WELL-KNOWN STOCKBROKERS
SACK WILL MINOT

Of course, Bill's first impulse was to cancel his passage. Second thoughts had suggested that he still nevertheless.

"If I needed a rest and change before, I need it doubly now," he had reminded himself, a bit grimly.

Certainly the position in which he found himself needed thinking out—and he needed perspective.

So he had sailed—and met Sandra.

The liner was then some twelve or fourteen hours at sea. The motion was slight, only the most squeamish or misanthropic could experience a qualm. The passenger list was notable. Indeed, to be in the first cabin list was equivalent to a sort of patent of nobility. It was like being vouchered for as somebody somewhere.

Even the lesser lights were to take on a new effulgence hereafter. Privileged, that is, to remark casually, when some name was mentioned:

"Oh, yes—I crossed on the same boat with him last summer."

A book introduced Bill to Sandra. It slipped from her lap just as he swung by her stateroom chair. An ancient device that, but Bill did not recognise it as such.

On the other hand, he at once recognised Sandra. As anybody but an idiot or dilettante must, such being the power of the press these days. He had at the moment no more than restored the errant volume, and been thanked by Sandra. Her voice was crisp yet delightful. He had also remembered a dimple as he had passed.

The episode might have ended there. Should have, Bill was presently to assure himself. But chance had started and chance was to develop it. So Bill saw it. He forgot that chance

is usually portrayed as feminine.

Sandra indubitably was. They met again, naturally, and more definitely. If Sandra had told him then that she knew his name very well before he proffered it, and also before she dropped the book, he would have been incredulous.

Instead, she had merely grimaced engagingly when he assured her that he had already identified her.

"It isn't as if I really were somebody—had ever done anything," she had explained. "I am, at the most, only grandfather's appendage, you see."

Bill did see it. But it was miraculous that she should. Even more so that she should add:

"The only really remarkable thing about me is that I'm still myself."

It was offered as a bit of humor. But Bill realised what she meant. From the start a swift meeting of minds, a mutual comprehension that filled in gaps, got them off flying.

Living in the limelight must have its effect upon a person, and Sandra had been subjected to it from childhood. Because her grandfather was what he was she had walked with at least one king. A very tall and gracious king, who built wonderful motor car bodies by hand and wished to show her an example of his craftsmanship.

And she had danced with prime ministers and crown princes. Yet she had not lost the common touch.

She was still inextinguishably Sandra Lee. Quick, frank, intensely alive. Sensible and utterly unspoilt.

This was what charmed and at the same time disarmed Bill. He never sought her out, nor did she him. It just happens that even a big liner is a small place, and they met easily and naturally. There was no courtship in his manner, no coquetry in hers. It was that which misled them.

Too many men in Sandra's experience had been like moths that quicken

frank and eager mouth. The way a man cups his hand and furrows his brows as he lights a cigarette.

Little things, Sandra's trick of saying, "Not just now, thank you," whenever Bill offered her a cigarette.

Eventually he discovered that "Not just now," meant never.

"It saves so much argument," she had explained imperturbably. "Why do so many men feel that a girl must smoke nowadays?"

"It probably creates atmosphere of a sort," he had ventured.

The sort they eschewed. And so they came to their last night but one at sea. The decks were not deserted, and yet they were not much peopled, for all that it was a soft starlit night. A few people sat in their chairs. On the boat deck some of the younger set were engaged in what, in the language of the sea, is referred to as lifeboat drill.

Bill and Sandra drifted towards the taffrail. There they stood, presumably absorbed in the liner's wake. Yet they both were conscious of a curious quickening.

Nature's ancient stratagems. A warm and heady night. The throb of the turbines that were thrusting them towards their destination and towards the moment when they would say good-bye.

Perhaps they both thought of that. For once they were silent.

Sandra finally broke the spell with a swift, upward glance. Bill felt as if he were holding his breath. It was a breathless moment, anyhow. It was as if some mystic force were trying to thrust him headlong.

Nevertheless, he did not move.

"It's so beautiful," murmured Sandra. "I hate to go—"

The words were innocuous enough. And yet—

At that second Bill felt the oldest of urges. An almost overpowering impulse to gather her swiftly into his arms. And he knew—just knew—that she would not resist.

Nor was that an insufferable conceit. It was something impalpable. No more, perhaps, than the faintest tender curving of her determined little mouth.

"Yours—yours for the asking," it seemed to say to him, without saying a word.

But Bill did not ask. Instead, he reached for a cigarette precisely as a drowning man is supposed to reach for a straw. He lit it, tossed the match overboard. A flaming arc, descending towards the sea.

It was a warm night. But not so warm that there should be little beads upon his forehead.

Sandra gave him another glance. Then—

"But I must go. I suppose—grandfather never goes to bed until I appear," she added, her voice beautifully casual.

THEY moved forward along the deck to the door that gave nearest access to the suite she and her grandfather occupied. There she paused.

"Good night," she said. She glanced up, smiled. Normally. "Good night," he said.

But he did not smile. His eyes avoided hers. His voice was just a little strained. So were the lines round his mouth. Sandra missed none of the details. And she pondered them in her heart as she went the rest of the way alone.

Hesekiah Lee was still up. He was reading a twopenny novelette. The sort that is bound in cloth covers and sells for seven-and-sixpence.

A very human man, basically, old Hesekiah Lee.

"Have you guessed who stuck the mysterious dagger in the victim's heart?" asked Sandra, who knew his fictional weakness.

He started guiltily. Then, characteristically, he launched a counter attack.

"Have you any idea what time it is?" he asked ferociously.

"I have—but have you?" she shot back at him.

He hadn't, not the slightest. She realised that at once. Nevertheless, he was not going to admit it. Not Hesekiah Lee.

"I've been waiting for you," he assured her with dignity. "What have you been doing?"

Sandra started to speak, then checked herself. What had she been doing? She let her wrap slip from her shoulders. Then—

"I suspect I've been offering my hand—and your fortune—to a man who has turned me down," she announced recklessly.

Hesekiah Lee goggled. "W-what?" he gasped.

"Or perhaps," Sandra amended, "it was your fortune rather than my hand that he rejected. I hope that's it."

Hesekiah Lee no longer goggled. He glared.

"Do you mean to say you proposed to a man?" he exploded.

Please turn to Page 34



Do You Know...

That the nose of the seal is a very ingenious contrivance. Its shape is such that when the nostrils are closed not a drop of water can enter. Each nostril is provided with muscles which close it hermetically at the owner's will.

to a flame. A flame that she always felt was golden. They had been an assorted lot, beginning with that prince in Paris, and they had not all been without charm. But they had had one trait in common. They had made unmistakable love.

The sort of love that is most written about—dynamic, dramatic. Akin to an earthquake emotionally.

Whereas they—Bill and Sandra—just talked for the most part. About anything and everything, shifting the subject a dozen times in an hour. They were never at a loss for something to say and they did not talk much about themselves.

Possibly Bill should have told her the truth about himself. But what was it?

"I've just been sacked—like any ledger clerk."

This was a fact—but was it the truth? It suggested failure of a sort. But that he refused to admit, whatever others might say.

Besides, to tell her the truth might suggest some sort of a warning that he would have considered silly.

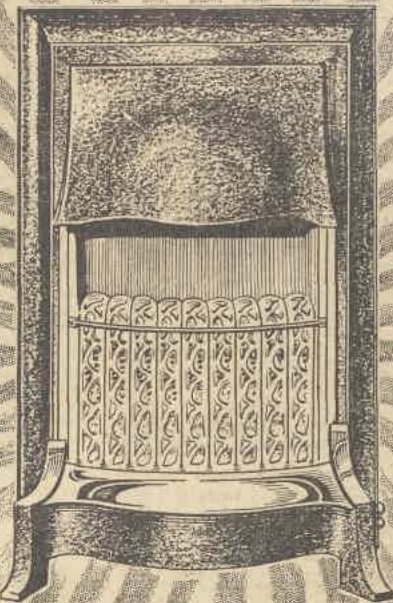
A sort of "I'm ineligible—don't get too interested in me!" As if Sandra would.

Love is not half as blind as its victims sometimes are.

So they danced and talked and walked the decks and caused gossip through three days at sea. And believed they were not at all in love.

Yet nature's ancient stratagems still suffice. Love need not come as a tidal wave. It can come like the slow, insidious making of a tide. The way a girl powders her nose. The swift lightning of masculine eyes meeting a thought half-way.

The note of a voice. The quick of a

DOWN WITH COLD CORNERS

—and out with those heaters that merely take the chill off the air or warm one spot and leave the rest of the room cold and cheerless. Flood your room with sunlike warmth; make the atmosphere as fresh and as bracing as the air on a spring morning; remove the cause of chills, colds and sore throats, etc. and do away with big heating bills.

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In other words, instal a modern gas fire. This fire drives out cold corners, keeps the atmosphere in circulation, maintains a perfect system of ventilation, and is so cosy that it makes other room heaters seem only lukewarm.

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You will be delighted with these hygienic fires. Doctors recommend them; hospitals and nursing homes use them, and thousands of homes have installed them. They are made in sizes to suit every fireplace and they are finished in captivating colors. Come and see them; they give a new meaning to the word 'cosy' and cost as little as 1½d. an hour. There are models to suit every fireplace and colors that harmonise with every scheme of decoration.

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Concession Fixing Charges

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If existing house pipes
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If gas is laid on to
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Announcing Further Reductions in the prices of 'OVALTINE'

EVERY housewife in the land will welcome the announcement of a further reduction in the purchase price of "Ovaltine." This is the direct result of greatly increased sales on a world-wide scale—with the consequent decrease in production costs.

In accordance with the usual custom of the manufacturers, these savings are immediately passed on to consumers of "Ovaltine" in the form of lower prices.

EVERYONE WILL WELCOME THESE
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The 2/-, 3/3 and 5/9 sizes are now
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OPR 18.34

DAUGHTER HAD CRYING SPELLS

"Nerves" Brought On by Worrying

After Kruschen
"A Different Girl"

A mother writes:—"Early this spring my eighteen-year-old daughter had a nervous breakdown. She had crying spells and fits of the blues. So I decided to give Kruschen Salts a trial, starting with a large half-teaspoonful in hot water first thing in the morning, and the little daily dose in her tea for lunch and supper. In less than a week the crying spells had stopped and she began to sleep better. That was three months ago. To-day she is full of pep, and sleeps and eats well. She is a different girl. I am still giving her the little daily dose."—(Mrs.) M. L.

The commonest cause of depression is partial constipation—an insidious complaint, because the sufferer is seldom aware of it. It means the gradual accumulation of body poisons which dull the mind, damp the spirits, sap the nervous strength and lower the whole vitality.

Kruschen Salts make constipation impossible. They help the liver and kidneys to perform their natural duties in a natural way; they clear away gently, but completely, all poisonous waste matter, and ensure an uncontaminated blood-stream. Therefore, if you keep to Kruschen, you need never know the meaning of



melancholy; never feel "nervy" or depressed.

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Cold
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WOODS'
GREAT
PEPPERMINT CURE

YOURS for the ASKING

Continued from Page 32

SANDA shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, not in so many words," she admitted. "But unless he's an idiot he must have got the idea that I was—well, available, if you know what I mean?"

"Who was it?" thundered Heskiah Lee. But he knew, for he added at once, "You told me only yesterday you had no intention of falling in love with him."

"I hadn't—yesterday," she retorted. He could not understand that. "You sound as if you had gone crazy."

"Well— isn't that as good a definition as any?" she asked.

Her dimple flashed. But it was like a candle combating a gale. And something smote her grandfather's heart. Yet characteristically his manner only became more ferocious than ever.

"Has he been making love to you?" he raged.

"No—worse luck," confessed Sanda candidly. "He just—won't. Whether because of your money or just because—"

She did not finish. Remembering the something in Bill's voice and the little lines round his mouth she did not quite believe the alternative.

"Well, he'd better not make love to you," her grandfather raged on. "Not if he knows what is good for him—"

"Perhaps," interrupted Sanda, "it wouldn't be good for him. But—it might be good for—me."

He stared at her. Then: "Is it—is it as bad as that?" he asked fearfully.

Sanda bit her lip, struggled a second, and then smiled gallantly.

"I think it's worse," she said. "It may sound funny, but—"

"Good Lord!" murmured Heskiah Lee.

Then "Humph!" he grunted—and rubbed his nose.

"It's a damned funny world," he remarked presently.

And that was precisely the way Bill felt about it at that minute.

Leaving Sanda he had returned to the taffrail again.

"I'm an ass," he was assuring himself for the twentieth time. "I just imagined it."

Only he hadn't. In his heart he knew it. And—

It was a damned funny world. He had taken this passage to get perspective on himself; to decide on his next move. His economic future was itself problem enough.

A month ago he would have had no more than to let it be known that he was looking for another job to have had a dozen offers.

His record would have insured that. His record? What was it now? He had been kicked out. The firm that would have snatched at him would discover that, and their attitude would change. Why had he "resigned?"

"Yes—why?" thought Bill, and let another cigarette go overboard.

It was useless to ask for an explanation. Usually a man knew, anyway.

Bill had seen other men pass out of the picture. The young manager of a provincial warehouse, for instance, who had been appointed managing-director of one of the biggest stores in the country. He'd had everything, apparently—but where was he to-day?

Still alive. But—"He wasn't quite the man for the position."

That was his epitaph.

It might be Bill's, too. But why? It couldn't be anything to do with his work on the combine. There had not been time enough to reveal the flaws in that if there had been any. And up to then his record was perfect.

"I wish this office was big enough to hold you," the August Presence had remarked suddenly less than a month ago.

That had taken Bill by surprise. He couldn't understand it.

"I'm not conscious of having outgrown it," had been the best he could muster at the moment.

"You will," the other had prophesied regretfully.

It was past figuring out. He was merely thinking in circles. And in the centre of the circle, and centre of the merry-go-round his thoughts re-

sembled, stood Sanda. Slim, supple, indescribably desirable. A girl in a million—and a girl with several prospective millions at least.

It was certainly a damned funny world. It had to be Sanda, of course—utterly unattainable.

Even the fact that Bill was hardly a pauper just made it the funnier. He had earned a lot of money these last few years, and a lot of it had been solidly invested. He was at that moment assured of an income to satisfy any normal want for the rest of his life.

Enough even for two—if the other were not Sanda.

Not that he had any intention of retiring on his income. Of one thing at least he was sure as he stood there by the taffrail, and that was that he wasn't finished. He'd start somewhere, anywhere, and fight his way back. He'd done it once, and he could do it again.

As for Sanda—well, he could at least make Sanda understand that he was hardly eligible at the moment.

It mustn't be done crassly, of course. But he could say something. Indirectly, humorously. Sanda must not be hurt. Further than that he did not go.

But Sanda herself had gone much further. Heskiah Lee, who had "humphed" kings and prime ministers, had been experiencing a bad half-hour himself. Sanda had demanded that he tell her precisely what he knew about Bill and he, with her wide and collected gaze probing his mercilessly, had confessed his sins.

Only he didn't see them as sins. He refused to be penitent.

"But it was cruel, awfully cruel," protested Sanda passionately. "I had no idea you'd do such things."

"Oh, Great Jumping Jehosophat!" muttered her grandfather. "What do you think business is—a pink tea?"

"I don't think anything of the kind. But I do think—"

"Listen!" commanded her grandfather, goaded to desperation—and inspiration. "If I were building a bridge for thousands of people to walk on I'd want to know how strong it was, wouldn't I? I'd want to be sure that it wouldn't break the first time a big wind or a high wave hit it. I wouldn't say, 'Well, I'm sure as long as there's no strain on it that bridge will hold together.'"

"I don't agree," said Sanda, with dignity. But being honest she added, "I see what you mean, but a human being isn't exactly a bridge—"

"I may not be a human being," Heskiah Lee interrupted drily. "In fact, a good many people think otherwise."

He paused, but that was just because Sanda had impulsively pressed his hand. He rubbed his nose and resumed:

"And I've been called many things, but never a bridge. But whatever they call me, you can't deny that I've held a great many people on my shoulders in my day. People going to and fro about their affairs, never giving a thought to old Heskiah Lee, except, perhaps, to curse him. But believe me, there have been moments when if I let down there would have been a considerable crash. A lot of businesses would have gone under—and homes with them."

Sanda knew that.

"TAKE football or some game like that," he went on. "It's a good deal easier to sit in the stands and watch it all. You don't get hurt and you don't feel as if you couldn't go on another minute. You don't get run ragged or have to take lickings. But do you suppose those fellows who play the game would rather sit up in the grandstand?"

"I suppose not," murmured Sanda.

He was swift to sense and press his advantage.

"Listen," he commanded. "When I was a boy there was just one way of settling an argument whether a cat was a good cat or not. You held it up by its tail and if it yowled it was no good." He grinned, a seventy-year-old grin. "I was pretty good at testing cats, myself."

"I'll bet you were," said Sanda with emphasis. "I'm beginning to think—"

"And there's no better way of testing a man," he put in hastily. And added craftily, "If this young Minot has any idea in his head I'll give him a job—"

"He hasn't—not the slightest," said Sanda positively.

She glanced at her watch and added, "Oh, my heavens—you march to bed, young man. You'll be a wreck to-morrow."

Please turn to Page 37

H. OST Holbrook says: Since 1798 the House of Holbrook has brewed Pure Malt Vinegar. It is mellow and fragrant.***

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Also unsuited for—Poisoned wounds, skin eruptions, mouth wash, tonsillitis.

Get a bottle from your Chemist to-day, 2/-, 4/6, 9/6.

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S.S. 38

CATARRH
relieved at once!

Just a little Tiger Salve in your nostrils is a really amazing remedy for the worst case of Catarrh.

All Chemists and Stores, 2/- per tin. S.S. 2

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BURNS
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Completely
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A PRINCE of GOOD FELLOWS

Continued from Page 30

WHEN she was back among the chrysanthemums it occurred to her that she had not the slightest idea what she was going to say to Clive. Her brain seemed unwilling to function on that point. It would think readily enough of anything else—a customer's face, the amount of their change, the number of flowers in a bunch. It wouldn't think constructively about Clive Freeman.

In the morning it had seemed that there was a great profitable area of time between her and her difficulties. Now it dwindled and dwindled. It was tea time, it was half-past six, it was a quarter to seven, it was five to seven, it was seven, and Clive Freeman waiting in his car to take her quickly to the inevitable scene of action.

She encouraged him to talk. She said very little about the week-end, but she drew him out to tell her about his business trip to Manchester. It was a singularly unfruitful subject, for Clive had had a supremely ordinary week-end. Jenny led him on to talk of Manchester itself. She had never been there, and suddenly she developed a

burning interest in its local life—hadn't it an art gallery, and a repertory theatre, and docks, and the Midland Hotel, and didn't it always rain—?

Manchester carried her to Fitzjohn's Ave. and partly through the dinner served so ceremoniously under the eyes of the "Stags at 'ay." When Manchester failed her she fell back on business in general, and that being a broader base somehow upheld her till the butler had taken the coffee cups and left the whisky and they were alone together in the solemn Victorian drawing-room.

Then there was no further escape, and Jenny knew regretfully that she could never play her part with the dash and flair that Christine had displayed. She would have to play it as an ingenue, and she had few hopes that she would make "a good exit" from Clive Freeman's house.

A silence had fallen between them. He looked across at her as she sat curled in the big cretonne-covered armchair. He was seeing her in his house, and he knew that she was a lovely sight.

Jenny leant back and with half-closed eyes watched the smoke of her cigarette mount past the white overmantel, with its mirrors and its ornaments, up to the elaborate plaster cornice, and be dispersed in little flickering blue wisps. She was tired. She was terribly tempted to let things slide, to postpone scenes to some other night. For she had no words. How did one suddenly tell a man that he was unloved?

It was Clive who came to her rescue. "Jenny," he said softly, "I'm not going to marry you."

She uncured her legs from under her and sat bolt upright. "What?" she gasped, incredulous.

He smiled at her and shook his head. "I've thought it over, Jenny. It won't do." He tapped his chest and looked across with a glint of humor. "Old firm—well-known for its integrity, reliable in its dealings, always fair to its clients. My father's firm, Jenny, and my grandfather's before him. Our contract wasn't fair, Jenny. My honorable firm would never bind you to an unfair contract."

"But, Clive..." she murmured bewildered.

"Of the one party—youth, beauty, brains, the gift of love and laughter—of the other, middle-age and money. Don't let's pretend, my dear. You don't want to marry me."

"You think," she whispered, "you think it wouldn't work?"

"I couldn't make you happy—and then I should be miserable."

There was silence for a moment, and then Jenny felt a tear come tumbling

MYRA DEMPSEY, of 2UW, does a Special Women's Weekly Session every morning from 9.45 to 10. You should not miss this splendid broadcast feature.

down her cheek, and then another, and then all the unshed tears of the last twenty-four hours. She slipped on to the hearthrug and buried her face on Clive's knee. "Oh, Clive—Clive," she sobbed, and she was glad now to cry for Toni—and she remembered the day in the Chilterns when she had first cried in Clive's arms—and that had been for Toni, too. It wasn't fair, she thought, it wasn't fair.

"Don't cry, Jenny, dear, you ought to be glad. I'm setting you free for love."

"No, Clive—just free."

"My dear..."

"But you're right. If I'd had the courage and the honesty I'd have done it myself."

She dried her eyes and there was silence between them. She raised her head and leant back against his knee, and her mind was drained of feeling, too tired to struggle any more. She didn't want to stir and break the restful silence of the moment. They were at one; nearer than they had ever been before. Out of the thing that was dead something else might arise. A flicker of life stirred in her brain. She had owed eternal friendship to Toni but that friendship was dead. Perhaps that was because she loved him. Perhaps here was a friend to hand. It seemed that once more Clive put her thoughts into words.

To be continued.

H OET Holbrook says: The Holbrook Queens Olives are the most popular. They are always so tasty and crisp...*



FOR AUSTRALIA'S JOLLIEST BABIES CLOSING MAY 17

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It is quite simple. All you need do is to get the free entry form from your chemist, take a jolly snapshot, and send the two to Messrs. Johnson & Johnson Ltd., 517 Dowling Street, Moore Park, Sydney.

There is a first prize of £50, second £25, third £10, and 100 consolation prizes of handsome baby gift boxes.

But remember that the Quest definitely closes on May 17th, and all entries must be in by that date.

Adjudication will take place immediately the competition closes, winners will be notified by letter, and the results will be published in this paper.

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WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

YOURS for the ASKING

Continued from Page 34

AND he pretty nearly was. The ship's doctor was observed going into Hezekiah Lee's suite just before ten. By half-past ten there were thirty rumors current aboard the liner.

"They say he's had a stroke."

"They say he has acute appendicitis and that they are going to stop the ship to operate. Notice how they are slowing down?"

"They say that nobody knows what the trouble is and that they've wired a specialist to meet the boat. That's the reason the speed has been increased."

Before noon, if one believed all they heard, Hezekiah Lee was victim to all the ills mortal flesh is heir to.

Actually he had a good old-fashioned tummy-ache.

No specialist was needed. Nor any operation. Just essence of peppermint.

But his temper was villainous. He barked at everybody. Even Sanda. He told her not to hang round and coddle him, stating his preference picturesquely. But she knew better than to believe him. She stayed. Even her meals were sent in.

"That's right—sit down and eat something worth having while that blankety-blank doctor has me fed slops," was all the gratitude she got.

Finally Sanda pointed her fork at him.

"Listen, Mr. Hezekiah Lee!" she commanded. "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself. Don't you realise that nature is just holding you up by the tail to see if you'll yowl?"

He started to explode and then thought better of it.

"Humph," he grunted—and rubbed his nose.

Then he grinned.

When she had finished her dinner he announced that he was all right and

that no matter what the blankety-blank doctor said he was going to finish his novel.

"And you go out and get some fresh air," he said. "You look as if you needed it."

Sanda bent to kiss him. He caught her hand and held it tight.

"I don't ever mean more than half I say, you know," he murmured gruffly.

"I should hope not!" commented Sanda. "If you are sure you can spare me for a few minutes."

OF that much he was sure. He was not so sure that he could spare her as long as he might have to one of these days. He considered that while he held his detective novel unread.

Then: "Well, I guess sooner or later I'm going to be held up by the tail that way," he decided grimly.

Meanwhile Sanda had emerged on to the deck. A mist rising from the sea hid the stars. Even the deck lights were subtly obscured. Figures were phantoms as they approached, became definite forms for a few seconds, and then dissolved into phantoms again.

Soon a phantom came towards her and something happened to her heart. The way a person walks is the most distinctive thing about that person always.

"Bill!" said Sanda's heart, though her lips remained mute.

Bill it was. A distracted Bill. But he was not distracted over her grandfather. He had had the wit to go to the ship's doctor and get reassurance on that point.

"He's got a digestion like an ostrich," the latter had informed him. "If he'd be no more careless than an ostrich he'd be all right. As it is, he must expect spasms like this now and then at his age."

In other words, Hezekiah Lee was not ill enough to cause concern or need expert attendance. Sanda would look after him. Bill need not expect or plan or brace himself to meet her.

"And perhaps that is just as well," he had reminded himself after hours of thinking about her and wondering about her, and, in spite of his belief that she would not be visible, roaming from this deck to that looking for her.

The second he spotted her he accelerated his pace. Like a thirsty man who sees an oasis.

Yet all he said was, "How is your grandfather?"

"Much better," Sanda assured him. "In fact he's well enough to sit up and read, so I've come up for air."

Light words, lightly spoken. Yet her heart was hammering.

"Let's—let's go up on the boat deck," suggested Bill, hardly knowing what he was saying.

A wet wind was blowing up above. They neither of them spoke for a time. It was as if the mist were a net of silver silence cast over them. They had parted with a commonplace, met with another. Yet they were not taking up where they had left off. Things had moved forward.

Sanda spoke first. "Our last night at sea," she murmured.

Bill said nothing for a second. Then: "I'm going to miss you more than I can say," he assured her huskily.

The last thing he should have said. Or meant to. But he was like a man who, skirting rapids and conscious of their danger, suddenly finds himself shooting through them.

The words hung between them while Sanda stood tense. But Bill was still fighting that which threatened to engulf him.

"I never dreamed there might be a girl like you," he went on, trying to make it casual, just as if he were paying her a merited tribute. "You are so sane, so utterly unspoilt, and—"

"And such good company," inserted Sanda, almost sarcastically.

She couldn't help it. She had somehow expected something different. And he was dodging out of saying it this way.

"Thanks awfully," she added. "I—"

SHE got no further. There is a limit to any man's endurance and Bill was no superman.

The most inflammable materialism in the world burst into spontaneous combustion. All because of a certain note in Sanda's voice, the swift, defiant lift of her adorable head.

"Oh!" gasped Sanda breathlessly.

And then, for a few seconds, neither of them said anything. Unless actions speak louder than words—as they probably do.

One might, indeed, have felt that all had been said that was necessary. That was Sanda's impression.

By a Girl of 16

CAPTURE

The Darkness bent her head and called my name, So, rising, through the breathless house I came To where I heard a muffled, frantic rap— And found a small, grey mouse caught in a trap.

—YVONNE WEBB.

"Why didn't you do that in the first place?" she whispered roily, when she was given a chance to speak again.

Bill said nothing for a second. Then he released her.

"Because there is something I should have said in the first place," he told her, striving for sanity.

They were standing close to a rail, with a lifeboat bulking behind them. He took hold of the rail. To keep his hands where they belonged.

And then he told her. Quickly, tersely. She said nothing until he finished. Then:

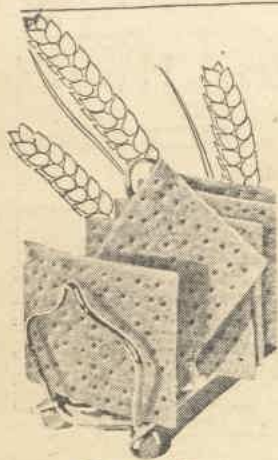
"I'm not sure what you are trying to tell me," she said. "Are you trying to make believe that you are—a failure?"

Bill's lips set briefly. "No," he said. "I'm just—"

"I'm so glad," she interrupted. "I should feel ashamed if it were that. But if you are just telling me that you have been rather spectacularly—and it seems to me, unfairly sacked—why does it matter? Surely you'll get something else."

Please turn to Page 38

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YOURS for the ASKING

Continued from Page 37

BILL clung to the rail. He must. The rapids swirled again.

"My dear," he said, trying to be very sensible. "I have at least to get the something else. And whatever it may be, can't you see that it will probably be something that I couldn't offer to you?"

"Offer me—or Hezekiah Lee's granddaughter?" she asked.

"Aren't you both?"

"Not if it means what you seem to think," she said decisively. "Oh, my very dear, can't you see that my chances of ever finding happiness are very small if I must wait for some man who can match grandfather's millions before he'll consider himself eligible?"

He could see that. But did not wholly agree.

"Ask your grandfather what he would think of a man in my position who proposed marriage," he suggested.

"He'd—"

"He'd probably refuse to marry you," agreed Sanda frivolously. "But I doubt if he'd make you a good wife, anyway. He's not utterly unspoiled by any means and he is sort of set in his ways."

"You know what he'd say—and think," persisted Bill, refusing to be diverted.

"I know exactly what he'd say and think," she retorted. "But—how about what I may think—and say?"

"Are you unprejudiced?" he asked.

"Very," she said staunchly. "Because I think and say just this. I'd be very proud of you if instead of all this you'd go straight to grandfather and say to him—"

She checked herself. "But if I say it it won't mean anything for you to say it," she protested, almost piteously. "But—if you could only say it yourself—"

His hands came swiftly from the rail. But only to capture hers.

"**T**HERE never was a girl like you," he said, very huskily. "I don't deserve you and probably never will. But I want you and—I'll fight for you the minute your grandfather is well enough to see me—"

"He's well enough now to blow your head off," put in Sanda. "His 'man'—he refuses to have a valet of course—looks like Daniel in the lions' den. It may not be a propitious moment. But if you can't wait—"

"I can't," he assured her.

"What are you going to tell him?" she asked.

"The truth. That I love you—"

"And that I love you," she added quickly.

"That sounds presumptuous—and incredible—"

"But it is the truth. Go on."

"And that I've no job, but I'm going to get one—"

"He may threaten to see that you don't. He has great influence."

Bill knew that himself. But he preferred to ignore it now.

"And that I'm going to get one," he repeated. "And that then—why we hope for his blessing, but—"

"Have you the courage to say all that—no matter how he roars?"

"You have given it to me—"

"Nobody could give it to you," she told him wisely. "But take this—for luck."

And swiftly placing her hands on his shoulders, she kissed him.

"His bark is sometimes worse than his bite," she added impulsively. "I'll wait here till you come back—"

"In pieces—if his bite should happen to be worse than his bark this time," suggested Bill.

"Then I'll put the pieces together," she promised staunchly.

And so Bill went to see Hezekiah Lee. But first, of course, he saw the man who was Hezekiah Lee's valet in everything but name. He carried Bill's request for an interview to his master.

"What?" roared Hezekiah Lee—Bill could hear him. Then, "Show him in," he ordered.

It sounded, however, more like, "Let me get at him!"

If Hezekiah Lee had ever been ill he didn't seem so now. His man withdrew—but not out of ear-shot. He was very thankful not to be in Bill's shoes. But none the less interested and edified.

The master was in fine form. Even his greeting to Bill, "Well, sir?" was enough to send shivers down a sympathetic spine.

And that was but the beginning. The eavesdropper had never heard the master in such a rare rage.

"You mean to say you have the infernal nerve to tell me you are going to marry my granddaughter?—"

You'll get a job? Not a firm anywhere will give you one if I tell them not to.

Why it was more interesting than the pictures. And the way the young chap stood up to him! He had nerve all right.

"And don't tell me that you'll dig ditches if necessary," Hezekiah Lee was saying with tremendous sarcasm. "I

can arrange it so that you won't even dig a ditch if I feel like it."

It was probably true. Bill knew the enormous power that a man like Hezekiah Lee could wield. He felt a little sick. Yet:

"Have you quite finished?" he asked, with chill courtesy.

"Finished!" foamed Hezekiah Lee. "Haven't I said enough?"

"Plenty," Bill assured him, grim lipped.

He turned to go.

"Hey—where are you going?" demanded Hezekiah Lee.

"Back to Sanda," said Bill.

"What are you going to tell her?"

So he hesitated. Then:

"That the two men who might be supposed to be the ones who would do everything and anything to secure her happiness have disagreed as to wherein that lies," he said deliberately. "Which of us is right she'll have to decide for herself."

"You mean—that you'll still marry her?"

"If she will marry me—yes," said Bill. He hesitated and then, being human, added, "And you can do your damndest."

"Oh, my word—the master won't

hardly know. The whole thing was almost unreal. He had thought Hezekiah Lee a bigger man than he had proved himself. At least he need not have been melodramatic. It seemed—well, puerile.

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"I suspect you know that, too," he accused. "You have known all along, haven't you, that—"

"That grandfather was interested in you even before I was?" she put in. "I did know that. But it was only last night that I discovered that he had had you sacked without an explanation—"

"Which solves that mystery," remarked Bill. "No wonder the chief faked the job of doing it in person. He'd been press-agenting me to your grandfather to do me a good turn. And then he was ordered to get rid of me like that just to see if—"

"If you were a good bridge—one that would weather a storm," supplied Sanda. "That must have been a blow to the chief—and to you, too. But, of course, grandfather wanted to be sure before he took any chances with you that—"

"Oh, he was right—it's not a bad idea to test tensile strength in men, I suppose. I'm only glad that I didn't crack—"

"You wouldn't," Sanda informed him confidently. "You—"

HE put a swift period to that. Perfect punctuation. Then:

"And to think I was going to tell him I'd get a job," he went on presently. "When all the time he had something bigger for me than I ever dreamed—"

"Oh—am I as big as that?" teased Sanda.

"You!" breathed Bill. "Why, you're as big as the world. You're—"

"Don't be silly! I'm just Hezekiah Lee's unspoiled granddaughter. While you—why you're a bridge that even grandfather approves of. A very nice and wonderful bridge that—her dimple danced in the uncertain light—"I can walk over as much as I want to."

"I'll give you a perpetual pass, too," he assured her huskily.

"Oh, I'll pay—what I can," she promised.

And let him take a sample. Several, in fact. Until, abruptly:

"I'm a brute!" she said. "I'm so happy that I forgot all about grandfather. I—will you wait a little while for me while—"

"For ever, if necessary," he assured her.

Sanda found her grandfather in his chair, a cigar in his mouth, his detective story in his hands. But the cigar

was dead. And he had not turned a page since he had picked the book up.

"No, I'm not an angel," he assured her gruffly, as she swept down on him. "And if you think I want to see you married to any man you're mistaken. I—"

There he checked himself. As Bill had remarked, the stage lost something when Hezekiah Lee turned to finance. Hezekiah Lee proved that now. And also that he was as big a man in every way as even his enemies admitted he was in some.

"Don't you mind me," he counselled. "You can't go wrong when you marry a man I picked for myself. I know how to test them—and if he's good enough for me he ought to be pretty near good enough for you!"

And he even managed to grin, like an impenitent schoolboy—or perhaps like a good cat who refused to yowl—as he added:

"Kiss me—I'm going to bed, where I belong. And you go back where you belong."

The eavesdropper—still within ear-shot, naturally—began to feel sentimental himself.

"It's fair like a love story," he was assuring himself. "Everybody kissing everybody, and—"

"Hey!" bellowed Hezekiah Lee.

It was his master's voice.

"Yes, sir—coming, sir," he answered at once.

It was plain to him that he, at least, was not to be kissed.

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NICE Points for SELECTORS

By RUTH PREDDY.

FOLLOWING the recent publication on this page of an article in reference to selectors and their methods, I have been asked for further details in this regard.

With repeated tidings of the English women cricketers and the selection of an Australian team in the comparatively near future, the problem of selection becomes a matter of public interest and of the gravest concern to the selectors themselves.

Perhaps one of the most difficult decisions to the selectors and the most abstruse to the onlookers is that of choosing the bowlers. Team work is, of course, the most important factor of all, and selectors must bear this in mind, in addition to the immediate effects that a prospective bowler will achieve with the ball.

If they presume that the fast bowlers will be responsible for the fall of wickets, then the selectors must strengthen the fielding in the slips, and the wicket-keeper must be one who can specialise in taking fast bowling.

If, on the other hand, it is expected that the slow bowlers will do the majority of the work, then fielders must be selected who are good in front of the wicket, and the keeper must be one who is adept at stumping and can stand close up to the wicket.

MANY people were puzzled during the recent visit of the English Test cricketers that Duckworth, who was considered the best wicket-keeper in England, was so often left out of the matches. The reason was that England relied on her fast bowlers to win the matches, and Ames was a better long-stop-wicket-keeper than Duckworth, who specialised in close-to-the-wicket work.

Batsmen have been puzzled to make great scores, but, because of the manner in which the runs have been obtained, they have been left out of a selected team. It is the dependable player who is needed in a team, not the one who can fluke runs.

The opening batsmen must be selected to stay at the wickets and dishearten the bowlers to such an extent that they lose much of their effectiveness. When one of the opening batsmen is out, the next to take her place should be a batsman who is good, but who can score runs quickly. Each batsman is selected to fill a certain position on the batting list. Batsmen are also expected to be able to field in the outfield in order to save the bowlers.

Should players be also selectors, then, of course, they leave the room while their position is under discussion, and, in all probability, they are not advised of the result of this discussion until the rest of the team is chosen. Having finalised the team, the selectors sign a form to that effect, which is handed to the secretary of the club or association.

No selector is allowed to divulge one word of what took place at a selection meeting. This rule is enforced, so that the players may be freely and openly discussed, without prejudice.

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THIS PHOTOGRAPH of MISS JOAN HARTIGAN, Australian singles tennis champion, was taken at the White City Courts a few days before she left, with the Davis Cup players, for England. —Women's Weekly photo

LATEST Tidings of Tennis CHAMPION

Letter from Joan Hartigan

Extracts from a letter written on board the "Orford" after leaving Colombo and posted from Aden, bring tidings from Joan Hartigan, Australian singles tennis champion, of a very enjoyable trip.

The latest news of the tennis players at Bournemouth has been received per radio from Muriel Segal, our special representative in Europe.

WITH the Davis Cup players, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hopman—the latter as Nell Hall was an intimate friend of Joan's—and the Test cricketers, it was to be expected that for the Australians anyway there would not be a dull moment on board.

"After lunch," Miss Hartigan writes, "we came back to Colombo and again looked round the town, arriving at the Galle Place at 4 o'clock, when we proceeded to the Garden Club Tennis Courts. It was a very pretty place and the courts are beautiful, chip, and fairly fast. Nell and I had two sets, and both played particularly well. I was terribly surprised, but very pleased, as I felt we would be completely out of form."

"After two sets I was wringing wet, and just about exhausted, so went and had a hot and cold shower and felt much better. We had a nigger girl looking after us, and she nearly drove us mad; if we moved she was after us to hand us something or other. They sent us up two tremendous glasses of squash, icy cold, which were most welcome."

"We didn't know what we should give her when we were leaving, as Harry (Hopman) had done all the tipping, etc., during the day. I had some rupees and cents, but we couldn't work out what either was worth. Nell suggested we should give her a rupee, which we did, but I was very dubious about giving away a note, but found out after we had done the right thing. You can imagine what fun we had!"

"Yesterday I spent the day making or helping to make sheik's costumes for the boys, as there is a big fancy-dress ball on board to-night. We rigged them out pretty well. There were seven of the cricketers—Woodfull, Ponsford, McCabe, Kippax, O'Reilly, Ebeling and Wall. I also, in between writing this letter, made two more, one for Viv and one for Fleetwood-Smith. I expect to have another one this afternoon as I think Don wants to go."

"I am going as Burlington Bertie. I am wearing a tail coat belonging to one of the officers, a top hat belonging to a man on board, and a monocle. Arthur Mailey is giving me a moustache and doing my face up, as well as the sheik's. Nell is going as a doll in a box; she had a big box made, and has a frock of crinkled paper, and should look beautiful...."

Bournemouth Tournament

From MURIEL SEGAL, our Special Representative in Europe.

By RADIO

MISS JOAN HARTIGAN (Australian Singles Champion), Mrs. Molesworth (Old Champion), and Mrs. Harry Hopman (nee Hall), the three Australian women tennis players at present in England, made their first official appearance on the English courts at Bournemouth last week-end.

A feature of the tournament was the fact that women acted in the capacity of both linesmen and umpires for the women's matches.

For the second time Miss Dorothy Round, the English champion, has won the Bournemouth championship. Miss Round plays an all-court game. Last year she won by defeating Helen Jacobs, now America's No. 1 player.

This year she met Miss Peggy Scriven in the finals, and for the first time in the history of English tennis, women acted as linesmen and umpired. This was not the success anticipated, but, considering that women have had very little experience in these roles as yet, it is commendable that they have made a start in the right direction.

Our Australian players did not do as well as it was hoped they would. The majority of our players, however, are at their best on the lawn courts. The fact that they had just finished a long boat trip and have had little time for practice augurs, too, that their defeat in the early stages of the tour must not be taken too seriously. No doubt Miss Joan Hartigan will, with the needed practice, stage a grand finale at Wimbledon.

The next tournament in which the Australian women will take part will be played in France, where Miss Peggy Scriven last year staged such a wonderful win. It is anticipated and fervently hoped by enthusiasts that Joan Hartigan and Peggy Scriven will fight out the singles in the French championships.

Central Control Would Assist All Sportswomen

By RUTH PREDDY

Although there are approximately nine hundred thousand women playing organised sport in Australia, there is no controlling body representing Australian sportswomen as a whole.

The recent move in Queensland to form a sports council, representing all women's sporting organisations, is significant, in that it illustrates the fact that women are realising more clearly what can be accomplished by central control.

VICTORIA already has a board of management, New South Wales the women's amateur sports council, on which eight associations have representation, and Queensland is already feeling the need of a similar organisation.

To sportswomen in both South Australia and Western Australia, distance is a factor that cuts them off to a large extent from participation in national events. A central body, to which they could appoint delegates, would keep them in constant touch.

With organisation and co-operation it is quite possible for Australia to form a combined sports council that would represent the largest women's sports union in the world, and one that would therefore be in a position to state and ensure terms that would protect and advance their interests.

THE women hockey players, cricketers, rowers, basketball and baseball players each control their own sporting activities, and, as a result, they can and have brought about many visits of overseas players to Australia.

In other associations, tennis, golf, swimming and athletics, the women's organisations are controlled in some measure by the men's associations.

Though the two first-mentioned are numerically the strongest women's sports groups, and the other two associations are the happy possessors of world champions, all international fixtures can only be arranged with the consent of the men.

Following the agitation, for instance, to send a woman as assistant manager or chaperon with the women representatives to the Empire Games, the men's approval had to be gained, although the N.S.W. Women's Swimming Association is finding the money to finance the official's trip.

In different associations there exist discrepancies touching the vexed question of amateur status, and throughout Australia there is a crying need for extended areas for women's sport.

If every women's organisation in Australia could submit problems, of which the two mentioned are a typical example, to a representative Australian

Gouncil, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there is no limit to what the proposed All Australian Combined Women's Amateur Sports Council could accomplish.

The TEST Itinerary

According to the itinerary as arranged by Mrs. Waldron, secretary of the Australian Women's Cricket Council, the first State and the first Test match will be played in Brisbane.

THIS will mean that both New South Wales and Victoria will have to stage several first-class matches, and the selectors will have to travel to these two States and view these matches before they can announce the Australian team for the first Test.

Only a few days will elapse between the finish of the Queensland match and the start of the Test match. It looks, therefore, as though the selectors will have to spend some weeks in Brisbane watching the players, as it would be too late to notify the Victorian and New South Wales players after the Queensland v. England match has been played.

Whether the expenses of the selectors will be borne by the State associations or the Australian Council is a problem the associations will have to decide.

Nearly £1000 will be needed to finance the tour.

Victoria has started to raise finance by staging several dances. The association in New South Wales, besides holding jumble sales, is preparing for a revue, which will be held at St. James' Hall, on June 19. This will be called "Straight Hits" and the cricketers will be seen in quite a new role.

THE Y.W.C.A. Sports Camp will be held at Lawson during the June holidays. Mrs. Peatfield, the sports secretary, will be in charge. Field games and hikes will be arranged as the highlights of this short vacation.

DAVID JONES' Sports Club Ball has been arranged for May 19, and the proceeds will swell the club funds. Four of the baseball players from this club gained places in the New South Wales women's baseball team, and I. Dillon, D. Kelly, and T. Howell were selected as representatives in the Australian team.

THE Marriekville District Lawn Tennis Club will conduct a ladies' doubles tournament on Tuesday, May 15, commencing at 10 a.m. on the American division system, so that all grades of players can be catered for. Entries will be received by Mrs. Ness, phone Petersham 672.

School Children's Tournament

A TENNIS tournament arranged by the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association will take place at the White City courts on May 21 and 22. This tournament is to be held more especially for school children, and there will be girls' and boys' singles and mixed doubles. Tuesday will be reserved for the divisional winners to play off, and at night a dance will be held at the White City, at which the trophies will be presented.



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